

BOHEMIA

UNDER

AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM.

BEING AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

Anthony M. Dignowity, M. D.

OF

San Antonio, Texas.

"Wherever we look in four and thirty States,
The German people, like miserales endure;
Officials, soldiers, lake excisemates,
And princes mightiest men and crush the poor.
Princes and princesses,
Courtiers and mistresses,
The army, courts and courtly trains,
Consume the people's hard earned gains."
Translated from HARRO HARRING.

NEW YORK:
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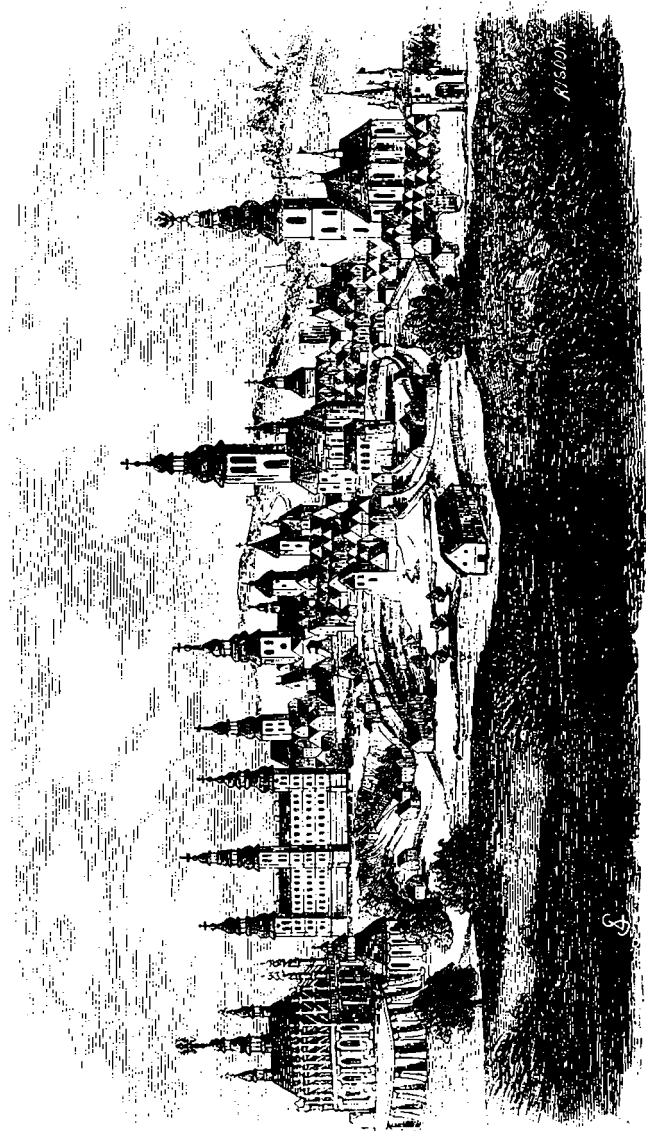
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VIEW OF KUTTNERBERG FROM THE LEVEL GRADE.

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To the philanthropic and practical Reformer, to
all Seekers after truth,

this Work is fraternally dedicated

by the AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

To comply with the prevailing custom to say something in prefacing a Book, seems to me a sort of introduction by the Author to the Reader of himself and his subject; but I have never written a Book, neither had I the remotest idea ever to do so—having been forced to it by combinations of circumstances the most singular—I had no other choice left to rectify the many infamous charges that have been made against me—and to show their falsity to the world, it seemed to me a duty which I owed my wife and children and my friends. As for myself, I care very little, or nothing, about old Mrs. Grundy and her opinions: she is a disgrace to *free* America; nay, she is the most despotic and ignorant personage, and most potent in America; her fiats are all based on the most infamous falsities. Yes, *Public Opinion* in America is the most absolute Despotism in the known world. But I would ask, What is public opinion? Is it based on truth? Far from it. Truth is positive knowledge, and once obtained, ceases to be an opinion. This bastard bantling is the illegitimate child of such parents as inferences, presumptions, assumptions, &c., &c. It is mostly cherished by ignorance, bigotry, prejudice, and malice; it sways the pulpit and the forum—the ermine has been sullied and prostituted by it. The best and the purest of all reformers the world has ever known, has been crucified by it. Thousands of other reformers were immolated by it, and even at this late period of advancement, many are crucified, as I have been in San Antonio de Bexar, Texas,

between the two thieves, *ignorance* and *bigotry*, as my Memoirs will fully show.

But let me again refer to the subject of these Memoirs. In the winter of 1857, while recovering from a serious, nay, dangerous attack of sickness, my dear and devoted companion prevailed upon me to write down the singular experience of my life for the benefit of my children. I commenced my task, and a singular task it was. I have no memoranda but my memory, and I had to revert to circumstances that have transpired nearly half a century ago, and draw from the same source, *my memory*, as I went on. I have also determined to embody in it such impressions as I entertain on the various subjects. This will give the best possible idea to all who may favor my poor production with a perusal respecting my individual character. In the latter part of my Memoirs I shall speak of circumstances that have become the subject of public record. I shall embody all available evidence of such circumstances. It will open to the American vision the most infamous abuses that could possibly be conceived, in this otherwise favored, and, with all its abuses, best and freest of lands on the face of the globe. With these preliminary remarks I will close my preface, and hope a kind indulgence will be granted to me by the intelligent American Reader for the many faults, considering its source, that this book necessarily must contain.

I remain, dear Reader, respectfully and truly

Your obedient servant,

ANTHONY M. DIGNOWITY.

BOHEMIA UNDER AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM.

PART I.

MY NATIVITY.

KUTTENBERG, or Kuttna Hora, as it is called in the Bohemian or Slavonic language, is a free Imperial Austrian mining city, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, a seminary, two convents, sixteen churches, several of the latter—particularly that of Santa Barbara, which is a grand noble Gothic edifice—are only equalled by a few of the larger cathedrals in the capital cities of the Austrian Empire. Kuttenberg was founded in the eighth or ninth century, tradition makes it during the reign of the celebrated Seeres Libusa, Queen of Bohemia, and asserts that during one of her trances, she with great fervor and ecstacy described a forest locality, some twenty leagues distant from her royal residence in a southerly direction, exclaiming: “I behold a three-ridged mount, its interior is filled with immense riches of silver and other less valuable metals;” and those words, uttered in a trance, led some of her subjects to explore and search after those treasures. But it seems that very little or no discovery was made at this time. The Convent of Sedlitz was the first settlement in this locality, and it was by one of the monks of this convent that the first discovery of silver ore was made. During one of his rambles amongst the

neighboring heights, he discovered the precious metal, and to distinguish and again find the locality, he suspended his kutte or cowl on the limb of a tree, while he returned to the convent for tools and assistance, and this head-dress, or kutte, gave the original name to the new city, Kuttenberg or Kuttna-hora (berg in German, or hora is Slavonic, being the name for hill or mount). This newly founded city soon flourished and increased in population and wealth. During the middle ages it was classed as one of the richest and most important cities of Europe, and the population, at this period, exceeded fifty thousand. The locality can be readily traced on the map of Bohemia, in or near the centre of the kingdom. The traveller who journeys from the capital, Prague, towards Vienna, the Imperial residence, will at the distance of about twenty leagues from the former city, behold with surprise, after he has passed the height between Kollin and Chaslau, near the village of Malin, a most magnificent sight on his right, at the distance of one league. A panorama of a beautiful city unfolds itself to his vision. Rising like an amphitheatre, the city presents to view a very large number of towers and churches, making it appear much larger than it really is. This singularly beautiful locality, rests on an elevated slope of a primary plain which descends towards the valley of the river Elbe, the principal river of Bohemia. This river has its source in the giant mountains that divide said kingdom from Silesia; its head springs are near the Snowkappe or Snowden, which is the highest mountain in Bohemia. The river passes the manufacturing town called Higelbe, and assumes the name Elbe, in this locality. It winds its way to the south towards Koenigsgratz; from thence it passes Pardubitz, thence westerly for the heights of Kuttenberg. At the distance of one league from said city it makes a curve almost at right angles, northward, towards Kollin. From some of the heights of Kuttenberg, on a clear day, the tourist would

be rewarded with one of the most magnificent views in Europe. He will behold, spread out before him, like a large map, one half of the kingdom of Bohemia and part of Moravia, like an immense garden.

He can count fifty cities and towns, some four hundred market places and villages, besides those grand castles or palaces, the residences of the Bohemian aristocracy. The latter are very numerous and romantically situated. There are numbers of convents or kloisters. Looking on a line with the turnpike road towards Vienna, bordered with large elms that add to the beauty of the landscape, we see, at the distance of two leagues, a city in the midst of an extensive plain with a single high tower, like a huge finger pointing heavenward. It is Chaslau with its cathedral. It is the capital of that district and the seat of government of that name. It is celebrated as containing the sarcophagus of JOHN ZISKA, that blind but terrible leader and general of the Hussites, surnamed the intrepid blind man. Lovers of historical reminiscences will pardon my digressions. While I record some of the leading events connected with the history of Bohemia, a charm takes possession of my soul, and when I reflect over the many events of the past, the name of JOHN ZISKA presents to my mind circumstances and historical facts of my native country that have always had for me unusual attractions. The American reader gets almost all the accounts of my native land through German channels of literature, which are sadly deficient in giving or conveying that true information of Bohemia and its people, the Slavonic branch, which inhabits this kingdom, numbering over five millions. The whole Slavonic family numbers some seventy-five millions, nearly double that of the Germans. The latter are very prone to accredit to themselves all the excellences that properly belong to the Bohemians; nay, everything which has distinguished the Bohemians for centuries, is handed down to posterity as being German. This is a great error and one that is somewhat

facilitated by the fact, that the kingdom of Bohemia is classed as one of the southern states of Germany, and, speaking geographically, it is German; but as to nationality—that is quite a different thing. There is more difference between the Bohemians and the Germans than there is between the English and the French; in language still more. During my travels I was frequently enlightened by the information that the Germans were the best musicians, and equally so as to many other accomplishments which are usurped from the Bohemians. In visiting the large cities of Germany, during my travels as a common mechanic in the years 1827 '28 and '29, according to existing custom, almost in every place of notoriety, where there was a large military garrison. I found the leader of the military band of music invariably a Bohemian. When the celebrated Paganini visited Prague, he found there, as he himself afterwards stated, a large number of masters, if not superiors, at least equally expert in his astonishing acquirements. And so you will read the various historical falsities about the so-called Protestant Reformation having originated with Martin Luther in Wittenberg, Germany—and many consequent historical errors. Luther and his co-workers, Melancthon—Oiccampadius—Zwinglius—Calvin—and many others of that day, have only given an impetus and added force to the movement by engrafting on the main trunk of the Reformation what had been planted a century anterior to the period of Luther by my countryman John Huss, of the little village of Hussenez in Bohemia. At the time he made a beginning he was pastor of the little church called Bethlehem, in Prague; he was assisted by his faithful follower Hieronimo of Prague; both were magisters, or masters of art of the high university. The almost unanimous support that John Huss received from the Bohemians can only be estimated or judged when we reflect, that after the imperial treachery and his martyrdom at the stake, which he suffered at the hands of the ignorant

bigots of his day, the Bohemians arose *en masse*, and commenced that terrible struggle for independence and truth which has shaken Europe to the very centre. The wars of the Hussites against all Germany combined, lasted some ninety-five years, the struggle continuing almost to the days of Martin Luther. The imperial despots of that day raised army after army, mostly German mercenaries, (like the King of England, George the Third, who purchased of the Hessian Elector his army to assist in crushing the struggling Americans,) and Bohemia was overrun, time and again, for a period twelve times as long as the American Revolution. The world looked in astonishment on a handfull of people under the excitement of religious zeal, and actuated by revenge and hatred of catholicity, and Germany and the Germans were looked upon as oppressors, hirelings, mercenaries, who were employed by the Emperors and the Popes to subdue and enslave the people of Bohemia. This is what has made the Germans be so disliked by the Bohemians even at this day, and *vice versa*. It is remarkable, but nevertheless true, that although Germany has developed many noble and liberty-loving and patriotic minds, the German nation, as a whole, was always employed, and is so still, by the crowned hydra, to crush and enslave all liberty-loving nations whenever they make an attempt to shake off the yoke of tyranny. Even among themselves, there exists a system of jealousies that is encouraged by the rulers and the aristocracy, and if a revolution is attempted in any part of this large empire, it is made use of by one state against the other, one city against another, and one village against the other; nay, trades, handicrafts, armies and civilians are kept in that condition. The army and the officials of the government are always on the side of their employers. These politic divisions are the main reason of its having become proverbial, that the Germans are never united. Madame Ida Pfeiffer said that during all her travels there was only one

place she found where German harmony prevailed, on an island in the Pacific Ocean. The reason she gave for it, was, there was only one German living there. When we take into view the several monarchies of Europe, we see the prominent fact that the Germans are everywhere grasping after rule; the most of the crowned heads are Germans or of German origin, like Russia, England, Greece, &c. If German influence should ever gain preponderance in America, I fear that a twenty-five years' rule by it would leave little of political freedom to any one else but themselves, that is, to the leaders, or aristocracy; it would not fare better than the boasted Lutheran Reformation. What has it reformed? They say, it emancipated the Protestants from the thralldom of Popery. This sounds well and reads well. But where is it, the conscientious interpretation of the Bible, according to the judgment of every one, where is it carried out in practice? The deluded masses have gained nothing; for one Pope they made an exchange of a thousand. The Pope principle is still active in every clergyman. Let the laymen exercise their boasted rights, which are only moonshine, and they will be checked, ruled by dogmas, or anathematized, and this, in fact, is the primary cause of all the splits among sectarians. Yes, much has been promised and claimed, but nothing has been gained; the intelligent and progressive class among Protestants now clearly see, that the sooner they can protest themselves out of Protestantism so much the better for them; the whole scheme of the Protestant Reformation, properly analyzed, was in fact a political movement. The confederation of German princes at Smallealden was a political manœuvre, having for its object the emancipation of the petty princes from the power of the Emperor. Yes, they all wanted freedom; but it was their freedom, the freedom of the aristocracy. The masses got nothing, but paid the reckoning and rode their Protestant hobby, and are riding the same to this day. For one imperial crown they got in exchange a

swarm of petty potentates : in place of one monarchy they have fifty ; and each one is trying to grind most out of their deluded subjects. Yes, religion has been made a scapegoat, and Germany is the very cradle of barking dogmatism of the churches. In my younger days I hoped and expected much of Germany, but now I am convinced that the beer-drinking and tobacco-smoking Germans are too phlegmatic to undertake any movement where quick activity is requisite to give force to grand impulses. For the overthrow of despotism the Poles, the Hungarians and the Bohemians have shown more intrepidity, but unfortunately they were in most cases overthrown by the combinations, brought about in Germany, against them. Even the democratic emperor Napoleon has been dethroned by that combination. Germany has much to be proud of and is entitled to a high rank of eminence among the other nations. It has given the world numerous discoveries, many useful inventions originated there ; their literature has no superior anywhere ; science and the fine arts are at home in Germany ; still the masses of the Germans, what are they ? Millions are toiling like bees and are struggling for a mere subsistence ; they are ground down and their hard-earned gains are absorbed. . Thousands of reformers have sprung up out of their midst, but they were mostly crucified by ignorance and bigotry, or were left to rot in one of the thousand dreary dungeons which are always ready to absorb the best and noblest of the land. Combinations of noble-minded persons have attempted, at different periods, to break the fetters of tyranny. The plans of the *Illuminati* of the eighteenth century, as well as the objects of the masonic lodges, were radical reformation. But the German soil has been made barren by the religious dogmatisms and sectarian dissensions. The church and state are united, and go hand in hand in tightening the rivets of the chains that enslave the masses. Those principles were therefore transplanted

to the American soil, and germinated and brought about the American Revolution. As locality and circumstances were favorable, the Revolution was successful as far as physical forces were concerned, but the mental Revolution is still to be effected, and it is to be again effected by the Americans. The religious dogmas have to be demolished. But for the present let us return to Bohemia.

All physiologists will agree with me that the Germans as a body cannot compare with the Slavic race of Bohemia; the latter are more sober-minded and more poetical. Their well-developed cranium, as well as their athletic organism has induced the politic Austrian Government to select them for their choicest military force. The heavy cavalry regiments are recruited in Bohemia. They also excel the other nationalities in the Austrian Empire in mathematical developments, and therefore they form the bulk of the Austrian artillery, which is celebrated as being the best in Europe. But the policy and watchfulness of the Austrian despotism is so subtle and cunning, that if you visit the various fortresses and cities where military forces are stationed, you will discover that a transplacing policy is carried on by the government. The Austrian Empire is composed of some twelve distinct nationalities, and with a far-seeing policy the Bohemian regiments are transferred either to Italy or Hungary, where they are strangers to the people and strangers in their language, so that in case of revolt, they will not sympathize with the people; and this policy is equally followed out with the Italians, the Poles of Galicia, and the Hungarians. As to the Germans, the Landsknecht of the German army of this day differs very little from those of the time of the war of the Hussites: he has sympathy only with his belly and his tobacco pipe, and is always ready to strike a blow for the one who pays for his rations. In Germany, in all those petty principalities of that over-governed land, the strongest arm of the crowned despots, to keep down their *loving* sub-

jects, is their army. It is remarkable how all the military men, and all the other officers and dependents of despotic governments adhere to that system that pays them, and when called upon, will, in obedience to the orders of command, massacre their own people: nay, their own brothers and other relatives will be shot down with cool deliberation, if commanded to do so, and will complacently smooth their moustache, and believe themselves greatly rewarded and highly honored, if they should be noticed by some one high in authority, or some of those princely vultures that gorge on the hard-earned gains of the poor industrious masses. This is the German army, and so they were always. The Poles, the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Italians, and other nations have been brought down by the German mercenary soldiers; the downfall of the great Napoleon, *the people's democratic Emperor*, was effected mostly by the combined German forces. When once their prejudices are directed into certain channels, they are powerful, nay invincible auxiliaries to all despots. I once dreamed in my younger days of the possibility of a general revolution all over Germany, and would have shed my last drop of blood to forward it; but my dream has vanished. I do not now believe that a physical force revolution can or will ever be effected. All I now hope and believe is, that a slow mental process of development is gaining ground little by little, to which even the princes and the aristocracy are gradually compelled to yield, and which will eventually revolutionize Germany, as well as the other nations, and all such men of the time as Louis Napoleon, and others that may acquire high power, are, perhaps, unconscious to themselves, the grand architects of this much-to-be-desired and noble structure of universal freedom and emancipation of *all mankind*. Time, the grand leveler of all, is wanted, and will surely do the work. It is a sad reflection to me, when I ponder on the many noble spirits who have fallen a sacrifice to the noblest of all

human impulses—the desire to free their fellow men from despotic slavery.

I have led my reader to the hights near Kuttenberg, from which we have contemplated the Cathedral of Chaslau, and the tomb of John Ziska. The reminiscences connected with that name have led me to digress from my narrative, but the reader will pardon me, it is my greatest fault, and beyond my control. I recollect on one occasion, when a lad of ten years, I stood on the green, damp flagstones, near the tomb of Ziska, and was absorbed in deep reflections of the past, when two visitors approached, and one of them said to the other in German, which I understood :

“This is Ziska’s, the great Bohemian heretic’s tomb.”

On the marble slab was a full size representation of the blind hero, *very much defaced*. The other traveler contemptuously commenced boring with his walking stick into one eye of the statue, and observed :

“I wish he was alive, and I had the pleasure to blind him the second time, I would do so with a heated iron.”

I cannot describe the feelings that took possession of my youthful breast. I felt my chest expanding, and I clenched my little fist, until the blood almost gushed from my finger-nails. I stepped up to the strangers, and in their language said :

“I wish, sir, I was a grown up man, and I would here level you as low as the statue.”

They looked surprised, and contemptuously remarked :

“You are very spunky, young *Bemak*,” a word of contempt generally applied by the Germans to my countrymen.

I replied : “I wish my father was here ; he could strike you lifeless with his hand, and could whip a dozen such German curs as you are.”

I left them with contempt, but as I left the Cathedral, I commenced crying most piteously, but could not tell what for. From the foregoing, the reader will better

understand my feelings even on this day, some forty years after this has transpired; the memory of that intrepid blind man will carry me back four centuries, to the period of those remarkable events.

Let us look a little to the right of Chaslau from our stand-point on the Kuttenberg heights, in the direction towards Upper Moravia, and in the outline of the distant horizon, at a distance of some sixteen leagues, we will see a peculiar mount. On its summit an edifice like a small church is visible—*this is Mount Tabor*, the principal seat of that celebrated religious democracy of the chalice, better known to the American reader as the Moravian Brotherhood. It is at present overclouded, and, like the rest of Bohemia, covered like a bier with a funeral pall of despotic and priestly rule. In fact, since the period of those tremendous struggles of Bohemia for religious freedom, and the eventful final subjugation by the house of Hapsburg, or properly, Habichtsburg—which interpreted means the hill of a bird of prey—the policy of the conquerors was to destroy and obliterate the Bohemian nationality and language. Particular attention was given by the assistance of the Church, that grand arm of the despots, to root up and destroy all religious opinions in Bohemia which were at war with the established dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. The country now is filled with convents, with miracle-working, so-called holy shrines, surrounded with an army of priests and monks. They have spread themselves, like the great plague of the Egyptians, the locusts—they form the most powerful arm of Austrian despotism—they are employed as the conscience-keepers of the Bohemians, and have been exercising their functions for centuries past—they have ransacked and purified the country from all such literary productions as were at the earlier days spread all over Europe. During the religious struggles the scholars of Bohemia and its capital, Prague, stood as the very focus of the literature of that day; their universi-

ties were visited by thousands ; even the Germans sent their legions of youths to be educated in Bohemia, and were it not owing to the extreme difficulty for the Germans to become masters of the Bohemian language, the priesthood would have succeeded, under the direction of the Austrian despotism, to obliterate every literary work of the Bohemians. Thousands and hundreds of thousands have been collected and burned at different periods of time, in obedience to the reigning policy. *Still the spirit of John Huss, or better, the spirit of Reform does live, and is ever active amongst the Bohemians.* Their traditions are full of interesting narratives, reaching far anterior to all historical records ; their written history commences with that epoch when Bohemia and Moravia were first settled or conquered by two Slavonic brothers, or Dukes, named Chech and Lœff, and their followers. These two heathen tribes or divisions of the great Slavic family soon prospered and multiplied in those rich and fertile countries. At the period of the matronly government of the seeress Libusa, the daughter of Krock—one of the early Dukes—Prague seems to have been founded, having been a place of notoriety or camp of the Romans many centuries before this period. Tradition, however, gives Libusa the credit of being the foundress of Prague, or Prah, meaning in the Bohemian, a door-sill. Tradition says, that during the building of the new city, the Duchess Libusa, with Premisl, her consort, were visiting the workmen, when the latter asked his wife, the Queen :

“How will you name your new city?”

She smilingly replied :

“Anything will answer for a name.”

Her husband, in doubt, pointing to a piece of timber on which the workmen were engaged, said : “This also?”

“Yes,” replied the Queen, and demanded to know what they were cutting out, and being told a sill or Prah, continued :

“Well, we will call it *Prah*,” which is the name it bears in the Bohemian language. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the River Moldau.

But we will return, dear reader, to our stand point on the hights of Kuttenberg. Reserving the description of the capital, Prague, for another occasion, we will again look towards Mount Tabor and entertain ourselves with some reflections its site may suggest.

A little more than a century ago the Austrian government, tired of the various means applied for the extermination of the heretics, as the Hussites were called, and finding it impossible to bring them back into the lap of the mother church, adopted the last resort of despots—like the rulers of France, who expelled the Huguenots; or the English, who expelled the Pilgrims of America—the Austrian despots expelled the Taborites or Hussites from the Empire. The far-seeing and wise Elector of Saxony extended to them his hospitality, and invited them into his domain, and this gave origin to the founding of those lovely and Eden-like places or towns of the Moravian Brotherhood, Herrnhut, in Upper Lusatia, Niska, and Gnadenfrey, in the lower province of that name, and several other places, representing a beautiful park, and clean little towns, of enterprising and industrious people, from which localities hundreds of missionaries have been sent to every part of the habitable globe; so that the narrow-minded and bigoted policy of the despots of Austria deprived her of some of the best and most industrious of their subjects. But it was consistent with the times and the bigotry of that day, and it is not the only instance that Germany was benefited in like manner by the influx, to its own proper territory, from the higher advanced and superior organized Slavic population, whose talents and accomplishments the Germans are so fond of crediting to themselves.

I may as well here give more of my views in regard to the position the Germans truly occupy in the family

of nations in Europe. My friend and co-worker, Harro Harring, has truly described the state of Germany in his patriotic and exciting effusions. They had almost an electric effect on my youthful mind, and I sang them, and so sung hundreds of thousands of youthful minds in Germany, in spite of the interdicts of all such poetical productions from the monarchs of Europe. There was a noble emulation and a desire in the year 1830, to arouse Germany to an imitation of Poland, and to offer effectual resistance, and overthrow all despotism. But we sung and we struggled in vain. What Germany is at present Germany has been for centuries past. It is not, like England, a country which has been conquered and subjugated by the Normans. The old saw, that the Dutch have taken Holland, will hold equally good as to Germany—it is taken and held captive by the Germans. But are the German people a distinct nationality, like the French, or others? Let us see. In their language they have as many dialects as there are cities and villages, in Germany. Are they one political body? God forbid! They form, as the poet indicated, some thirty-four or thirty-six principalities, besides those governments that have been overflowed with Germans, like Russia and Greece. Their lust for political power is so great, that we cannot wonder that secret combinations were formed even in this country in opposition to foreign influence; the danger was seen and felt deeply; but, unfortunately, the extreme remedies adopted were worse than the evil. In Republican countries all secret combinations are wrong, and who will maintain a policy that opposes wrong with wrong? The same rule, if it could be justified, could be applied to anything, or to destroy any sort of men or party. I hope the better judgment and good sense of the American people may always prevail to put down every such movement as the one called the Know-Nothing or American party. Such movements always defeat their ends, as they only add power and ac-

celerate that which they are designed to prevent. Political critics are astonished at the magnitude of the errors that are existing in regard to the German people and the country they inhabit. If they are all collected, they form a family of some fifty millions, and it is the most disunited family in existence, yet they rule, besides their own fatherland, some one hundred millions of other nationalities, and this hydra is so formidable, that if one of his heads be stricken off, several new ones will immediately spring up and grow in its place. Amongst the neighboring nations every struggle is crushed by it. When I reflect who are the greatest tyrants and greatest opponents to all political freedom and all democratic institutions, the conviction forces itself on me, that they are the Germans—the combinations of princes. Their holy or unholy alliances are nothing but the perpetuation of the confederacy of Smalcalden. Their real object is obvious. Under the old system of the German Empire it was unavoidable, that in course of time and progressive advancement the Emperors became too democratic, like the great Napoleon, and thereby form the grand bulwark or prop of the people against the aristocracy, and it is easily foreseen that it would be a great gain to the people, even if they should have an Emperor over them, and be compelled to support his court, no matter how magnificent, than to have some thirty-six or forty courts to uphold, with all their various appendages. This the great aristocrats feared, and are fearing still, and therefore their tenacity and opposition to the Imperial power either Austrian or Napoleonic, it is the same. As to the boasted hoax of liberty of conscience resulting from the wrongly styled Lutheran Reformation, what a burlesque does it present at this day. The so-called Protestants are protesting themselves out of Protestantism as rapidly as can be conceived under existing circumstances, and as they, enlightened, cannot fall back on the dogmas of Rome, they are ranging themselves under the various

and numerous "isms" of the day. Yes, Protestantism is running into seed. The religious world begins to understand that there is Popery outside of Rome. In their imaginary emancipation from the latter they have gained just about as much as the political reformers by the Smalcalden confederation of Princes. They are now blessed and have to support a multitude of Popes. The Pope principle is the same everywhere. In England it costs the nation some \$40,000,000 annually to uphold it; the United States spend one-half of this sum to uphold and support its own Poperys. These immense sums, if properly applied, would be the means of securing immense good for the cause of humanity; while on the contrary, it is worse than thrown away; it not only absorbs the riches of the land, but it absorbs an army of otherwise talented men, who, if they were following a better calling, as teachers for instance, or other useful occupations, would add immensely, while now they only consume, the people's hard earned gains, like the civil aristocratic vampires, or blood-suckers, all over the world. Alas! poor Germany is, if possible, still worse off in this particular. The common people drudge and are overburthened with bodily toil—even the poor females are subjected to the hardest labor and drudgeries, and a philanthropist almost shudders on beholding the swarm of blood-suckers in clerical uniforms who are bound to be supported not only in ease, but luxuries. They always knew the real value of the loaves and fishes. The poor industrious Germans are indeed deserving a better fate, the peasantry, the ingenious artisans, the strictly honest and methodical tradesmen, the far-seeing and calculating merchants. It is only made possible by the stealthily beehive industry of the people, to keep up with those immense drains that consume the people's hard-earned gains as the lines of the poet indicate. Yes Germany, thy industry has saved you from having been bled to death by your myriads of rifling vampires; but hope—hope and

do not despair; thy savior is approaching. Every step you are gaining in universal education, brings your emancipation nearer, yes, it is near at hand; *wisdom* will be thy savior. The leaven of eternal progress is acting steadily among your masses, and your radicals will be convinced that it will not be necessary to cut off, by the guillotine, some 2,000,000 of human heads; the spreading wisdom, resulting from a better appreciation of truth and justice, will affect equally your princes and your aristocrats. The time will come when the motto, that "might is right", will no longer be recognized, but right will be might. One after the other of your hydra heads will drop off and unite himself with the people. As "truth is eternal and must prevail", so this result must follow, as day follows night. Time will surely solve this problem, and with it will equally arise my poor native Bohemia, and all other nations, particularly those that were the sufferers for centuries by those German political frauds and unholy alliances.

Now let us again return to our standpoint on the heights of Kuttenberg. We will look a little more to the right towards Mount Tabor, directly over that immense field of black scoria which has accumulated from the burning of hundreds of furnaces, for centuries past, in smelting the excavated silver ore from the Kuttenberg mines. Some of the furnaces are still standing along the banks of the little rivulet that meanders around this city. At some ten leagues distance from our standpoint we behold the outlines of a small, clear and romantic rivulet, called Sasawa. On the banks of this rivulet, in a romantic spot, we see the towers of a large monastery. It was founded some centuries back by that celebrated Bohemian ecclesiastic, St. Prokope, who was the abbot of said monastery, but afterwards became bishop of Prague. He is one of that bevy of patron saints who are generally marked red in the Bohemian calendars. You will find his pictures everywhere exposed for sale, or even suspended on the

walls of churches. This remarkable personage is represented in his canonical robes, in one hand holding his crutch of a bishop, on his head the mitre, while in the other hand he holds a strong chain, which is attached to a powerful collar surrounding the neck of that powerful theological buckaboo,—the Devil. Now all you skeptical Americans, who have been either corrupted by the doctrines of Parson Clapp of New Orleans, or your Universalists, or Spiritualists, in fact, all you unbelievers in the existence of his Satanic Majesty, hasten across the Atlantic, and to the river Sasawa, in Bohemia, and your skepticism will disappear like smoke. You will see wonders, and you can have the testimony of thousands of devout monks, or other good Catholics, and many learned theologians, also Protestants, who will corroborate those wonderful occurrences that are connected with the history of St. Prokope. You will learn with wonder and astonishment his *veritable* history. From early infancy Prokope seems to have been selected by the infernal prince of darkness, to exercise upon him his diabolical pranks. And what is still more surprising and remarkable, he, the Devil, has found in Prokope his match. I am sorry to proclaim to the world my sacrilegious ideas, yet from all my reading of the venerable old records of antiquity, I have come to the conclusion, that from all the accounts recorded of the all-powerful Jehovah and the abhorred Satan, the latter has always proven himself the smarter of the two, and, somehow or other, has always outgeneraled God in all his good works and intentions. But, dear readers, these are only my convictions, and you are not bound to pay attention to them, particularly against such evidences and church authorities as may give you different explanations.

But let us return to St. Prokope; if you shall visit a little village, some ten leagues distant from Kuttenberg, in the direction of Prague, you will be shown a large old farm-house, where our saint was born. The traveler will be shown a large stone gateway, painted white. On one

of its pillars, under the old paint, will be seen something like old red paint, and the astounding fact will be communicated, that it was in consequence of bloody marks that were left, where Satan was rubbed against said pillars *and skinned his posterior*. The circumstances, as narrated to me, were as follows:

While Prokope was still a boy, his father sent him with a wagoner to the forest, to assist in getting a load of wood. While they were occupied in cutting the wood, the Devil stole unperceived to their wagon, and slipped off one of the hind wheels. They did not discover the trick until they were ready to start for home, when, lo and behold! one of the wheels was missing. Prokope, in looking around, soon discovered Satan in the top of one of the highest trees, spinning the wheel, and grinning with diabolical derision at Prokope and his companion. But the boy was already versed in those powerful adjurations that proved so effectual in his after-life in chaining Satan at his will, and consequently, he took hold of the reins, and started his horses for home. Beelzebub had no time given him to slip on the wheel, and he sprang down with celerity, and compelled as he was by his young saintship, carried the axle-tree on his shoulder, holding the wheel in one of his great claws or hands. As they were approaching the farm-house, Prokope, in a spirit of mischief, drove the horses ha-ha, while the Devil commenced hallooing he-he; but the horses obeying, as they must, the young saint, went ha, and the consequence was the catastrophe of that skinned posterior, and the bloody marks on the pillar of the gate. This, I have not the least doubt, will be shown to the American traveler as shown to me. The reason that all such extraordinary things have escaped such great tourists as Mr. Bennett, of the "Herald," and others, is no doubt their ignorance of the Slavic Bohemian language. Therefore, if you wish your skeptics to be convinced of the truthfulness of these astonishing facts, go to Bohemia, to the little village, the birth-place of St.

Prokope, and there you will find evidence on the gateway of the very identity of Satan, which cannot be otherwise but full convincing proof to all amazed skeptics. But we will also visit the convent, and there you will be still more surprised and amazed. This is that holy spot, the very Mekka of Bohemia, where his saintship resided as a holy abbot. As we approach the convent, we enter a small valley, sloping down to the rivulet Sasawa. In the centre of said valley is a little rill, and about midway, you will see a little chapel or hermitage, and as you approach, lo and behold! a veritable hermit will emerge from the little door-way, in a dark snuff-colored monk's habit, and girded with a rope, wearing sandals, and bearded to his girdle. You are now expected to put your hand into your pocket and hand over a few copper coins of Austrian currency (one American cent can be subdivided into twelve Austrian pennies); after that he will introduce you to his hermitage and show you his stony bed, a bench on which he kneels, a wooden cross, and a picture of St. Prokope, with the veritable Devil by his side. He will then emerge from his hermitage, and pointing to the rill, tell you coolly, that this was the furrow ploughed out by St. Prokope while abbot, with a plough to which Diabolus was hitched. What more convincing proof will you expect? But if you still doubt, another surprise awaits you in the convent. If your liberality has been such as to drop the hermit a small coin of silver, he will act as your cicerone to show you the holy places,—otherwise he will leave you at the end of the little valley. But we will presume you to be an American tourist, who would naturally have secured the benefit of our hermit's services by the aid of an interpreter, and thus will go to the convent. First we enter into a sort of oratory, or cell, which the saint occupied, and on the side of the rocky precipice we are shown a niche, hewn in the rock. You will perceive, if it happens to be empty, that the hard granite bottom is worn down some six or eight

inches. But it is seldom empty. Probably at the time of your visit you will see some poor palsied wretch or cripple, rolling or stretching himself within the niche, and a physiologist will readily believe the fact, when told that thousands and tens of thousands of poor decrepid pilgrims were healed by the astonishing miracles which were and are still performed in this celebrated place. What a pity that in America you are so fallen in grace, that you have no such miracle-working places to resort to. See for instance, if you could make the tomb of Washington a place of such sanctity, what an immense benefit could be derived from such practices by the poor invalids. In this I am truly sincere; the good done cannot be doubted, and, in fact, well verified instances could be found in Bohemia of the thousands of cures performed in the convent of St. Prokope on Sasawa.

But let us proceed. If your visit should happen on one of the many celebrated days devoted to St. Prokope, particularly the saint's day, you would be astonished on beholding the crowd of pilgrims who arrive at this old monastery—and what will strike you as still more remarkable, will be the fact, that the majority of the pilgrims will be young persons. I will attempt to give the American reader an explanation of this, but before doing so, give some preliminary views of my own, which are not only conclusions arrived at from experience, but are, in fact, absolute knowledge, derived by a residence in ten different States of the American Union at various times, and while traveling in sixteen other States, as well as in all the territory east of the Rocky Mountains during a period of twenty-seven years. In fact, I may truly exclaim with old Rassin the Bow: "I travelled the country all over" &c., but not only travelled, also saw things and judged them, unlike your English Tocqueville, Mrs. Trollope, Dickens, and others; some of whom have dwelt at large on the corrupting influences and demoralizing practices of camp-meetings. Well, I incline to the belief,

that human nature is the same all the world over. I have visited many camp-meetings in America, witnessed their exciting and demoralizing practices, saw the oblong squares called the altar, filled to overflowing with excited men and women,—saw them promiscuously mixed together during such scenes, so that you could not distinguish one from the other, and readily admit that I went to these places not to pray, but to see what could be seen. I even went into love-feasts, &c. I have met John N. Maffit on many occasions—attended his sermons—was pleased and delighted with his eloquence—saw him generously relinquishing the pulpit to some heavy-chested, strong and long-winded brother, descend, and go on his pilgrimage of discovery among the pews. Yes, I have noticed the fact that in his exhortations of poor sinners, he would select the prettiest girls or married women, and dwell the longest time in looking under their pretty bonnets, and I saw also sundry soft squeezes of their pretty hands and fingers, and on several occasions thought I observed certain magnetic glances dart from the eyes of the fair penitents. But I liked Maffit, in spite of it. I found him a fine jovial companion—a perfect Friar Tuck; his mind stored with rich treasures of mental witticism, and I did not envy his Mahomedan proclivities. He followed his natural impulses and could not do otherwise. As to those charges of demoralizing influences at camp-meetings, &c., I will here assert one fact, viz: in all my travels on the European continent, I never visited a country where there were a less number of illegitimate children born than in these United States. The small number compared with other countries, is indeed remarkable. This is not owing to superior morality in America, but it is in consequence of the easy facility afforded to young people to contract marriage. Were it not for the blindness and impolitic system of laws, it would be made as easy for parties to procure a divorce as it is to form the matrimonial relation; many and various would

be the miseries relieved now suffered by thousands from ill-assorted marriages at this day.

But let us return to Bohemia. The difficulties for young people to contract marriage are very great under the Austrian despotism. The parties must procure the permission of Government and the Catholic Church. To obtain such permission, many things are necessary. First, they must show visible means of support; second, the male must be free from military duty. This alone makes thousands incapable to enter a state of matrimony. The large standing army of Austria naturally absorbs great numbers of young and active men. Then the various other difficulties, particularly the means to subsist, applies to two-thirds of the young and marriageable of both sexes and makes them incapable to marry, wherefore the natural and unavoidable consequences are, that a very large proportion of the children born in Austria are illegitimate. I recollect that a regiment of rifles was stationed in Kutteneberg for three years, and during that period it was computed that they left behind them seven hundred illegitimate children. After these preliminary explanations, it will no longer appear strange to the American traveler to behold amongst the pilgrims to the holy monastery of St. Prokopa so many young people of both sexes. The fact is, if a young girl and her Lothario find their opportunities at home obstructed, one or both will have a dream to go to the shrine of the saint to procure grace, and in most cases the effect of grace will be apparent in nine months' time or less. There are very few or no obstacles put in the way, even by the most rigid parents, to check the daughter's religious zeal. You will soon see her in the procession, generally led by some old crony, while a similar squad of males are led on by some old soldier or other devotee. They go two and two, singing various songs, mostly to the praise of the mother of Christ, Mary, or to the saint whose shrine they are about to visit. At night, some large barn of a farm-house, with a quan-

tity of straw, will afford them shelter and a place of rest, and also such facilities as will bring about the above results. And this is what are termed pilgrimages in Austria. Many of the processions are destined to visit places at long distances, and remain absent for weeks and even months. Mary of the cell in Styria, Mary of Tafel, Mary of the Holy Mount, the Holy Mount Tabor, and hundreds of similar places are constantly visited by thousands.

But let us return to St. Prokope and our veritable Devil. After visiting the magnificent Gothic church, the cicerone will lead the way to a side door and a flight of descending stairs, and we will enter a small neat church, excavated mostly out of the solid rock, and directly under the large church above. I must not omit to mention a prevailing custom of all the devotees, before descending into this lower edifice, to provide themselves with a number of wax-tapers; the number is generally regulated by the number of poor souls of deceased relatives, who are supposed to be suffering the torments of purgatory. These tapers are of various colors, and are exposed for sale in various places in the monastery. They are generally lighted in the little church below and affixed to the benches or cornices around the walls or near the altar, while the devotees are kneeling down by the lighted taper, and chant the Rosary, or some other prayer, for each and all the souls supposed to suffer in purgatory. The cicerone will point out the place before the altar where St. Prokope, while abbot of the monastery, was in the daily habit of celebrating holy mass. On each side of the altar you will see in the corners two figures hewn out of solid stone, representing something like a large bear sitting upon his haunches. These, you will be gravely informed, are the forms of two devils that had the presumption to annoy the saint on one occasion while celebrating holy mass, but are now paying dearly for their diabolical presumption, as the consequence was, that the saint, by a holy incantation, turned them both into solid stone, and com-

manded them to remain in that spot and in that position, until the day of judgment, when, as a matter of course, their services will be wanted to take care of the black sheep that will be consigned to *everlasting* damnation, which is, according to existing so-called Christian theologians, perfectly consistent with the character of that fountain of love and wisdom we conceive to be the grand first cause of the universe.

But now to our subject. On one of my visits, some thirty-five years ago, I was told by a heretical wag the following veritable and remarkable story, in connection with those identical statues of stone, or properly the very devils themselves.

Once upon a time a poor and devout peasant, who resided in one of the villages near the monastery on the banks of the little rivulet Sasawa, came on a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of St. Prokope. After visiting the usual places of devotion, he came at last, provided with a number of wax-tapers, into the chapel below. After making his devotions, he espied in the dark corners the two figures of those enchanted devils. He stood pensively contemplating them a while; then, moved by a spirit of compassion, exclaimed: "You poor devils! here you are sitting in the corners in total darkness, neglected by every one, not even one of the thousands of pilgrims paid you as much attention as to light one small taper before you," and forthwith commenced to light and affix as many tapers to the stony devils as he had about him. He sat them upon their large heads and paws, and remained to see them burn down and extinguished them. Thereupon he pensively pursued his journey homeward. On arriving home late at night and enjoying a hearty supper, set before him by his good wife, he soon retired for the night, and as it was in summer, he kept only a thin shirt on. He soon fell into the arms of Morpheus, and was surprised with the following dream. He saw the stony figures of the devils from the chapel of St. Prokope

approach him; they both seemed animated. One of them addressed him as follows: "My friend Hans. It is now several centuries since we were cursed by the holy St. Prokope, and were turned into stone; there we have remained ever since, and out of the thousands and even millions of pilgrims who have visited our abode during that period, you are the first and only one that pitied our situation and honored us with wax-tapers. For these favors we are therefore determined to give you a princely reward. Arise, friend, and follow us." Hans, although in deshabille, immediately complied, and was conducted to an old orchard near his residence, and there, in a secluded place, a spot was pointed out to him, where he was told that on digging the ground in the morning, he would find treasures of immense value. Hans exclaimed in ecstasy: "But my dear friend, Mr. Devil, how will I be able to find this place in the morning?" The Devil responded: "Very easily, my friend. You feel now, after your hearty supper, a natural want (which was the case with Hans). You cannot do better but comply with nature's call forthwith, and this same spot will to-morrow be a sure mark for you to recognize the precise locality where to dig up your buried treasure." No sooner suggested, than our trusting and simple-minded Hans began to do as directed, when lo and behold! he was awakened out of his sleep with a burning sensation upon his posterior, the consequence of a very severe blow, inflicted by his better half (who had been awakened a little while before our Hans), owing to his unusual and extraordinary proceeding, as he was marking the precise spot of the buried treasure upon her countenance, and the heavy blow was dealt to bring Hans to his senses, who was sadly disappointed and mortified. Now I think that this narrative proves conclusively that the Devil ought never to be trusted, even if he professes to confer a benefit on the recipient. I have never learned whether the above narrative was considered apocryphal by the holy monks of the convent of St.

Prokope, but as it was told to me so I give it to the reader, adding, however, that it appeared to me very consistent with the other marvellous accounts of the doings of the Devil in this celebrated locality. There are many accounts of still more wonderful miracles, narrated as transpiring daily at those holy shrines which at present degrade my poor native Bohemia. This same St. Prokope, who was afterwards bishop of Prague, seems to have possessed some extraordinary powers as a medium, and no doubt, was a natural clairvoyant. It is reported of him, that on one occasion, while celebrating Mass in St. Vitus' Church in Prague, he became suddenly entranced and stood motionless for several hours, during which time, it is asserted, his spirit went to Rome, and there officiated in canonicals at the funeral obsequies of his own brother. This narrative is universally believed and is not the only instance of the kind, as many similar narratives can be found in the literature of the Roman Catholic Church, particularly in the lives of the saints, they being full of wonders and marvels. St. Prokope must have been a remarkable man, at any rate, and his wonders and powerful performances with the Devil are as sound logic and equally convincing as the many equally veritable records of an older and venerable date that are at this day believed by millions, Catholics and Protestants; in fact, the early writers of the Protestant era, and Luther himself, have had their brains full of Satan and his works. The writings of Luther in this particular are truly amusing. It is well known that he was annoyed like St. Prokope, and on one occasion threw his ink-stand at Diabolus, so that the mark of the ink is still visible on the wall of the chamber he then occupied in the castle of Wartburg. It is a sad reflection, that such degrading use was made of these silly stories by the priesthood, but it served the purpose, as it does even now, of filling the coffers of the Church, and the degrading use that has been made of the ignorant and superstitious, to bring into celebrity certain localities

with the accounts of miracles and wonders, is a dark spot on the government and the church, who have kept enslaved poor down-trodden Bohemia. This funeral-pall has darkened and overclouded this otherwise fertile and beautiful land, and it is high time for its moral and physical emancipation from superstitious thralldom. But, as I said before in commenting on Germany, the time must and will come, that will redeem this much injured and for freedom panting land. God said: "Let there be light!" and there was light, and his eternal justice will not allow one single nation to be excluded from its enjoyment. The poet Goethe on departing this life, made his last sentence: "Light, more light!" and I will add my sincere wish, that it may soon break over the dark horizon of my poor native Bohemia.

But let us again hasten to our standpoint on the heights near Kuttenberg, and we will contemplate some other subject that may present itself before our enchanted vision.

A little to the right of those large fields of black scoria, beyond which we first behold the rivulet Sasawa and the monastery of St. Prokope, commences a spur of that elevated plateau on the right bank of the little stream near Kuttenberg, which extends westward behind said city as far as our vision can reach, presenting a fine elevated plateau. On the plain nearest the city you will discover an area of some thousand or more acres, not cultivated, but left so on purpose, covered with a velvety green sod, called the level-grade. But behold! what do we see? A large body of troops are exercising and performing their various evolutions in obedience to the commands of the several staffs of officers who are galloping hither and thither. In Europe this is always a grand sight for the traveler. We are soon entranced by listening to strains of the most exciting martial music and also the rolling of numerous drums. It is an Italian regiment of infantry, numbering from two to three thousand men,

that number being almost constantly stationed in Kuttentberg. I have already noticed that the Austrian government have reduced despotic rule to a very science; the transferring system is adopted, bringing safety, and serving the purposes of the government. But it has its advantages also for the people. The ignorance of these military tools of despotism of the common language of the people, and their manners and customs, even in the midst of them, where they are placed to serve as a check, and for the purpose of spying out all the actions of the people, enables the people in many respects to act with comparative freedom. Notwithstanding all the boasted freedom the people of the United States believe themselves to enjoy, there is no country on the face of the earth more despotically ruled by that monster and Moloch, public opinion, at once the blindest and most fallacious judge in existence. Indeed, Americans would be astonished, could they witness the comparative freedom and security with which the policy of the government and the Church, and indeed, all matters are criticized by the citizens of Kuttentberg, or better, by the whole of Bohemia. A perfect sympathy amongst all nationalities is perceptible; there are no parties, the people form one party only, which is opposed to the despotic rule of Austria. This cannot be otherwise. The people have been denizens here for many centuries, knowing each other from their cradles, while the United States are, comparatively speaking, like an immense tavern, whither strangers of all countries resort and abide for a time. This is a great drawback; all progressive minds will run the risk of being misunderstood, and falling under the surveillance of that terrible despot, public opinion. This cannot be done amongst their own people. This drawback has always operated powerfully against my humble self, and operates so still. I have the advantage over many others of having resided in this country nearly twenty-seven years, still that poisonous reptile, public opinion, has

led Americans to inflict on me and mine various and serious injuries, as will be developed in the latter part of these eventful memoirs. That freedom and expression of thought, which would be considered in Kuttensburg, amongst my people, as perfectly natural and proper, was received by the free-born sons and daughters of Columbia with a dread, unless the subject suited the particular views entertained by my hearers. In the United States, many of the noblest impulses of our nature are thus impaled and crucified; the fear of this Moloch acts amongst the American people in such a way, that every one becomes more or less like a private policeman, to espy the acts and doings of his neighbor; that sage Mrs. Grundy, and what she will say, governs more or less every individual. This venomous reptile beslimes everything it touches; this monster spreads his large wings over this beautiful land, and darkens it and defaces it like a black pall. A reformer, or any one of those thousands of progressive minds, must, before they can speak and act (which they were taught as being their inalienable rights), first be sure of his locality and surroundings. If he finds a majority to sustain him, he is safe; but if the contrary happens to be the case, woe be to him. Ten to one, he may find himself in the clutches of some vigilance committee, who may, according to the *universal* freedom, use their sovereign power, and resort to that most convincing of all arguments, Judge Lynch. There is not one who can boast that he himself is safe from it; let him shift his locality, or change his crowd of adherents for the opposite, and ere long he may find himself with a rope around his neck; and so ends his chapter. Many Americans would profit by studying and imitating other nationalities in the true freedom of speech, not enjoyed in America.

But let us return to our stand-point. A little more to the right of our last point of vision, on the level grade, and directly beyond the city of Kuttensburg, we see at a dis-

tance of some three leagues, rising out of the high plateau, a large egg-shaped, oblong hill, or mountain, cultivated to its very top, and surmounted, on the highest point, by a small church. This is "Wisoka Hora," or high hill. That part of the plateau, in its immediate neighborhood, is less cultivated, and dotted with a smaller number of villages than the other side of the grand panorama of our vision. What makes this mount attractive and remarkable, is the fact, that from its top we have a full vision of the capital of Bohemia, Prague, and the valley of the Moldau. At a distance of some fifteen leagues, you would be charmed with the view of as many church-steeple, and the variety of scenery around this beautiful capital. Let us for the present transfer ourselves to this hill, and contemplate some of the objects presented to our view. This brings us back again to unfold the tablets of our memory, and review some of the past incidents connected with the capital of Bohemia. This city numbers about 130,000 inhabitants. It is located in one of the most lovely and fertile spots of Europe, on the banks of the river Moldau, which river is spanned by a bridge of most massive and beautiful architectural construction, having few equal, and none superior, on the European continent. It connects the old city with the new, or so-called smaller site of Prague. On an elevated bluff in the latter, is the splendid old palace of the kings of Bohemia. The bridge below is ornamented with a large number of statues on both sides of the heavy stone balustrade. On each end of the bridge is an old massive tower, and particularly on the side of the old city, the tower is like a small fortress. To lovers of historical reminiscences, Prague would afford one of the most attractive cities in Europe: every object you behold, is more or less connected with historical events, and a residence of many years would be requisite to become familiar with all that's attractive there. The lover of music would be spell-bound, and confess that he

never knew what music was until he had visited Prague. Those railroad travelers of America, who cross the Atlantic, and rush through Prague with the speed of a locomotive, may see two or three hundred cities, and on arriving at home, write a book of a whole year's travel in Europe, &c., &c.; but he would know as much about Prague as he might know about Timbuctoo, or the city of the Great Mogul. In order to be able to write about such cities as Prague, we must study the language, manners and history of the Bohemian people. A military man may visit Prague, and have full intercourse with officers of the army; witness the parades and manœuvres of the 25,000 or 30,000 troops that are almost constantly stationed there, and are composed of some twelve different nationalities, and yet know very little what Prague is. You may admire the fine churches and other public edifices, see a number of splendid convents; wonder that two, out of every five persons you meet, are priests, two others Jews, and the last one either a military or civil person. You may notice a large number of beggars, ditto prostitutes; all could be seen in Prague; but to know what Prague really is, you will only begin to realize after you have spent a year or more there; you will then be convinced that you are really in a strange city, among a strange people, very little known in America. I have frequently been amused on being asked about my nationality by apparently well-informed people in the United States, that in telling them I was a Bohemian, they would wonder and regard me as a gipsy; but the error lies, as I have already observed, in the fact that most of the information in America, concerning Bohemia, is derived through German channels. The traveler will realize at last, that he is indeed in the capital of Slavic Bohemia, and the principal city of music and poetry. Why, I hear you exclaim, poetry? I have never heard or read of poets or poetry in Prague. In England, amongst the calculating com-

mercial English, a Byron or a Scott will make a great stir: but in Bohemia, poetry is as common with the people as the air they inhale. According to a common adage in Bohemia, a musician and a poet are next door neighbors to a beggar. It would not be surprising to behold thousands of musicians or ballad-singers in Bohemia, any one of whom would make a sensation in the United States, while there they are wearing a beggar's apparel, and appeal to your charity to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It is not saying too much when I assert, that the Bohemians have kept alive the spirit of freedom, and all the historical reminiscences of the by-gone past, the traditions, and the thousands of ballads and legends. Even at this day, there is not a circumstance of any notoriety, or any event that may transpire, which will not in a day or two be sung by some ballad-singer, and hawked about, in thousands of copies, all over the land, at every shrine of notoriety, every market-town or city. It spreads like wildfire all over the land, and is kept alive in spite of the efforts made by the government and the priesthood to suppress any circumstance that may not be agreeable to the government or Church; and those traditional records are perpetuated, and may be traced back for many centuries. These are the poets of Bohemia; and it is more than the government or the Catholic hierarchy were able to accomplish, although they have carried on a crusade against books considered heretical, and have destroyed and burned millions of them, but they could not destroy our memories. Evidence of this you have before you in these memoirs; although your humble servant was a mere lad when he left his native land, more than thirty years ago, he writes these reminiscences *entirely from memory*: and who will now doubt the poetry of the Bohemians? But not alone the ballads and traditions have kept alive the character of the people, it is the one branch of the Slavic family that possesses the largest literature of that people and language. It is richer than

the German. It contains, besides all the German translations, a large number of its own peculiar productions. No city, even now, can boast of more scholastic and other scientific acquirements than Prague; and what would have been the result, had the people of Prague been permitted to exercise such freedom as has been enjoyed by the inhabitants of more favored cities, it is not difficult to conjecture. The Catholic hierarchy, assisted by the powerful despotism of Austria, have for centuries past been engaged, hand in hand, to subjugate the people of Bohemia morally, after they were subjugated physically, by the combined rule-loving German princely union. The names of John Huss, of Hieronimo of Prague, of George Podebrad, of John Ziska, of Prokope Rase, and others, have been held up to scorn and derision, and are constantly anathematized by the myrmidons of the powers of Church and state, as being heretical and now in the torments of hell, &c., &c. And yet, after centuries of contumely and detractions, they were not able to eradicate from the hearts of the Bohemian people the love and veneration for the memories of those illustrious patriots. The Bohemian Catholic is not even permitted to whisper their names in any other manner but by way of derision and scorn, and stigmatize their so-called heresies, their tens of thousands confessionals, and to give the people something in lieu of their historical grandeur, that beau ideal of all priestly virtues, the martyred priest and confessor to the Bohemian Queen consort of Wenzeslaus the Lazy, viz: John of Népomuc, the patron saint of Prague has been substituted. He is not only idolized, but almost deified. If you visit Prague on or before the day allotted to him in the Catholic calendar, you will witness sights and ceremonies that are seldom, if ever, met with in any other country or city. And this in a measure is the case all over the kingdom. Prague will be illuminated on the day in question; you will listen to the thunder of a thousand cannons, and all the bells of the churches will

chime incessantly; and when the ceremonies of the Church commence, they are unsurpassed for grandeur and display. All the priesthood will parade in their costliest ornaments; the civilians and the military will form long processions; also the various and numerous orders of mechanical crafts with their banners displayed. You will be amazed and confounded, and will naturally wish to know what new Deity has been discovered, to whom all these ceremonies and worshippings are offered. It can be no other than at least some son-in-law or first cousin of Almighty God. But no such thing; it is only to an humble priest, born in a small Bohemian village, called Nepomuc, and to distinguish him from the many Johns of that country, he is styled, after his nativity, John of Nepomuc. His extraordinary deserts are rather a covered deification of the order of priesthood, as they pride themselves on possessing the extraordinary virtue of secrecy of the confessional. John of Nepomuc, as I said before, was the Queen's confessor. The King Wenzeslas, or Watzlaw, was tormented by the green-eyed monster, and commanded John to tell him the secrets of the Queen's confessions. John refused, of course, as he should, and as I would have done, or you, dear reader, if we had been entrusted with the secrets of some fair lady. The royal brute acted like many other brutes would act at this day, under similar circumstances. He wanted to coerce poor John, and first had him imprisoned, then otherwise maltreated, and finally commanded him to be drowned in the Moldau. He was carried at night to the middle of the bridge, and thrown down into the Moldau. Now all this was done naturally; but now follows the grand wonder of wonders, and it is rather remarkable what tremendous miracles are reported as having happened to many of the Catholic saints; yet this one outdoes the miracles of saint Prokope. It was as follows: First, the waters of the river divided, and John's body was left lying dry on the sand at the bot-

tom of the river, having been killed by the fall. But now comes the grandest wonder of all. Five stars descended from the firmament, and encircling the head of John, they formed a bright halo of heavenly radiance around his head, proving by this the extraordinary degree of sanctity John had obtained. Now, this tremendous miracle was always a puzzle to my imagination, as several noted astronomers have given us tolerably fair ideas about the starry heavens, but omitted to classify and determine the magnitudes of those particular stars. But as we have accounts of many moving stars, like the one that indicated the birth-place of the Child of Nazareth before Bethlehem, we cannot doubt the others, as the first is recorded in the Bible. In fact, I leave those things for the astronomers to determine. In the year 1833, I was in Athens (Georgia), when in November that extraordinary phenomenon of those falling stars occurred. Many learned professors gave their opinions as to the phenomenon. If it had been deferred ten years longer, what a fuss it would have created amongst the Millerites! I was asked to give my opinion as to the phenomenon, in the year 1833, and I gave the following very logical definition: As we have a new month every lunar period, consequently there must be an accumulation of the old moons in the heavenly workshops; and when they become too numerous, they are cut up into little stars we see sparkling in the firmament, and when the task is completed, the workshop is swept clean, and the chips are sent flying in every direction. I believe that this theory is irrefutable; and who will now wonder at the descending of those five stars around John's head? It is a miracle, and so was that at the convent of saint Prokope on Sasawa; and you and I ought to know, that the Christian religion is based on miracles; therefore we must not question the extraordinary sanctity of John of Nepomuc, and accordingly he is idolized, invoked, prayed to, and has been for several centuries.

You will find his statue on every bridge in Bohemia, and thousands of pictures are sold representing him encircled with those identical stars. There are hundreds of churches dedicated to him; and his tomb, or sarcophagus, in the Royal Church of St. Vitus, in Prague, is unsurpassed in richness and magnificence. The massive railings, and the figures of angels holding up the silver sarcophagi, are all of solid silver. It is said that it would require several four-horse teams to transport the silver, if it should, some day, fall into the hands of some pilfering enemy. The miracles that are reported as having been performed at this tomb of John of Nepomuc, are many and wonderful; and many grand festivals have been crammed on poor Bohemia, to narcotize her into a state of lethargic forgetfulness of everything that has transpired during the past centuries and of which she has a right to be proud. Immense is the accountability of all those who have made themselves culpable to perpetuate on a noble nation those stupendous frauds and crimes, to strangle or murder its progressive intellect. In the year 1414, about a century after those events transpired which are narrated of John of Nepomuc, another of that name made his appearance in Prague, and became conspicuous. This was John Huss, of Husinec, a village of that name. He was, like the first, a priest of humble origin, and had the charge of a small church, called Bethlehem, in Prague. His talents and eloquence soon made him conspicuous. He saw at this day the many abuses and errors of the Roman Catholic Church, and he soon directed his eloquence against the Romish hierarchy. At this period, Prague contained within its enclosures one of the best universities in Europe, where free debates, all kinds of lectures, and scientific knowledge were encouraged; thousands of students were constantly in attendance, not only natives of Bohemia, but also many Germans and other nationalities sent their youth to be educated there. At this

period, Bohemia was in a prosperous and highly advanced condition; agriculture flourished; a large number of small landholders, or *zemannes*, as they are termed in Bohemia, constituted a great body of the most intelligent classes; they composed the larger portion of the national electors. This class, and the free citizens who inhabited the many imperial cities of immunities in the kingdom, who have either by purchase or otherwise obtained privileges of the always needy German emperors, those classes combined, afforded to John Huss most excellent material to outpour his eloquence, and the result was a great sensation all over the kingdom. No one could resist the logic and eloquence that flowed from the lips of the inspired Huss. His little church soon became too small for his congregation, so that he was obliged to preach in the open air. He had not only to lecture, but to write. The country was electrified. His open apostacy from the Church of Rome was at first but little noticed, being regarded by the power and arrogance of the Papal See with contempt, — that being easier than to refute the eloquent thunders of the inspired Bohemian.

But soon old toothless theology aroused out of its apparent lethargy, by seeing one dogma after another demolished and crushed by Huss's irrefutable eloquence. At first admonition, then threats, and finally anathemas were thundered forth from the Vatican; but Huss dauntlessly and fearlessly persevered; he felt that he was a soldier in the cause of truth, and what was more, *he was not in San Antonio, Texas*, he was amongst his people, and therefore duly estimated and felt his ground. He knew and felt, that no power on earth could or would displace him from his position amongst his contrymen of Bohemia, and when the terrible and dreaded bull arrived, consigning him to eternal perdition, and making it obligatory on every good Catholic to rid the world of such a monster, there could not be found in Prague, nay, in all

Bohemia, one single wretch to execute the orders and demands of the *Holy See*. There was even a scarcity of such dignitaries like Judge Devine of the fourth judicial district of Texas, and the consequence was, that the people of Bohemia rose en masse and surrounded their countryman Huss, and applauded him and encouraged him to proceed in his laudable undertaking of reform. The faithful Jerome or Hieronimo of Prague, a free magister and scholar of Prague, was always at his elbow, and assisted him with all his might, and it would have been impossible for old theology of that day, to have harmed a single hair of Huss's head. Therefore the old monster, as has always been the case before and since that period, effected by treachery, what it could not do by force. Huss was invited to appear before the council of Costnitz or Constance, which had been assembled to consult over the threatened dangers from the Bohemian heresies to the Mother Church. He was cajoled by being promised free discussion of all points at variance, and as this was all that Huss wanted, he was inclined to yield and go to the council. Not so his brave and vigilant countrymen; they would not consent to have Huss taken out of their midst and put in the power of his enemies at such great distance from Bohemia. To overcome this apparently insurmountable difficulty, the Church had resort to the Emperor, and used that potentate on this, as on many other occasions, as its tool and scape-goat. He was induced to grand a free imperial decree of protection for Huss and his followers, to come from and safely return again to Bohemia. They had to include his followers in the imperial brief or decree, anticipating that Huss would not be permitted to come alone. The honest-minded Huss and his countrymen readily fell in the snare, and to Constance Huss and his followers went, confidently relying upon the sacred pledges and the imperial signature. Huss had different expectations, he felt elated at the opportunity afforded him of vindicating the truth; but he

made his reckoning without the host. When was old theology ever known to yield to a newly promulgated truth? even in the nineteenth century, it is still the same stubborn, bloodthirsty monster it was before and in the days of John Huss. It is only the mode of physical destruction that is changed. The refinements of the present day no longer tolerate the stake. Only when a poor abolitionist happens to be detected in the South, abducting some poor wretch of a negro, or when a negro so far forgets himself as to imitate some of the most frequent crimes committed by his white brothers, before his very eyes, that his presumption is speedily corrected, minute accounts of which may be read in the journals of *free* America as of usual occurrences without comment. All is assumed as matter of course. The sacrifice was a severe lesson to people of *his class*, besides it was a popular movement, an act of that reptile and American Moloch, public opinion, which all the sons of America, and the daughters too, are taught from their very cradles to dread. Thousands are the enormities and crimes perpetuated under this slimy reptile's sanction and abatement. There is no law, human or divine, that would or could stay its venomous breath. But the violent so-called public excesses are not the only cases of the workings of that Moloch. The courts of law may be and are prostituted and debased under his influence, as was exemplified in the infamous persecutions carried out in San Antonio de Bexar against myself, as will be most fully and conclusively shown in the latter part of this work. Yes, the faggot and the stake are not the only method the popular Moloch has at his command in this *free* America, there are hundreds, nay, thousands of crimes committed, for which there is no apparent remedy. Americans are fond to boast of the superiority of their institutions over those of other nations, their writs of habeas corpus, &c., &c., and were it not for the counter-operations of that slimy and venomous monster, public opinion, they are, in many

respects far in advance of other nationalities. But I will show, before I have done, that it is an empty boast. There is, indeed, no protection by a writ of habeas corpus, or anything else, against the vitiated ravings of an ignorant and bigoted and prejudiced and malicious majority. Then the judiciary, the juries and the other various understrappers of a court, are formed generally on such occasions out of the above named class of individuals, and where is the boasted safety, the misnamed integrity of the law? But I will defer this subject to the proper time, and I solemnly promise, that before I have done, I will give facts and circumstances to the American public, sufficient to astonish even the most credulous, and they will wonder, if it is possible, that such things could be done in this *free* America. For the present let us return to Huss and the council of Constance. Huss was soon disabused of any sanguine hopes or expectations he may have entertained, that he would have an opportunity afforded him to vindicate the truth of his position. The hydra-headed old theology did not wish to bandy arguments, in fact, it had none that were competent to dislodge those advanced by the Bohemian priest, and, consequently, he was peremptorily ordered to recant. His many attempts to vindicate his position were vociferously drowned and put down by the bigoted churchmen; to recant and renounce his so-called heretical errors was peremptorily demanded, or to take the consequences. This, as might have been foreseen, our Bohemian would not do; he came there to be convinced of his wrong position, not to be forced therefrom without a shadow of reason or truthful argument. His devoted followers soon became alarmed; they sent deputations home, with anxious apprehensions, and when the truth was made known, as against Huss by the mitred bigots, that he would be made a sacrifice, the news went with lightning rapidity to Bohemia. The Emperor was invoked and even threatened to keep steadfast with the pledges of his

imperial honor; but the Roman Church was mighty, nay, too politic. As it always assumed to be the vice regent of God on earth, it had powers superior to those of the Emperor, and the latter was flatly told, that there rested no obligation on him whatsoever, as he was not bound, nay, was even prohibited, to keep faith with a heretic. The Emperor saw that a storm would break out in Bohemia which might even endanger his crown; but the remonstrances even from him were disregarded and drowned. The ecclesiastics claimed Huss as being of their own order, and subject, by his priestly obligations, to their authority, which they have always asserted to be superior to that of all worldly potentates. At this day they have somewhat modified their pretensions, judging from their pastoral letters in America, as well as under the different governments that now exist. But this was in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the See of Rome was in almost unlimited exercise of assumed powers, and little did they heed even the safety of the imperial diadem. Huss was condemned to be burned alive. But this was not all. They first submitted him to the most cruel and degrading treatment. As a priest he was to be first desecrated and degraded from his priestly functions. Those brutal ceremonies and prolonged tortures of cutting with a razor that portion of his scalp, formerly anointed with the tonsure, were only a small part of the ceremony. He was anathematized and fully condemned to hell, and to the tortures of devils. On the day of his execution his garments were painted with representations of the devil, and a high paper cap of peculiar shape, likewise decorated with this, the grandest conception of theological humbug that ever disgraced the priestly calling, Catholic or Protestant, was represented with all imaginary hideousness. His bloodthirsty persecutors were as fertile in these conceptions of a vitiated and corrupt theology, as they are at this day, when describing his majesty the humbug Satan. In fact, it is all the same, whether you hear this

at the shrine of Saint Prokope on Sasawa, or from some ranting Methodist parson, apparently just returning from hell, giving you a most vivid description of all that he there beheld. Yes, it is the same theology in all its various phases: hell, fire and brimstone, damnation eternal, are the grand conceptions arrived at in a period of thousands of years, a true emblem of its own vitiated heart. The hatred of demons is taught in place of the Christian principle of universal and unbounded love for all God's children. But poor Huss had his full share of the eternal damnation which blind theology was able to inflict; and even now, if that child of darkness eternal, the dogmatism of this day, should be permitted to see the bright and progressed spirit of the Bohemian martyr, they would stare like the owls of darkness, blinded by the bright sunlight, as they always are in the blindness of their bigotry, and are only fit to roost in some dark corner full of cobwebs, avoiding the vivid light that is dawning in the intellectual horizon. They tied Huss to the stake, but could not prevent him from uttering many truths before his body was consumed by fire. As to his bodily sufferings, he was too much elevated above such condition; his strong mental state soon enabled him to magnetize his physical body into an extatic state that was above any physical sufferings, and while his body was gradually consumed by the fiery element, his soul burst forth in songs of his native Bohemia, with a sweetness and pathos, comprehended only by those, who are, like myself, natives of Bohemia. His enraged countrymen returned home, and all Bohemia rose en masse against the Papal power and the Roman Emperor. They were horrified at such high-handed treachery, and, in fact, it showed the world, that there was no safety whatsoever only in the will of the theological powers. That same rule could be applied equally to all others, as it had been applied against Huss. The people of Bohemia felt this, and it became with them a struggle for life and death. It was

surprising with what unanimity this handful of people acted. The struggle became a terrible war of extermination on both sides. It shook the German Empire to the very centre, and even now a traveler in Bohemia and in the neighboring provinces, will be astonished at the hundreds of demolished monasteries, castles and cities, that were destroyed and burned by the Hussites. It was their custom to go to the field, accompanied by their women and children, and some of those exciting and revenge-seeking songs are still extant and commemorated among the Bohemians at this day. The names of those fearless leaders or generals of the Bohemians are almost more dreaded than were those of Ushengis Khan to this day amongst the Germans. The name of John Ziska, the intrepid blind man, is used as a buckaboo, to intimidate disobedient children. Tradition has left an account, that after his death his skin was dressed and stretched over a drum, which was beaten before every attack made by the Hussites, and it had such an effect upon them that they became almost invincible. When we reflect that a small kingdom, like Bohemia, was able to withstand the colossal power of the German Emperor, and destroy his armies like chaff, for a period of ninety-five years, during which time hundreds of sanguinary battles were fought, and that it was eventually subjugated more by state policy than by the force of arms, we are astonished. Any philanthropic historian, whose duty it is to portray those revolting cruelties, perpetrated by both parties during these wars, will have a strong desire to draw a curtain of oblivion over the past, but it is not possible to do it. The memories of men will be refreshed by every object, in anywise connected with those times and occurrences in Bohemia. Those ravages were so numerous and destructive, that they almost desolated and depopulated the brightest portions of Europe. But this is not all. The terrible moral havoc, the legitimate results in poor Bohemia, is not eradicated to this day. Those

soul-destroying injuries committed in this fair land and on its noble people by the prostitutions of those two harlots, the Church and the State, have involved those colossal powers into fearful responsibility, and when retributive justice shall overtake them, as it surely will, when intelligence will reign supreme, even in poor down-trodden Bohemia, the time may come, that there will arise, even amongst the Catholic clergy in that kingdom, not *one* like John Huss, but *thousands*, who will hurl the popish hierarchy down from its high pedestal, and demolish it into a thousand atoms. This may appear prophetic, but it is not; it is only analyzing the laws of causes and effects following them to their ultimates. Something like this has been always dreaded by the house of Habsburg. The Emperor Joseph the Second commenced to apply a healing salve to the feelings of the Bohemian people, and his many acts of justice aroused against him the Romish hierarchy, and it was asserted, that his short reign was the consequence of the equally short remedy, poison, applied to him by the Catholic priesthood. In those scenes of a latter day, the massacres by Windishgratz in Prague, a few short years back a portion of the history of the Bohemian people, will show, that the spirit in that country is not dead, nor is it dead in my native city, Kutttenberg. As I write this, my eyes are filled with tears, when I reflect, that out of some thousand of my schoolmates and playfellows only very few remain. During the troubles in Prague the young townsmen rallied, and hastened almost to a man to the Bohemian capital. But the wily Windishgratz came to meet them with his mercenary tools of despotism, and they were almost cut up to a man by the cavalry of Austria. My poor school-companions were undisciplined, although they fought with desperate courage, and also lacked a leader like Ziska. Even the humble writer of this, the youthful ensign of the Polish revolutionary struggle of 1830, might have been of some service, and would have

spared the world the trouble of perusing these uninteresting memoirs, as well as much trouble and indignation to the bigots and ignoramuses of San Antonio de Bexar. But we cannot control our destiny. The old saw is : He that is born to be hung will never be drowned, and so it may prove with myself. Bohemia has nothing to expect from the Romish hierarchy or the Emperor of Austria ; but they cannot prevent the salutary influence of that grand leveler, time. When his influence will have worked the necessary results, poor Bohemia will be emancipated, like that already described Germany, from all slavery, mental and physical, and all the devils or evils, either of Saint Prokope or other places, nay, of the whole kingdom, will disappear from the age of darkness, and make room for bright and smiling, angelic and seraphic forms, who will be the messengers of joy and gladness to the now oppressed, but then liberated millions.

Almost adjoining the tomb of St. John of Nepomuc in the royal church of Saint Vitus in Prague, stands a sarcophagus of a dark and sombre construction, antique in form and much less costly than the first. It is that of Saint Iwan, the Hermit. Iwan is only the ultra Slavonic name of John, which names seem to be the prevailing ones of the celebrities of my country. This particular one of the many Johns enjoyed a singular characteristic, contrary to the gregarious habits of the human family, which prompted him to live upwards of forty years in the deepest seclusion in one of the large Bohemian forests. Of his origin, or the singular motives that isolated him from the company of his fellowmen, very little is known. Some make him out to have been a Servian prince, yet his thoroughly Bohemian dialect leads us to infer that he was a Bohemian. He was brought to notice in the following manner : One of the early kings or dukes converted to the Christian religion, named Burywhoy and who seems to have been a second Nimrod, was one day hunting in a large forest, in a par-

ticularly wild district, on the banks of the river Moldau, some leagues above Prague.

At that early period, this part of the kingdom was very thinly settled. In this particularly wild region, the Duke was separated from his retainers, and after wandering several leagues through the forest, he saw and followed a large doe. He stole close to the deer, and discharged one of his unerring arrows into her side. She ran bleeding into a cave, near the banks of a small rivulet. The Duke followed in hot pursuit, and was astonished, on entering the cave, to behold that it was inhabited by a strange human being, almost in a state of nudity, with only such scanty covering as nature had provided. He took him at first to be some strange wild specimen of the mammalia; but noticing his extraordinary gentleness and affectionate grief, which he exhibited towards the bleeding and dying doe, which had laid herself down at his feet, the Duke was amazed. This doe seems to have been domesticated by the hermit for the purpose of subsisting on her milk. The Duke was so impressed with a veneration for this singular anchorite, that he knelt down before him, and invoked his blessing, which Iwan cheerfully accorded. The Duke, thereupon, arose, and sounded his hunting-horn to call his followers, who soon responded to the call, and found the Duke in the cave before this strange apparition. But they were soon equally impressed with veneration, and imitating the Duke's example, each invoked a blessing from Iwan. Burywhoy begged the hermit to accompany him to his capital, Prague, which Iwan reluctantly complied with. But soon the boisterous life and glitter of the court of Burywhoy became distressing to Iwan; he sickened, and panted after his seclusion in the forest. The Duke consented with much reluctance to the hermit's return, exacting a promise, that he would honor him with occasional visits, and also permit the Duke to come at pleasure, and visit the

hermit for advice and consolation during difficulties. Many and strange are the traditionary accounts in Bohemia, extant to this day, of the powers and wonderful performances by the hermit, who seems to have acquired unlimited control over Duke Burywhoy. Whatsoever may have been the cause of this man's strange seclusion, or whatsoever may have been his early history, his later life, which was prolonged to a very old age, entitled him to all the veneration of the people of Bohemia. The Duke seems to have been one of those good-intentioned, half-civilized, rude Christians of this early age, full of impulses for good or evil; and many are reported to have been the struggles that Iwan was compelled to encounter with him. The hermit was always found to mediate between the Duke and any of his humblest subjects, affording effectual protection, and curbing the fiery temper of Burywhoy, influencing him as much as possible to promote the welfare and happiness of his Bohemian subjects. And their gratitude and veneration lives on in their memory, and has lived many centuries. What could be more deserving, or meritorious, than such self-sacrifices of one man to promote the good of millions, and throw himself between a despot and his subjects? Such examples are indeed very rare. Most of those that had acquired such powers, have proved selfish and sycophantic. Yes, Iwan, although he seems to occupy only a fifth or sixth grade among the saints of Bohemia, in the classification of the Catholic calendar, I say, "Blessed be you, blessed be Iwan and all such devoted patriots." I have spent many hours in meditations in the cave, not far from the river Moldau, which served some seventy years as the abode of Iwan. The surrounding country is now settled and well cultivated; and many towns and villages are flourishing, where formerly wild forest districts extended, and the cave and its locality was to me the holiest shrine that I visited in Bohemia. Thousands of tourists pass this vicinity, and

not even hear mentioned the name of Iwan the hermit, or anything about the above historical reminiscences; but my wanderings in Bohemia were of a different purport. I commenced my travels when a lad of seventeen, and hundreds of those historical localities had for me a charming interest that may have escaped the notice of a thousand others. Even now I can go to Bohemia, and find scope for the study and promotion of civil liberty and democratic institutions, where thousands of others will see nothing but a poor, ignorant peasantry. I know Bohemia; and if only a part of the historical events could be collected and compiled for the American reader, it would astonish him to find so many treasures, that will open to him an immense field for study. Historical events are now almost buried in oblivion; and the greatest difficulty is, and has always been, the learning of the Bohemian language, so as to become versed with the literature of my country. At present, as I observed before, almost all the information derived of us, is through German channels, and as we are observed, through German spectacles, that nation, who were the tools for the Austrian despots to subjugate and enslave poor Bohemia, their criticisms cannot be relied upon, nor received as genuine. It is very natural that everything that's German cannot be otherwise than abhorred by us, and vice versa. This has led Americans to many grave errors in respect to myself. It was frequently made use of, by the bigoted and malicious, in San Antonio, as an argument against me. "Well," they would say, "he is not liked by his own countrymen;" confounding me, of course, with a German. That may have been correct, as far as the Germans were concerned. I have done more for their interest, and for the interest of the city, in recovering the education-lands from the grasp of swindlers and thieves, who were holding them contrary to right or law, than any twenty other citizens collectively. I acted without self-interest, while others

made thousands of dollars by this operation, and like Judge Thos. J. Devine, after being well paid, were rewarded with offices which they have prostituted and defiled in crushing me. Yes, there were many sycophants, and are so still, among the Germans of San Antonio, who never hesitated to pick up the pearls that were thrown out by me, on hundreds of occasions, who would turn round and spit on the giver. This, however, does not apply to the Germans collectively as a nation; I always did respect them, and would have in my younger days, if opportunity had offered, spilled my blood to assist them in regaining their liberty. There are thousands amongst them that are educated and patriotic, and give me credit for what I did for them and the city; but I will have occasion to speak of these hereafter; for the present, I will hasten to other subjects.

At the distance of a few leagues from Prague, on an elevation near the river Moldau, you see an old ruin or burg, one of those strongholds of the middle ages. It is called "Devin," or Maidensburg, as it would be translated into English. The reminiscences connected with this locality, and the traditionary accounts, will sound almost fabulous in this age, and have been by many classed as mere romances; but those who, like myself, know the true character of the Bohemian people, and their traditionary legends, cannot but conclude that there must be a foundation in truth of those events. I always felt the deepest interest in everything that had any bearing on this subject. It is the period of the war of the Bohemian Amazons. The celebrated and romantic German poet and author, Vandervelde, has written a work on this subject, containing a great deal of interesting matter and narratives, gathered from the traditions of Bohemia. The present advocates of Women's Rights in America would be much surprised and pleased to learn the history of this Amazon war of Bohemia; and truly, it may be said, in regard to this subject, there is noth-

ing new under the sun. The traditionary account is as follows :

Immediately after the death of the celebrated Queen and seecress Libussa, her principal female attendants formed a plan to usurp the government of the kingdom of Bohemia ; the long reign of the venerated Queen, and the confiding and quiet ease the Bohemians seemed to enjoy under her petticoat government, gave them encouragement to hope that it could be still further perpetuated. The Queen seems to have had for her principal officers and advisers those of her own sex, and therefore it was easy to keep up the rule, carried on by them for so many years. They, however, kept the death of the Queen a profound secret until they had matured and carried out all their plans. The country people, particularly the Zemmanes, or landholders, seemed to enjoy a happy lethargy, and even when the discovery of the Queen's death was eventually made, as also the usurpation of the government by the women of Bohemia, they seemed to treat it altogether as a jolly freak, which they were inclined to humor rather than restrain. But not so with that class, who even at this day are called office-seekers and hangers-on of all governments ; they and those connected with the army soon perceived, that such a state of things, if continued, would effect their interests, and therefore a strife soon commenced, and a bloody one, too. Be it recorded to the eternal disgrace of that class of the male sex, who dyed the soil of Bohemia with blood for a period of eight years, the same length of time as the struggle for American independence. The principal and most conspicuous of the Amazons of Bohemia were two of the old Queen's maids of honor, named Casha and Westa. There are many amusing stories narrated of their government and laws, as there seems to have been rather a mixed government of force on the one side, and cunning and stratagems on the other side ; a great deal was also accomplished with blandishments. Methinks, I see the

American reader smile, and many may exclaim: "Well, well, our women do rule us considerably, even now, in this last way, and as to the other way, we have the wisdom, not of Solomon of old, but Samivel's father, old Mr. Weller, who cautioned his son to beware of the women. But gently, my friends, I hope, that before you have waded with me through this slough, I may be able to convince at least some few of you, that the women have indeed, as well as yourselves, some *inalienable rights*, which the immortal Jefferson has penned in the bill of rights: to life, *liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*. Yes, reader, not only your own happiness, but also woman's happiness was meant, and unless you are similarly organized with those great Reformers of the Lutheran era, who formed the confederacy of Smalcalden, with the extraordinary desire to secure those rights. *Yes, their rights*, was all that they wanted. The poor and oppressed masses were left without any, and so it is in regard to that famous declaration of rights in America — it is the rights of the stronger and sterner portion of the Americans that were demanded, and are usurped. Yes, to the eternal shame of those be it said, who sneer and ridicule all those just and benevolent attempts now made here and there, to emancipate poor, confiding woman from her degraded condition of a worse slavery than that of the African negro race. You may disguise the fact as much as you will under your gold and diamonds, but the chains made of the first, and the locket inlaid with the second, are nothing less than the worst badges of slavery. The African negro has not progressed, and is therefore incapable of feeling the weight of his chains; but when I contemplate poor enslaved woman, that divine principle of love, enlightened and mentally developed, I cannot say equal to man, as a phrenologist who has studied men for over twenty years, I will make known to you this surprising, and it may be to you astounding conclusion, I have arrived at, to wit: That, collectively speaking, the women in

America are far in advance of the men in mental development. This fact I now challenge all your professors of phrenology to disprove or to contradict, if they can. While the men for centuries were plotting in all the various pursuits and toils after the almighty dollar, their faculties of knowledge have increased and become enlarged over those of the female ; but woman, in filling an inferior sphere for centuries back, has found opportunities even in solitude to enlarge her faculties of *wisdom*—the highest of human developments ; and in that she is now progressed further than men. You can satisfy yourself of this fact by going to any assemblage in New York, or other cities, and take the collective view of the craniums of men and women there assembled, and you will see this *fact* verified, and so it is proportionally with the whole American nation. What then can be more unjust and degrading to manhood than to deny to woman her just demands. They do not ask for more than what is claimed by men, and the denial is inconsistent and contrary to all your professions of justice and equal rights. The time will come, my friend, when you will realize the fact, that by keeping woman from the free enjoyment of *all* their natural rights, you have deprived yourself of the greatest joy and happiness you may possess, if the natural *duality* is fully established in *everything*. Examine the grand laboratory of nature, and you will see that in everything you behold the wisdom of the Almighty Ruler of the universe has beautifully blended the positive and negative principles ; the eternal union is everywhere apparent. And so it is with your own organism. The duality exists everywhere, and unless you will adopt those significant precepts into your conjugal relations, you never will nor can enjoy the happy harmony intended by the Almighty you should enjoy,

But let us for the present return to Bohemia and the Amazon war or wars. The bloody disgrace of the male sex to go as far as to shed the blood of part of himself, his

eternal duality, the principle of love, many of you, Americans will feel indignant, and their chivalric indignation will be aroused against those Bohemian boors of that period; but I opine, that if, by some powerful cause such things could be effected now in America, as to displace a man from the exercise of his assumed powers, I say I am inclined to believe, that even now blood would be spilled, if all other ways should fail, to regain their former positions. To rule and to be obeyed has become a necessity to man's very selfish nature. Might is right according to his standard of reasoning, not right to be might according to justice. Many times have I contemplated those ruins of the Devin, near Prague, being led back by the imagination a thousand years to the period of this reputed event and pictured to myself, what might have been the probable results, and in what state would the political world now be in, if the Bohemian Amazons had carried off the victory and remained in full possession of all those powers exercised by man. A thousand years of such experience would have demonstrated to the world the result, and I for one, cherish the idea that such experiment would have proved, that at this day, after the trial of a thousand years, slavery and all sanguinary strife would have been blotted out from the face of the earth. There would not be seen the harrowing spectacle of nations groaning for their freedom. Indeed if such a thrice happy time would arrive, so that all legislation would be equally controlled by woman, I am convinced, that in place of all the present existing laws, based upon revenge, only laws based upon love would now exist, which would be a blessing instead of a curse of human existence. Religionists may cant about the coming Millennium; but there never will, nor never can be a Millennium, unless the principle of love by means of feminine elevation is fully established among men, and interblended with that of wisdom. That this eternal *truth* will eventually be established, and will constitute the only rule for the go-

vernment of this globe, as it is already the rule of the universe, is unavoidable. Truth is eternal and will eventually prevail. Men of the present age, in opposing this movement, and those opposing the demand for equal rights for woman, only injure themselves, as well as the human species collectively, by their unfair opposition; they only procrastinate that which will surely come to pass at some more enlightened and liberal period.

Reader, let us for the present abandon our stand-point on Wisoka Hora, where we were contemplating some of the many reminiscences connected with the Bohemian capital, Prague, and resume our stand-point on the heights of Kuttenberg. A little to the right of our last point of observation on Wisoka Hora, we see on the elevated spur that extends from these very heights on which we are standing, objects like curious round buildings. These are the entrances to such of the shafts as are still worked of the Kuttenberg silver mines, and are considered the deepest shafts in Europe. Centuries ago there were around Kuttenberg and all over its ridges, thousands of such shafts; you will find traces of them even now in every direction, though most of them have been filled up and gone into disuse. Even at this day some have been found several hundred feet deep, presenting dangerous traps for men and animals. There is always a funnel-like depression of the ground around them, down to where the solid rock commences; the hole is then clear and about six feet square. The one still in use and which we are now contemplating, is called Gut Glück, or good luck. It is the only one now worked by day and by night, without cessation. They cannot be left idle, as the water would accumulate and overflow the pits below. It seems to me that the old machinery used is not of the proper kind or such as ought to be used at this advanced period; but I only describe it as I saw it some thirty-five or more years ago. For aught I know it may have been improved since, as it was then operated

by means of one wheel turned by horse power. A sort of frame descended while a similar one ascended. There were also platforms at intervals, to facilitate the descent or ascent of the mines. If science was fairly applied to the mines of Kuttenberg, I believe that numbers of those old shafts could be reopened, and unaccountable riches gained therefrom. At present there are barely two hundred miners engaged there, while some centuries ago they were counted by tens of thousands. The working hours of the miners are eight out of the twenty-four, and consequently the number of the miners must be trebled; there are also many others residing in or near Kuttenberg, such as supernumeraries, pensioners, &c., &c. It is my desire to describe particularly this class of people, for reasons that will appear afterwards. In all my travels in Europe and America I have not found a class of men that can compare with them for unity and independence. Owing to their calling they are exempt from military duty in the Austrian Empire, and also from nearly all other duties to the state, these being the greatest burdens to her classes of citizens. In former days they were numbered by thousands, and the Emperors of Germany on many occasions granted them immunities and other privileges. This was the reason that Kuttenberg had a charter, and has one still as one of the free imperial cities. The miners of Kuttenberg lived for centuries in comparatively happy enjoyment of civil and political liberty, and nearly all of them acquired immense riches. The city of Kuttenberg was generally considered by the needy Emperors of Germany as a sort of reserve treasury, where in extreme emergencies they could replenish their empty coffers, and many were the occasions on which they applied to the generous and hardy miners for relief, and never applied in vain. The miners, out of gratitude or in lieu of new privileges, always gave up their silver with unsparing hands, and even at this day, when there is nothing left but a skeleton of former grandeur,

I observed that the miners were the most independent thinking and spoken people I met with in all my travels. They have a common nationality, a common calling, a common language and feeling, and after their eight hours' task is completed, there remains abundance of time for self-improvement and enjoyments of various kind. Before the miner assumes his calling, he is generally tolerably well educated, being obliged to go through at least a ten years' schooling, and if he wishes to travel a year or two, he can always get one of the supernumeraries, to take his place. The hours of changing hands is at three o'clock in the morning, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at seven o'clock in the evening. The hours are indicated by the chiming of a bell, suspended in the highest tower in Kuttentberg, in Saint Jacoby Church. It is a pleasing and attractive sight, on some grand festival to view several hundred miners, clad in their uniforms, black and green, with glazed leather aprons in front and behind, somewhat in the shape of a freemason's apron, and a small silver lamp suspended from his belt; on his shoulders a mining tool of a peculiar shape, with its handle strapped to his body, and a leather cap. These miners turn out a large body of the most athletic men, whom even Frederick the Great coveted for his choice bands of grenadiers.

To the right of our last line of vision, Gut Glück, we behold, over a depression in the mountain, and almost in a direct northern line, an immense tract of apparently level country, until our vision is arrested, on the far distant horizon, by an encircling chain of mountains, almost as blue and vapory as the sky above. It is, in fact, a remarkable circumstance, interesting to geographers and geologists, who have studied the locality of the kingdom of Bohemia, that it presents to the observer the appearance of a grand basin, or an emptied lake, of some eight hundred Eng-

lish miles in circumference, having no doubt formed, at an early period, a large lake. Resuming our place on the river Elbe, where we left off on a former occasion, near Kollin, and following its course northward towards Saxony, and arriving at the foot of that distant ridge below Laitmaritz, we wonder where the river will find an outlet. But at Taishin it takes a short turn, and, while growing very narrow, increases the swiftness of its current. At this place, it is almost as large as the Ohio. Before we arrive at this place, however, we have to pass some of the richest and finest wine-growing countries in Europe. Melnik, in Bohemia, is celebrated for the richness and peculiar flavor of the wine bearing that name. But as soon as the river enters that mountainous ridge, the character of the country is changed: rocky precipices and overhanging cliffs tower thousands of feet above the river, exhibiting localities which the rays of the sun have never penetrated, until, at the distance of many leagues, the river emerges into Saxony by the town of Pirna. Almost in sight of the Saxon capital, Dresden, the country, on both banks of the river Elbe, is celebrated for the varied grandeur of its scenery; and although most of this country is part and parcel of Bohemia proper, it is called Saxon Switzerland, or Swiss. I could not resist the idea, on visiting this locality, of imagining one of the grand mountains torn away by some convulsions of the earth, and thrown into the river Elbe. What a havoc such an inundation would create! Thousands of cities and villages would be submerged. Yes, reader, even you and I would not be safe on the heights near Kuttenberg; nearly the whole of Bohemia, and a great part of Moravia, would be converted into a grand lake. The boundaries of these two countries are only relative divisions of property, as they were formerly divided between the two reputed first settlers of those provinces, the Slavonic brothers Chech and Leff. The first took Bohemia, and the latter Moravia.

But, reader, as we need not apprehend any danger from the imaginary inundation, let us quietly resume our stand on the heights of Kuttenberg, and our observation along the river Elbe.

The first object that presents itself is the large town, or, as we would say in America, city, of Kollin, not remarkable, except as containing several rich convents. Near this place was fought one of the bloodiest battles during the Seven Years' War. Frederick the Great nearly lost his kingdom and his liberty, on that memorable occasion. We follow the river some four leagues further, and arrive at the Royal Palace of George Podebrad, the Washington of Bohemia. He was a patriot, and a benefactor to his people, and his memory is cherished with veneration. Two leagues lower down the river, we see Limburg, an old fortified town; and four leagues further, we come to Brandais on the western bank, and old Bunzlau on the eastern bank of the river. The latter town is celebrated as containing one of the oldest churches in the kingdom, having been built for a heathen temple. In it was assassinated the first Bohemian Christian duke, Saint Wenzeslas, by the hand of his own brother, and by the instigation of his own mother, both of whom were stern opposers of the new religion, which was introduced into the kingdom, and to which Wenzeslas became a convert. There is yet shown within this old church of Bunzlau, on a pillar covered with a pane of glass, and surrounded by an iron railing, the blood as it flowed from the wound inflicted by the fratricide. It is also a place of resort for pilgrims; but not being notorious for deviltry, like the monastery of Saint Prokope, we will not have to say much about it, merely stating that it was the place where John of Nepomuc, while he was priest-confessor in the capital, Prague, was wont periodically to go on a pilgrimage. Some devout admirer of John, in after years, who had more money than common sense, had

constructed from old Bunzlau to Prague, some six leagues distance, a lane of small chapels at distances of two or three hundred yards, whose appearance add to the imposing sight of the landscape, particularly as many of them now stand isolated, the course of the road having been changed since they were built. I always thought that all such misplaced piety is like money thrown away. Such sums, had they been expended for purposes having for their object the elevation of the human race, would be an everlasting blessing to the founder; but those useless chapels are only a small portion of the many similar wasteful expenditures, found not only in Bohemia, but in almost all the countries of Europe. But let us proceed a short distance below Brandais, where we perceive a high hill, well cultivated on all sides, having a city on the top. This is Melnick, the afore-mentioned wine producing city. At the foot of this hill is the junction of the two rivers Elbe and Moldau. A few leagues below, and near the town of Laitmaritz, is one of the strongest fortresses of Austria, called Theresienstadt. It is frequently the abode of state prisoners. During my visit there, I saw Prince Ypsilanti, in his confinement. It is well known, that after he engaged to liberate Moldavia and Wallachia, wherein he was encouraged by the Russian Autocrat, he soon became an object of suspicion to the monarchs, who believed him (which was the fact) to be leagued with the liberal secret societies of Europe, particularly the Haituaria, or Young Italy Confederation. He had only one arm when I saw him, and seemed somewhat dejected. We will now arrive at the mouth of the river Elbe. Near it is the celebrated place of Culm, where General Vandamme, in the year 1813, by his quick manœuvre into Bohemia, came very near taking the Emperor Francis the First prisoner, and also the King of Prussia. If that circumstance had taken place, what would have been the change wrought in the fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte!

But let us again ascend to our stand on the heights near Kutteneberg, and contemplate other objects that will present themselves to our vision. Below us, to the east, and about half a league distant, we see a new and magnificent palace. It is called Husa, which translated into English means a goose. It is the summer residence of Count Kotek, one of the *grandees* or aristocratic satellites of the court of Vienna. It has taken the old and profligate count some thirty years time and an immense amount of treasure to construct this magnificent palace. At the time of my last visit in the year 1824, it was still unfinished and the report circulated, that it was mortgaged as well as the large domain of towns, villages, &c., &c., belonging to this aristocratic family of Bohemia. The profligacy of the Austrian nobility and their enormous expenditures have been of great service to the Bohemian peasantry, and the system of Robot or serfhood, by which they were kept down for centuries past, is gradually disappearing. To understand this system of vassalage I will give a brief explanation of it to the American reader. At an early period the land, like most of Germany, was subdivided and distributed by the emperors or kings amongst their adherents and warriors, either as fiefs or by purchases. Now these landowners belonged in most cases to the nobility, or soon became so by their riches or meritorious deeds or services rendered to the crown. They subdivided these lands into parcels, reserving to themselves the best portions, and established on the reserved parts those extensive domains that are even now covering the best portions of Bohemia. But as they had not the facilities of the English, French, Dutch or Spaniards of the last century, to supply themselves with slaves from the coast of Africa, who were made to till the soil without a hope of deriving any other benefit from their toil than a bare existence, neither were they so refined and politic as the propagandists of this day in America; they nevertheless contrived the nearest system to

slavery that was practicable. This afforded them means to cultivate their extensive land grants, the portions parcelled out were soon filled with tenants, and to this day there are thousands of people in Bohemia subject to the Robot, by virtue of the lands they hold. A farmer of means may have an incumbrance on his farms, furnish a span and plow and a plowman for three hundred days during the year, or two for one hundred and fifty days, and so on in proportion this Robot is graduated, according to the quantity of land he may own subject to the Robot. In this way every poor cottager has his amount of work to render to the manor or domain to which he belongs, and this is the system of slavery that has been in operation in Bohemia for many centuries. The lands and tenements subject to Robot will generally sell only for one-third the price paid for free soil. You see by this that the Bondsman of Bohemia is yet in a measure a free man ; he can at option sell his land with the incumbrances and remove elsewhere, purchase a freehold, or remove to a city like Kuttienberg, which is a free city, and then he has no other obligations than those to the government and clergy to fulfill, which latter are sufficiently heavy in themselves, and consume the cream of all the industry of the land. Now as I said, the profligacy and extravagant expenditures of the Austrian nobility are very serviceable to the common people. Those that are involved irretrievably, find it necessary to sell their domains. These domains are frequently purchased by the towns and villages, subject to them in the way of Robot. The Emperors of Austria have in the latter days (be it recorded to their credit) encouraged those emancipations in various ways ; if there was not sufficient capital in such localities to make the purchase, the people were assisted by imperial enactments or decrees. Something like a sinking fund was established to pay up in a series of years these liabilities to the owners or their heirs, as the case might be. Many of the crown domains

have been emancipated in like manner, as also those domains belonging to the free cities. Kuttenberg, for instance, has several large domains that were held for many centuries, and it will be amusing to the American readers, after they will be more thoroughly acquainted with my biography, to learn how near I was on many occasions to starvation for the want of the simplest necessities of life, although as a son of the free city of Kuttenberg, I was a fractional owner of some of the finest and richest domains in Bohemia. But this is all moonshine. The income, *i. e.*, what is left after passing through the sticky fingers of a swarm of mostly German officials, is appropriated by the crown, and only on extraordinary occasions of dearth or a hard winter is a small pittance like the giving of alms meted out to the poorer classes of the citizens, to keep them from starving or freezing. But the policy of emancipation is going on gradually, and perhaps in one century from this time there will be no rich aristocratic class in the kingdom of Bohemia. In fact I am informed that many and great changes were brought about since my expatriation from my native land some thirty years ago. God speed your efforts, my poor country, and inspire your rulers to act as fathers, not as tyrants, and stand between the children of Bohemia and the blood-sucking aristocratic classes, and the still more blood-thirsty swarm of priests who have been gorging on the best of the land for many centuries. From the latter class I expect much good for the emancipation of the common people, being taken out of their midst, and by virtue of a superior education thousands will awaken and be inspired with the spirit of John Huss, and will no more singly but collectively demand such concessions of the See of Rome and the Emperor of Austria, that will and must be granted to Bohemia. The time will come and is fast approaching, when all such degrading mummeries like those of Saint Procope on Sasawa and thousands others of similar character will be blotted

out from this fair and beautiful country, and a bright light of universal progress, and civil and religious freedom be substituted. To bring about this end the government of Austria, as in expiation of its former crimes, is now doing much by the establishment of a universal system of normal and other schools. Give the people light and intelligence, and in due time it will no longer be possible to forge the chains of slavery sufficiently strong to keep them in that abject condition. This is felt even by the petty American despots in the South; whence those degrading and ignoble enactments, making it penal to give instructions to the negro. The latter, though physically less progressed of the human species, may yet in time become sufficiently enlightened to doubt those *humanizing* assumptions even when proclaimed by a Calhoun, and may demand his share of those *inalienable rights* proclaimed to the world by the patriots of the American revolution.

But let us once more take our stand on the heights of Kuttenberg, and contemplate some other subjects presented to our vision. A little to the right of the Palace of Count Koteck-Husa, we see a beautiful panorama. On the other side of the river Elbe, a small rivulet meanders from the distant mountain ridge, and on its banks are hundreds of beautifully located towns and villages, with their bright and extensive domains. It is cheerful to view such districts near harvest time; to behold an apparently boundless ocean of small waves, undulated by the gentle breezes, with the ears of the life-sustaining grains of wheat, or rye, or barley, &c. On such occasions my heart was filled with unspeakable joy, in beholding the bounty of Almighty Providence, given to his creatures on earth, with such unsparing hand. Who can behold such sights and not be impressed with the deepest gratitude and love for our Heavenly Father, and our all-bountiful mother, nature? If this

eternal holy duality was properly studied, there would be very little, or no tyranny of any sort, among men.

But let us proceed. About the middle of this beautiful plateau, at some twelve leagues' distance from our stand-point, we see a high overtowering burgh or palace, raising its lofty dimensions out of the midst of a town, or village, of some note. This is Gitchin, the ancestral house and place of sepulture of the greatest general of the Thirty Years' War, Albrecht of Wallenstein. The history of that period is teeming with descriptions of the grand performances of this hero and powerful leader of the armies of Austria; but, like everything that comes through German channels, there is no account given, but some imperfect allusion is made to his nationality. He is by thousands presumed to be a German general, while Albrecht was as much of a German as is the humble writer of these memoirs; he was a Slave to his very back-bone, and it was nothing more nor less than his nationality that made him a thorn of suspicion to the Austrian Emperor, and cost him eventually his life. Yes, Albrecht of Wallenstein was one of Bohemia's sons, and it was the love and confidence of his country that enabled him to rally an army as if by magic, whenever he sounded his war-trumpet, to save the tottering throne of the emperor from his many enemies, not on one, but on many occasions. But it is well known to historians, that as soon as the dangers to the house of Austria were warded off by this giant intellect, the jealousies and intrigues of the wily Germans were resumed. Albrecht of Wallenstein had just as much love and admiration for those German mercenaries, who were always ready to carry their skins into market, and sell them to such as paid the highest price therefor. It was not only the Elector of Bavaria that the Duke of Wallenstein hated like poison, but all such as the Bavarians represented as their head and leader. Were the Emperor of Austria not a traitor to

his many pledges he gave to Wallenstein and to Bohemia, when in the greatest extremity, he would have had no need to fear this most powerful man in all Europe. But it was the consciousness of his own treacheries, and breakings of the most solemn pledges, that gave him such a dread of Wallenstein. He knew, as well as the many enemies of the duke, that it was in the power of this Bohemian to put himself at the head of his countrymen, and be their king, or whatsoever he liked to be called; and there was no power in Europe, owing to the complicated policy of the day, that could have displaced the royal diadem from Albrecht's brow; and therefore the vile Austrian had resort to treachery and assassination; and it is remarkable and significant, that the vile emissaries Questenberg; and the old Italian Piccolomini, who were charged with this infamous design, could not find a tool to carry out this assassination, until they discovered one in an Irishman, called Butler, who became Wallenstein's assassin in the fortress of Eger. I said it was significant; I speak from my own experience in San Antonio de Bexar. When the villains, who suffered by my public acts, and were compelled to restore to the city the robbed public domains, they made their vile conspiracy to destroy me; two attempts were made to assassinate me. One was made by a stranger, a Mexican, who acted so bunglingly, and was so much excited, that he betrayed himself, and thanks to the keen examination of my wife, he made known enough to enable us to trace out his employers. The other was better suited to his calling. He was an Irish butcher and knew his trade well, and did use his knife, and would have succeeded, but for an accident. He followed me one dark night from the main Piazza, and overtaking me, made a thrust or blow at my neck. His foot slipped, and the cold blade glanced past my neck below the left ear, and before he could recover and repeat the blow, two citizens were unexpectedly by my side. The assassin took

to his heels immediately, but not before he had betrayed his nationality and even his personality by an expression of imprecation. There was a defect in his person, which enabled me to recognize him. But it would have been in vain for me, assisted and abetted as he was by others, to have had him arrested. It put me on my guard, however, and the result was, that my enemies soon devised other methods, and concocted other plans to ruin me. An infamous *Irish* woman was soon found and made a tool of, instigated by an *Irish* merchant tailor, who now flourishes as one of the nabobs of San Antonio. The *Irish* mayor, who conducted the first burlesque examination; the influential *Irish* woman, who lost a slice of the city property, held by her without law or title; the stubborn *Irish* merchant on the Plazza, who lost another slice of the Public Plazza; then the *Irish* district judge, who *perverted* the law to convict me; then the *Irish* district attorney, who carried the *Irish* woman to and from the court in a carriage, for which neither he nor the state paid the bills: yes, these were only types of such men as Colonel Butler to assassinate my reputation. But I must not anticipate the latter portion of my eventful narrative I intend giving to the world, and the testimony will fully show the tremendous villainies resorted to, to crush me before the American public, and make me out a felon. But truth is powerful and will prevail. The ignominy will eventually fall upon the heads of those guilty wretches that made themselves conspicuous in those disgraceful transactions. For the present, we will close our description of the kingdom of Bohemia, as my readers must by this time be sufficiently familiarized with the nativity of my humble self, and we will now come to the proper biographical description that will be the subject of this history.

PART II.

P A R E N T A G E.

IN order that the reader may be able to understand this work all the better, I will again give an explanation which will at the same time save critics much trouble, if any such should be found, who would deem a production like mine worthy of their notice. First, I have not compiled this work in the usual way adopted, viz. : from information derived from other books, but from actual experience. The fact is that since my expatriation from Bohemia, over thirty years ago, I have read very little concerning that country which I consider reliable; the fault being, as before stated, that most of the information on Bohemia is derived through German channels of literature. Even the great German author, Schiller, in his best work and masterpiece, *Wallenstein*, does not draw a sufficient line of distinction between the German and Bohemian nationalities, and therefore many readers of that greatest of Schiller's productions, after having completed its perusal are at a loss in regard to *Wallenstein's* nationality, and believe him to have been a German, his honorary titles and acquired estates tending to lead to those errors, as for instance when speaking of the Duke of Friedland, although his domain is part and parcel of Bohemia, yet lying on the immediate frontier of Saxony, which is settled by Germans, and Schiller, being himself a German, could not be expected to give the exact delineations of Wallen-

stein's position. Wallenstein being one of Bohemia's sons, possessed the implicit confidence of the Bohemian people; he was to them what the first Napoleon was to the French; his glorious career was the price of his countrymen, and he had it in his power to make Bohemia independent of Austria, and could have been made king or ruler by any other name at pleasure. Schiller also does not draw his distinctions sufficiently clear between Wallenstein's army who were Bohemians, and the army composed of other nationalities. The Austrian treachery should likewise be better explained. When the minister Questenberg arrived at the headquarters of the army on his mission of treachery, his main object, and the Emperor's policy were to corrupt all the army officers by bribes, promotions, titles, orders and estates. Many German families, like that of Count Gallas, date their rise from this period, when they joined in the treachery against Wallenstein. But they could not corrupt that part of the army which was Bohemian. This was the Duke's bulwark; high and low being alike devoted to his cause, and Schiller portrays only partially the devotion exhibited in the suicide of the Countess Tercky. Wallenstein's downfall was a death-blow to their hopes, nay, to all Bohemia, and his assassination could not have been easily effected in the midst of his Bohemian army; hence these maneuvers of Piccolomini and others by issuing false orders in the Duke's name to the several regiments, well knowing they would be ready to sacrifice their lives to save Wallenstein, and so they were treacherously sent to a distance, until the Duke was entirely in the power of the Austrian minions, and became the victim of the Irish assassin, Colonel Butler. The charges that were circulated to defame Wallenstein were base calumnies concocted to cover in part the infamous deeds of the Austrians. The heirs of Wallenstein carried their case through all the courts of justice, and after several generations have passed away those charges were triumphantly refuted. His crime

was that of Napoleon Bonaparte: he was the idol of the people, and could become very dangerous to the old constituted monarchies. Therefore he must be removed at any cost. As long as the Emperor needed his services to uphold his tottering throne, he was overwhelmed with titles and estates. Yes, they well knew that those who had the power to give had also the power to take away. So much for the information to be derived from that gem of literary productions, Schiller's *Wallenstein*. There is an equally meritorious production, of a later day; I allude to the work by Madame George Sand, as she styles herself, called *Consuelo*. She gives some masterly touches of Bohemia and the Bohemian people; but her work also is not free from the errors of all authors of other nationalities, particularly the geographical descriptions. She places the mines of Kuttenberg on the Bavarian frontier, somewhere between the castle of the old count and Prague, while Kuttenberg is almost in the centre of the kingdom; in fact a Bohemian alone is capable of writing about Bohemia. Though it is over thirty years since I left my native country, and no doubt many changes have taken place during that period, still in the main I describe it as I left it, and leave it for the reader to reconcile or rectify any discrepancies that may occur. It must also be borne in mind that at the period of my expatriation I was a youth of eighteen years, still I traveled much, even at that early period, having been from childhood accustomed to accompany my father everywhere on hundreds of journeys through various parts of the kingdom. My first year's travel was altogether spent in roving over Bohemia. There was not a place of note, or a ruined castle or convent, that I did not visit, and on every occasion I tried to become acquainted with the history of all such localities. I could, if I wished to be minute in my descriptions, give a more than ten times larger account of my early recollections of places and events that are, like this present production, impressed on

the tablets of my memory. To give the reader an idea of the present work, I will say that I have not formed any general plan whatsoever, but have written the foregoing at three sittings only after my convalescence, just as the subject came to my mind, and so it will be with the rest. Although I will attempt to follow my biography with the narration of other things as I behold them, and as I judge them, yet I do not know, nor do I care, when I commence a chapter, or what will be the precise subject of the same. I do not pretend to be an adept in book writing, as this is my first and perhaps my last attempt. The reader will therefore make allowances for any informalities. My principal motiv in writing was to leave a record of my eventful life's experience for my children and my friends; also to set right and refute the many infamous calumnies which have been for years circulated by my many enemies. I will bring before the American public facts that thousands never imagined could have been enacted within this republic. My other object is likewise to bring to the notice of the American public some facts as to the true position of a race of noble people, of whose history there seems to exist very little general knowledge in America. I have also noticed the errors of the Sectarians who are wont to style the Lutheran reformation as the commencement of a religious era, when in fact it was only the echo of the reformation commenced in Bohemia a century earlier, as I have already narrated, and many other errors connected with this reformation. It is not true that it was designed for universal liberty. The union at Smalcalden was by the petty princes of Germany designed to secure *their* freedom, not the people's freedom. The common people have always enjoyed more freedom and protection under an Emperor even one tyrannically disposed, than they will or can enjoy under a blood-sucking bevy of petty monarchs. To the deluded religionist it has likewise given nothing, having made thousands of petty popes in place of

the one at Rome. The pope principle remains the same, and America is the country that will eventually bring about the true reformation and emancipation. The mass of the seven hundred Protestant sects must and will first protest themselves out of Protestantism ere by a more rational and progressive system of education the advent of the true Savior of mankind will be ushered in. It is *wisdom*. Then the true millennium will be established among men.

Dear reader, let us once more ascend the heights of Kuttenberg, and from thence contemplate some locality of much interest to the writer. It lies between our stand-point and the round building of Gut Glück. In that depression, between those two hills that separate Gut Glück from the height on which we stand, we see something like a large village or town, presenting to view a strange admixture of houses and small hills. The latter have the appearance of hundreds of artificial mounds, like those we find in the western part of the United States, called Indian mounds. These mounds and houses cover the entire northerly side of this depression, and descend down as far as the plain or valley of the river Elbe. Its length is about two English miles. It appears that those hillocks or mounds occupy much more space than the houses which are built on the intervening ground, surrounded with numerous orchards and gardens. Those hillocks are composed of the excavated debris which has been for centuries accumulated and drawn to the surface by the miners from the hundreds of shafts that still pierce the earth in every direction in that neighborhood. *This is Kank*, the miners more immediate home; it is their stronghold. Here they boast, even at this day, of enjoying more immunities than even in Kuttenberg. Here no bailiff or police officer was formerly permitted to put his foot in an official capacity. The master sheppe, or head man of the miners, and the curate of the town, are the highest authorities and the greatest personages known;

one wields the spiritual and the other the temporal power, and both only look to their superior, one to the Bishop, the other to the Emperor as their authorities. On very few occasions those higher authorities are referred to, as nearly all the difficulties which may arise are settled by those two personages in a happy patriarchal way. There are also subdivisions of authority amongst the miners themselves, each shaft having an officer, called steiger. These officers do not work in the shafts, but regulate the work and keep the accounts, weigh the ore and deliver it at stated times to the imperial smelters. The ore, at present, and in fact at previous periods too, could be only sold to the Emperor, it being not now considered an usurpation of the powers of the government, as the expenses of mining almost exceed the value of the ore extracted, and is only kept up to prevent the mines from falling into total decay. Kank, the miners' home, is a sort of a small republic within the Austrian empire. The miners elect all the officers from their midst, and as they have no military obligations to perform, nor the billeting and quartering of troops, no ground entails or Robot, they live in a comparatively happy state of freedom and ease. There are no strangers amongst them. Those residing in Kutteneberg have besides the military also a bevy of officials, mostly Germans, amongst them, causing a restraint and creating much espionage. If you insult one of the inhabitants of Kank you have insulted all; they are like one grand family, their ancestors having resided there from generation to generation; they know each other and have that fraternal feeling of association which can not be found in America, as it takes generations to develop the same. I have seen devotional characteristics exhibited by these people to protect one of their members, which would astonish Americans, and woe be to any official who would dare to molest one of the miners of Kank. What the Bohemians are as a nation collectively, is here emblematically carried out in a small circle of a few thousand inhabitants. The sweet-

est and earliest impressions were here made upon my mind, calculated to awaken in my breast recollections of happy hours, and, when on many occasions since my expatriation, particularly in San Antonio, I have been wrongly judged, belied and insulted by the malicious and bigoted, the consoling idea always recurred to my mind: this could not have happened to you among the people of Kank or Kuttenberg.

But let us proceed. Here at the highest spot or plaza of the little community is a square spot of level greensward, on one side of which is the church and churchyard, on the other side a sort of city or sheppen hall, on the third side the residence of the curate and head sheppen, and on the last a large old building, painted green and of very antiquated appearance. It is more or less dilapidated and almost in ruins. It has also the reputation of having been haunted for centuries, and many are the ghost stories and thrilling narratives, related among the credulous of Kank and Kuttenberg, as having been seen or heard in this house and the adjoining grounds, particularly at the hour of midnight. The church and churchyard dedicated to Saint Wawrienez, a minor saint, who, it is believed, exercises particular powers in this locality, add to the fear and superstitious awe connected with this old building. In the rear in an old orchard, surrounded by those mounds, previously noticed, is an old shaft which seems not to have been worked for centuries, and what is still more remarkable in connection with this shaft, is that by throwing a stone into it, its descent is marked by a long and ringing sound, probably caused by chains which still exist, the remains of former balustrades. Mothers and nurses are wont to caution the boys and girls with stories of frightful buckaboos who are ascending and rattling their chains to catch children. This is done to keep the children away from this dangerous place; but I must own that it had the contrary effect on my rebellious nature, as I have thrown hundreds of rocks into

this shaft, and wondered at the sounds produced, and I have many times wished for some means to descend and investigate the interior of the same. The old building on my last visit was there inhabited by a single family of old people, although it is sufficiently roomy for twenty families. This is *Dignowity's house*, as it is called even at this day, and has been for centuries; having been the abode of a family of miners by that name for centuries. The name was an honorary title, given at a former period to one of the ancestors for meritorious conduct, as customary among Slavic people. You see Russia, is an example of such distinctions, the old pronoun seems to have been the Latin for lifeworthy, but been corrupted by age and usage. The first old family name is still preserved, it is that of Padron. The last miner of the name of Dignowity was a worthy stigger who left an only son, his mother having died in his infancy. The father also died before his majority, and the son was left to be brought up by a maternal relative who was the sheppen of this community. The boy was named Wenzeslas after the saint or assassinated first Christian duke of Bohemia. The sheppen's name was Chezick. The boy Wenzeslas lost one of his eyes in childhood by smallpox. This defect, and his position as the son of the old stigger, made him a supernumerary among the miners—that is, he never worked the mines, although considered as one of their number, and by reason of the honorable distinctions his ancestors enjoyed, he, in after years, acquired and exercised almost unlimited control over the miners of Kank and Kuttenberg. In consequence of his being exempt from working in the mines, he acquired an extraordinary passion for traveling all over the kingdom of Bohemia and the neighboring provinces; he learned to play on several musical instruments, particularly the French horn was a favorite with him, for which his extraordinary athletic development seemed to qualify him eminently. During the many wars of the

eighteenth century, he became a stroller in the wake of the armies; and, in order to keep up in some way his connection with the army, he learned the manufacture of pomatum, an almost indispensable article of the pig-tailed military of the last century. His musical accomplishments, likewise, greatly assisted him during his perpetual peregrinations. Being the heir and owner of the old dilapidated family residence, he was considered a sort of nabob among the miners when at home, and he soon became to them a traveling library, to gather all the news and other important informations, and this operated very favorably toward acquiring that unlimited sway he finally enjoyed. During his many wanderings, he became acquainted with the youngest daughter of a miller, named Joseph Pelican, near the city of Pardubitz, some ten leagues from Kank. But the worthy miller had a very poor opinion of traveling miners, musicians, and venders of pomatum, and particularly of this one-eyed hero of the French horn and violin, whom he considered as a sort of idle good-for-nothing, next door to a beggar sort of a personage, though it was very strange and remarkable, that our worthy miller's opinion was not shared by his daughter Catharine, who seemed entranced by the miner's various accomplishments, and who would listen for hours to the narratives about his travels. He seemed to be a perfect encyclopedia of all the traditionary legends of the kingdom of Bohemia; he could accompany his violin with hundreds of those old ballads, so romantic and attractive to all Bohemians, and there was not a city, town, or holy shrine in a circuit of a hundred miles our miner had not visited at various times. So our young Wenzeslas carried the day with Catharine; but the old miller was hard as stone, and totally blind to the miner's accomplishments. What was to be done? Well, we have it at once. Catharine felt a strong desire to make a pilgrimage to one of the holy shrines described by our hero, that of our Blessed Mother; I know

not of what particular locality. Of course, no good Catholic could nor should hinder his child's religious propensities; it affected the miller in the same manner; so Catharine became a pilgrim. The crafty old miller, however, secured the protection of one of his trusty neighbors and acquaintances, whose wife also took a particular fancy to visit the same shrine with Catharine. But somehow or other, Catharine met *by accident* our strolling hero of the fiddle and pomatum, and what was still more surprising, she and our hero missed the procession of pilgrims, and the first news that the good miller learned of his daughter Catharine's whereabouts, were that she had been married by a Catholic priest, and had followed our hero to the dilapidated old house at Kank, where they were enjoying the honey-moon as man and wife, to the ecstatic delight of all the miners of Kank. Our miller soon afterwards died, it is supposed not from grief, and as he left a large family, the patrimony of Catharine was very scanty; this, however, did not trouble our happy couple, as they seemed to have lived together tolerably happy and harmonious, until the family began to increase. After various counselings, it was finally decided to sell the old mansion and remove to the city of Kuttenberg. The old haunted house brought a mere trifle, perhaps half the price of the stone contained in the old building, and so the transfer of residence was effected about the year 1800, *by my dear and beloved parents*. After a ten years' residence in Kuttenberg, Mrs. Catharine Dignowity was delivered on the 16th day of January, 1810, of her last and tenth child, a boy, according to her idea of extraordinary beauty. The midwife, Mrs. Maria Maculkin, pronounced and predicted some strange auguries, the child having been born with a veil over his face. The boy, according to the usage of the Catholic Church, was baptized on the same day, in the grand cathedral of St. Jacoby Apostolo, and the name of Anthony Michael was given him

in honor of his godfather, Anthony Michael Bryer, one of the principal merchants of Kuttenberg. It cannot be expected that I could say much about this important circumstance, as I received the whole from hearsay, although I was the principal little personage connected with this eventful occurrence. The first circumstance, impressed on my infantile brain, took place about one year after the above. I vividly recollect a large room with some dozen persons, mostly females, assembled there, all with smiling faces, letting a child run from one lap into another, who had a little soft cushion tied around his head, and who, though he fell several times, would not be deterred until he had accomplished the feat of running from one person to another; and this circumstance is the first one impressed on my memory, the others soon beginning to crowd each other with great rapidity; my four brothers, born long before me, I never knew: the eldest, named after our father, Wenzelas, died the year I was born at Peterwardein, in the military hospital; he was a cannoneer in the Austrian army. My second brother, Joseph, died at the age of sixteen, while attending college. The other two died in infancy, so that I was the only male child left to my dear parents. My five sisters all are alive but one, who died in the year 1828, the same year in which I left Bohemia. The other four are still alive; one is a widow, living with her eldest son in Upper Lausatia; one is married, and has lived some thirty-five years in Saxony; another one is still in Bohemia, and the last one is now in San Antonio (Texas). My youngest sister is at present some fifty-five years old, my oldest over seventy. With this preliminary notice, I shall now proceed to narrate such circumstances of any note as will present themselves from my earliest recollection.

The first was after Napoleon's return from Elba. Austria again commenced to raise recruits for the army, and the men who acted as recruiters were busy in Kut-

tenberg. One of my cousins, named Francis Pelican, who was considered suitable for military service, was secreted in our house, situated in the faubourg, called Hlouska. It was a stone building, two stories high. My cousin occupied a snug little chamber in the highest part of the building, and might have remained there perfectly safe, but having imprudently looked out of his little window, he was seen by a spy of the recruiters, and the following night our house was visited by a so-called visiting party, consisting of three police officers with a dark lantern. They came a little after midnight, and in the name of the government demanded the doors to be opened. My father complied immediately. The recruiters, however, searched in vain, the bird had flown; but feeling sure of their game, they were determined to make a thorough search, and approached the beds of my mother and sisters. This so exasperated my father that he immediately collared the first one who approached, and threw him like a child out of doors. The other two drew their cutlasses; but the darkness and the screaming of the women gave my father the advantage; he gathered up some bed-clothes which he wetted and wrapped around his arm, and grabbed the first assailant by the collar with his left hand; with his right he soon disarmed him and with one quick blow disabled the third and cleared the rooms, after having broken their cutlasses, and thrown them into the street. He then closed his house and retired, not to rest, there was no rest for us that night. The alarm was given, and early in the morning a strong squad of police officers, mostly Germans, arrived to arrest my father; but the miners got ahead of them. Our house was in the possession of some two hundred of the latter, and messengers were on their way to Kank. The sheppen-master of Kuttenberg was a particular friend of my father, and did not wish to see blood shed; so ordering the police to retire, he came and was admitted to our house, and after having spoken with my father and given him some admoni-

tory advice, the matter was hushed up. The officers who, had been ejected, were treated by the miners to a good keg of beer, and in that way we had peace re-established. But my cousin was not so lucky. Six weeks subsequently he was one night nabbed in the street, and I afterwards visited him in prison with my youngest sister, before he was transported to Prague, where he had to join the regiment to which he had been assigned for fourteen years of slavery, he had to give the Emperor. This scene with the police officers made a deep impression on my youthful mind. I had previously considered my father's kindness personified, who had tossed me to and fro hundreds of times in his hands; but to behold him in a terrible strife and with armed men, handling them like children, gave me a new idea about my colossal father, and ever afterwards I considered him almost invincible. This system of recruiting in Austria, at the period I am describing, deserves particular notice, as it is altogether consistent with the despotic rule of Austria. There is an annual census taken, called the conscription, of all the male inhabitants, subject to military duty. In every city or district, where recruiting is ordered by the Emperor, the number of able-bodied men, wanted for the service, is given, and an apportionment is made from the conscription lists for each district or city. If, for instance, Kuttienberg is required to furnish one hundred able-bodied men, the officers of the army authorized to receive the recruits will arrive, accompanied by their physicians, &c., &c., and the city authorities are forthwith notified to produce the men. So far this all looks well and consistent, but now the plundering of the German officials commences. First a list is made up of such as are the second or third sons of respectable and wealthy citizens, "the eldest or first son being, according to primogeniture, always exempt from military duty". These are forthwith arrested and mustered into the service, and now the corruptions and extortions commence. There is perhaps not a single one

out of the first draft that will be retained. The parents and relatives will exert their utmost to bribe the officers. Large sums are raised and paid, first to the city officers, then to the military and physicians, who are always partners in these swindling operations. After their greedy pockets have been filled, these worthies commence to collect the required number of recruits from the class that has nothing to pay, and are subjected to submit to the worst kind of slavery, that of Austrian military service, for a term of fourteen years. They may return, after having spent the best part of their life in this degrading service. Thousands are swept off by the ravages of war; others become victims, like my poor brother, to the unhealthy climates of distant garrisons, and those that do return, will generally be unfit for any kind of work. Many are enlisted for a second term of fourteen years' service, which of course is voluntary, and entitles the soldier who has served out his second term to a life pension, either in the invalid asylum, or he is otherwise provided for by the state with some minor office or toll-gate. The recruiting of the army at this period did not go off as smooth as might have been desired in Bohemia, the young men dread and despise military service, and many will rather sacrifice their lives than be caught by the officers. A game of hide and seek commences, and many a bloody scene is enacted by both parties, although the military, who are always well armed and in sufficient force, generally keep the upper hand. From these annoyances, as I said before, the miners of Kank and Kuttenberg are exempt; there are also many other classes and trades in Austria exempt from military duty, unless in great emergencies, when the so called land-sturm is called out; but this is very seldom. The exemptions, as I said before, are the first sons of all citizens having any property; also all teachers, either in the higher or normal schools, and in the villages. The priesthood, as a matter of course, the secular as well as the monastic orders, and this will

account for their being so numerous. Thousands take priestly orders merely to avoid the army. Also, that numerous swarm of officials who are superintending the domains, either of the crown or those of the nobility, whose number is legion, from the highest directors, inspectors and stewards, down to the scriveners. There is not a country on the European continent that employs such large numbers of those bloodsucking harpies, as are found in Bohemia; they are all exempt from military duty. Then again there are some trades, as for instance the chimney sweeps, the merchants, and also the Jews were formerly exempt by a process of bribery in high quarters, but since the days of Joseph the Second, they were compelled to serve. However, but few, if any, serve at all. They always find ways and means to dodge the service. By the numerical census of Austria, if such a system as the one adopted in Prussia existed, Austria could have a military force of over a million of men. Even as it is, the army is larger than the Emperor is able to pay, notwithstanding that the miserable stipend given to the Austrian soldier is barely sufficient to keep him in tobacco and thread and buttons. The bread is of the coarsest kind, although the government pays for good grain; but by the swindling of the commissariat and the millers, nothing is left but grain bran and gritty sand. The poor soldier who has to chew his ammunition bread, runs the risk of having his mustache burned by the sparks that may fly off from the *wholesome* imperial provisions. The same is true of the other articles that the poor soldier gets; his clothing is of the coarsest kind; but we will speak of this again afterwards.

At a distance of some four leagues south-west of Kuttenberg, on a level plateau, is a small lake, or reservoir, such as are generally found in Bohemia adjoining large domains, and which, by breeding fish, become a source of great revenue. Out of this lake flows a small rivulet, cutting its bed deeper and deeper as it descends

towards the city, opposite which it forms a deep ravine, with banks several hundred feet in height. They are almost perpendicular, exposing to view the primary strata of rock on which the city is built, and which is perforated like an immense bee-gum, by thousands of shafts made in centuries past. A little below the city, and between it and the old convent of Sedlitz, the rivulet enters a low alluvial plain, through which it meanders until it finally empties into the river Elbe at about the distance of a league. On the banks of this rivulet are thirty-six overshot mills, at sufficient distances to admit of the fall and the construction of said mills; there are also several cotton factories, and other manufacturing establishments, besides a number of now mostly dilapidated smelting furnaces, the bellows of which were worked by water-power. There are a few still in use, and are imperial property. You will recognize all such premises in Austria by the many double-headed eagles, fastened unto boards like birds of prey; also by the black and yellow colored national stripes. On the left bank of this rivulet, and at the place where the city proper commences, rises that magnificent gothic structure, the cathedral of Saint Barbara. There are but few structures on the European continent that can be said to be superior to this master-piece of architecture; the grandeur of its conception, and the effect it produces on the observer, being magnificent. It is surmounted by three towers, the highest one in the middle. This cathedral is connected by a covered passage-way, or sort of bridge, supported by lofty arches, with an immense building, which stands on that side of the city parallel with the high ravine, on the steep bluff, leaving only sufficient space between the edge of the bluff and the large building for a splendid level road-way, about one hundred feet wide. On one side of the precipice is a massive wall, surmounted at intervals of about twenty feet with large and finely chiselled statuary, representing various

saints of celebrity in Catholic history; opposite and parallel with this wall and statuary is that immense building, in the shape of a capital E, also surmounted by four lofty towers, three in front, one on each corner, one in the centre, and one in the rear on the middle wing. I know not the precise dimensions of this grand edifice, excepting in so far that, while a boy of eight years, I took it into my head, on one occasion, to measure the same by my steps, and found it to be seven hundred steps long in front, and five hundred on the side. This immense building, together with the adjoining cathedral, was built by the followers of Ignatius Loyola, or Jesuits, who have become so renowned all over the civilized world. This was one of their principal convents. There are, besides this structure, various other works in and near the city of Kuttenberg, which owe their origin to the priesthood of this order; also the large lake or artificial fish-pond, before referred to, since the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Austrian Empire.

This large and splendid building is used as a military barrack. I have always looked upon the expulsion of the Jesuits as a national calamity. No matter what may be the ultimate objects of this powerful combination, one thing is certain, that, wherever they have taken a foothold, their powerful influence was exercised for the benefit of the people; they stood between them and their despotic rulers, and this generally contributed to make the rulers envious and seek opportunities to rid themselves of them and their influence. I do not approve of any secret societies whatever; only in despotic governments is there a shadow of excuse to form them; in democratic countries they are decidedly wrong. We are all citizens of the world, and our duties apply to all mankind alike. All such or similar combinations should never be countenanced in a republic by philanthropic reformers. They are obliged to be exclusive, and in that way tend

to give preferences to their own members. It is no excuse to say that they are instituted to promote some good object. If a society, either open or secret, is composed of a majority of good men, their acts will always be good, or nearly so, according as they may understand that term; but if the contrary is the case, as it very often happens, particularly on the far-off frontier and away from good central influence, then their acts are anything but good. Thousands have suffered wrongs, and are suffering still from the hands of such secret combinations; but the time will come when our race will be more humanized and christianized, and then there will be no room for any secret order whatsoever. But let us compare the Jesuits contrary to the above objections, and let us judge them with the other secret combinations and with charity, and no observer can do otherwise but admit, that this order were the pioneers of a great amount of good and progressive improvements; their spreading of universal knowledge among the masses entitle them to be considered a reforming and progressive institution; their system of education was and is even now considered one of the best, and well adapted to develop the faculties of the students. When we contemplate their grand works, following them even to the American continent, we cannot but admire their devoted struggles to better the condition of their fellow-men. A man must be a great bigot, or much wrapped up in sectarian intolerance, who can contemplate the history of the early settlements of America, and yet retain that illiberal and deathly hatred generally exhibited against this order by the so-called followers of the meek and lovely Jesus. The early settlements of Louisiana, particularly Illinois, Missouri, and the West generally have left records of the Jesuits' labors and self-sacrifices that put them far ahead of others. Then witness California, those monuments of early civilization; those many missions that stand to this day as monuments of missionary progress in the far-off wilder-

ness. The names of Father Kino, Silva, Tiera and Ugarte are still remembered with the greatest veneration by the natives of those countries. Then, again, travelers in Central and South America testify to the good influence exercised by the Jesuits. I for one will not consent to have them judged and condemned without a fair trial, and who can say that they have been fairly tried; their works have never been completed anywhere; they were generally expelled in the midst of their best career. The very fact that the despotic governments were jealous of their power, should make us ponder ere we condemn the order. It is not so with the secular clergy; they almost invariably adapt their policy to the powers *that be*, and keep their ground with all those devouring vultures who make the sacrilegious assertions that they are, by the grace of God, emperors, kings and dukes. Yes, they do indeed hold their power by the *disgrace*, the ignorance of toiling millions, who sadly need a savior. When I, therefore, reflect that the order of Ignatius Loyola have numbered amongst their members some of the best and brightest intellects, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that they have contributed largely to accelerate the approach of the much-needed millennium of wisdom, the only true savior mankind will ever get. By the diffusion of universal knowledge the Jesuits have given an impetus to progressive development, and thereby have dealt heavy blows to those governing hydras, civil and ecclesiastical, and therefore those powers have always united to crush the Jesuits. They were cordially assisted by the *spiritually* free Protestants, particularly the many striped petty popes, who always raise the alarm at anything progressive, which of course is detrimental to their interest. These are the argus-eyed ecclesiastical dromedaries, who can see the moth very clearly in the eyes of others, but are totally blind to the large beams obstructing their visual organs. Particularly the pope of Rome is a *sory thorn* to them. That grand monster, described by Bunyan,

is only the grandsire and parent of all ecclesiasticism, of this as well as other days. It is old toothless theology, and all those who have discovered the grand moral and applicability of Bunyan's description of the pope of Rome and the Catholic hierarchy, will be some day astonished to find, when they have waded through the slough of despond of all the "*isms*," and will arrive at a rational plain of progression, that the poor wanderer Christian did truly emblemize mankind in its slow journey to universal progression. Then they themselves will be more charitable, and do justice even to the abhorred and persecuted Jesuits. In fact, already the intelligent American critic does not require this admonition; he need not ransack the old European libraries, either civil or ecclesiastical labyrinths of literature; he will not find what he seeks. The censors and the priestly interest have been at work, and have cautiously removed anything that might enlighten the masses, and thereby lessen the strength of those chains that bind the enslaved millions. Yes, the American can refer to his own more free-spoken and vigorous historical records. Here, in America, large localities are gradually awakening to the influence of liberal knowledge. Old theology shakes and crumbles into dust like its all-potential and wonderful buckaboo in the miracle-working convent of Saint Prokope in Bohemia. His majesty, the devil, is losing his all-powerful sway over the minds of the American people. The downfall of his empire is not far distant; he will soon be entirely consigned to the shelf, and will be exhibited in the museum of futurity as the grandest conception or myth, nay, worse than any of Barnum's humbugs, by which old theology came in possession of one of its best whips, to lash the backs of credulous and ignorant multitudes. This old tyrant is steadily combated at present by such minds, as Parson Clapp of New Orleans, and also the spiritualists of this day. Yes, they are all assisting in bringing about this to all sectarians

much dreaded period of human emancipation from the devil's government. It is only a prime minister of old toothless theology, as portrayed in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I would exclaim truly and fervently, if this happy period should arrive: Hail Columbia, happy land. Therefore down with the Moloch, and commence the work of revolution and true emancipation. The American revolution of the last century has gone its way, the blows of your forefathers effectually cut off the civil powers of the lesser tyrant, George the Third; but to the sons and daughters of Columbia is it reserved to inflict the greatest and heaviest blows, and to conquer this toothless tyrant and his prime minister, the devil, not local, like King George, but universal. On, on, my friends! buckle your intellectual armors and your double-edged swords of argument, founded upon truth, and your victory will be certain. There are thousands of auxiliaries as you see by my poor example, even from down-trodden Bohemia. There will be other nationalities, who will join you, and like the brave Kosciusko, Pulasky, de Kalb, Lafayette and many others equally fondly remembered by all Americans, you will accomplish the greater work of the two — your mental emancipation from the dominion of the theological devil, and become literally a heaven-born band. That this may soon transpire, is the most fervent and sincere prayer and desire of your Bohemian auxiliary and friend. But I will now hasten to another subject.

After the circumstance related, of my father's encounter with the police officers, and some time before I became five years of age, my father removed from the faubourg Hlauska, in the city of Kuttenberg proper, and we occupied an old house on Maiden Lane. It seems that this change was in consequence of the expiration of a lease my father had to some church-lands, near Kank, which he had cultivated some thirty years. This seems to have afforded him the means of support

together with some trading he carried on during this period. He would make three or four journeys every year to Saxony and the adjoining provinces; he generally had a couple of wagons in his employ, and would carry such articles of manufacture from Kuttenberg as were in demand in the localities he visited. It was on these excursions that he always delighted to take me along, and which afforded me much information about Bohemia. His mind was stored like an encyclopedia with every subject about the kingdom. It seems that before the period I describe, my parents, although they were poor and humbly situated, yet had plenty for a subsistence, and even some luxuries were not wanting, such as finery of dress for my mother and sisters. But at this period a circumstance occurred, which produced a great change in all our affairs. This was shortly after the removal to Maiden Lane. We took up our quarters in the basement of the building, while the upper story was occupied by a married couple who had a boy of about my age, named Charley. The man's name was Chapek. I know not what countryman he was; he spoke the Bohemian language very fluently, like a native; but he was a tall, black-haired, black-eyed, dark complexioned man. His eyes were remarkably piercing. I frequently heard him talk about Venice. Since then, on reflecting, I believe him to have been a gipsy. His wife was a portly, tallow-faced personage, and were it not from circumstances that have transpired, to convince me to the contrary, her face would have indicated a good temper; but Lavater himself would have been mistaken in judging her temper by her face. Poor Charley, my dear and sweet companion, my childish idolized little friend! I cannot even now, some forty-four years after that period, think of your sad life and its termination, without moisture coming to my eyes. I cannot make up my mind to believe that this man and woman were the natural parents of this my cherished com-

panion. It is very probable, if my surmises are correct, that Chapek was a gipsy, and that this poor child had been stolen from his natural parents; then such cruelties as were enacted by these two demons, is impossible for natural parents to enact. The child was delicate and sickly, and on every occasion, and very frequently, when going to stool, his intestines would come down some four or five inches. The woman would take a wet rag and push the intestines back, and the little sufferer would cry piteously; but Charley's sick condition was no protection to the poor feeble creature. The woman and the man would beat him most unmercifully and brutally; they would maltreat him three or four times a day. Their instrument of torture was a cat with seven leathern tails, which they kept hung up near the door-way. Every trifling occurrence was taken advantage of to beat this poor child most unmercifully. O! how often have I shivered and shaken like an aspen-leaf, below stairs, while these demons were torturing my dear little friend, and many a night have I laid down my aching little head, and for hours thought about the sad condition of my little friend. If those brutes had but known how their punishments affected me as well as the poor sufferer; but they had no feeling. I did all that was in my childish power to repay dear Charley with love and solicitude in relieving somewhat his torments. I would not put a morsel in my mouth unless I could coax my little friend to take some also; all my playthings I would bring to him, and we had a little corner in the yard where we enjoyed our plays. But this intercourse lasted but a very short time, Poor Charley was soon in such a state that it was impossible for him to join me below. I then took every opportunity to go up stairs to his little bed of rags, and there I was wont to sit for hours. Even the poor condition my friend was in, did not deter those wretches from their brutalities, and they begrudged him even my company, as I found

many times on my coming up stairs, that the latch-string was drawn inside. Poor Charley grew more and more feeble. One evening, as I descended the steps, after an unsuccessful attempt to go in and stay by my dear little friend, I stepped on a broken glass bottle; it must have been put there on purpose as a sort of trap for me. My heel was dreadfully cut. My father was absent on a journey, and my poor mother and sisters had much trouble with me. My wound inflamed dreadfully, and I became delirious, and was confined to bed several weeks. During my sickness, poor dear little Charley breathed his last, and went to a more happy and beautiful home in the spheres above, there to take his abode with pure spirits and seraphs, like himself. His history and sufferings overwhelmed me with sadness, and even after my recovery it was a long time before I became reconciled to the loss of my little play-fellow and cherished friend. This was my first and earliest friendship and trial, and many a time since have I sat and reflected over Charley's sad and brief existence.

But I must now mention other important subjects connected with these people, who brought about the great change in my father's affairs. The man, Chapek, seemed to have acquired great power over my father; my mother, on the contrary, had an antipathy against him beyond control. But my father was like possessed. Chapek could do with him what he pleased. First, he worked upon his mind about great prospects to make money. His plan was, as he pretended, to understand making false jewelry, so largely manufactured in Bohemia. He stated, that he had learned the art at Venice with great perfection. He and my father made two long trips into the country bordering on Silesia, on the tops of the high mountains, forming said ridge, called Giant Mountains. They brought each a load of very pretty specimens of flint rocks of almost all the colors of the rainbow. Some of them were very transparent. They staid

only a short time, and made a second trip. My father, who was very strong and athletic, brought the heaviest load. They had some two bushels of these specimens collected, when Chapek concluded to go to Prague and have machinery constructed, which he said he wanted to commence this money-making operation. To this end he required a very large sum of money, and my father, sharing equally in the benefits, was required to raise that sum, and the consequence was, that it took everything my father had, and also everything that he was able to borrow from his friends. Chapek went on his journey, and has not returned to this day, but left my poor father the whole of the stock in trade, the two bushels of flinty specimens, or anticipated treasures. They also seemed much relieved by the death of Charley. The wife of Chapek, if wife she really was, died shortly after the husband disappeared. This was a sad blow to my poor father's pecuniary affairs. It so happened, that the great dearth commenced, which followed the close of the French campaign and the downfall of Napoleon. The people in Bohemia almost starved the ensuing winter. The city authorities distributed wood to the needy citizens, of which my father had his share. There were also arrangements made to distribute daily some soup to keep the people from starving. I accompanied my youngest sister with a pitcher to get it filled with the soup. This calamity, which befell my dear parents, was not the worst of the whole affairs. I never before saw my father intoxicated, but after this he became so often, whenever he could get the means. To make matters still worse, my mother sometimes upbraided him, and blamed him for his credulity, giving her own opposing remonstrances as a proof of superior sagacity. This was only throwing fuel on the fire, and many were the scenes of strife I was compelled to witness in those days of my childhood. But for the present, dear reader, let us pass to other subjects.

We will again hasten to the grand building of the former convent of the Jesuits. I have already said, that this grand edifice was turned into a casern or barrack, where there is almost constantly a regiment of infantry quartered. We shall afterwards return to this edifice again, for the present we will follow the fine broad road, leading to the city proper, at the end of which we enter a square or park, planted with large and magnificent trees. On the north-side of this park is a large three-story building, surmounted with the imperial eagle. This is the military academy or stift. Here the male boys of the soldier's children are taken and trained in all the military tactics, from childhood. I said the soldier's children, and must explain. There are in each regiment many soldiers' families. Two of each company are regularly rationed and paid as laundresses, but such as have served six years, and have the testimony of good behavior, are also permitted to marry. If they can support themselves, their male children are taken at the age of six years into this stift, and are, as stated, brought up for the Austrian service. The pupils of this institution have the advantage to get promoted, after serving one month in the ranks, as corporal; but it is very seldom they get any higher; it seems that the same rule or law of nature holds good everywhere. If you wish to raise a vicious bull, keep him within an inclosure; if a dog, keep him chained. It has been noticed in the United States, that of all criminals, who fill the various prisons, the greatest number are clergymen's sons, or those of other strict sectarian parents; so with these boys in Austria. The more freedom they acquire, acts on them, when put in the army proper, in like manner, and makes them the most dissolute in the army.

But let us proceed. On the south side, or opposite the stift, in this square or park, almost on the very precipice, stands a large and round building, several stories high. This was the Jesuits' seminary. The Austrian

government, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, found so much feeling among the citizens in favor of this institution of learning, that it adopted the policy to continue this institution. The present professors are six in number, also a catechist and a director. The two last, who are ecclesiastics, are paid by the government, and hold their offices under it. It has seven classes, three elementary and four of a higher order. These are considered the best schools in the Austrian empire for a practical education. Parents, wishing their sons to study the higher classics, send them, after they have undergone a preparatory course of studies at the seminary, to the universities of Prague and Vienna. But all those destined to enter upon the more useful and active employments, as mining, agriculture, the various trades, and mechanical professions, or those who make up that numerous class country-teachers, are prepared and supplied from the pupils of this seminary. The exercises are regulated and watched over with argus eyes by the Austrian government, and you will seek in vain, among the books used there, for any containing information about a country called the United States of America. You may, perchance, hear the name of such a country, but whether it lies in the moon or some other planet, you will not learn in the seminary of Kuttenberg. In regard to its history or institutions they are altogether mum. The same is true of those glorious historical reminiscences of Bohemia, and the dearly cherished patriotic names of Bohemia are only noticed with scorn and contumely, as leaders of heretics, and now the gain of the grand personage of the convent of Saint Prokope on Sasawa. This is part of the argus-eyed system of Austrian education. Although much is taught at this desecrated seminary that is good and judicious, nothing must be said or taught derogatory either to religion or the government. Many names that have of late acquired distinction, have laid their foundation at the seminary of Kuttenberg. I saw several names figuring

in the Hungarian War, as well as in Germany, in the years 1848 and 1849, who were my former class-mates at this seminary, and it demonstrated fully the fact, that the buds which are so closely watched and kept from opening, will some time blossom and run to seed, in spite of the argus eyes of the Austrian government, and the most obedient and vigilant professors. To this seminary I was led by the hand of my worthy father, at the age of six years, about a year after the death of poor Charley. This circular edifice had to my youthful imagination a dreadful appearance; I felt, that within these much dreaded walls I was entirely beyond the control, and out of the reach of all protection, from my colossal sire, about whose might and prowess I at this period had a very exalted idea. I fully believed that my father could, if angry, flog his Majesty the Austrian Emperor, together with his prime minister, if they dared to insult him. When I was inscribed and classed by the lowest teacher of the elementary class, it seemed to me the most important epoch of my life. Some of the rules of this seminary I would wish and recommend to be adopted by my American fellow-citizens, particularly that which gives only four hours of study each day to the pupils, two in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon. This is an excellent rule. Thousands of physical constitutions in America are permanently injured by the systems now adopted, of keeping the children six, or even more hours, confined in close rooms, at their studies, when they should be taking out-of-door exercise for the development of body and mind, particularly in summer, and in warmer latitudes. In Kuttensburg the shortest nights are those of about five hours; the climate is mild, and even the most salubrious and healthy on the European continent. It was at the seminary of Kuttensburg, after having commenced my studies in geography and animal history, I learned the astounding fact, that the American rattle-snake, when excited, will bound

with such rapidity, that it is impossible, even for a horseman well mounted, to effect his escape; also the no less astounding fact, that the American bison, in his mad career, and when a drove of several thousand are running over the prairies, will run down everything that comes in their way; even if a large body of horsemen were to come in their way, they would be run down, and trampled to death. These and similar stories are not only current among the geographers of Bohemia, but could be traced nearer home. During my travels in the far West, some eighteen years back, I was frequently reminded of those youthful days, while hunting this large goaty quadruped, being often astonished and amazed to behold thousands of them maneuver in such beautiful style, that would defy the Emperor of Austria's best cavalry to imitate, and as to a man, no matter where he may hide, they will always leave a wide berth to windward of him, and they take advantage of every locality, even an embankment of more than forty-five degrees will not stop their escape; their goaty feet will clear it with such sure-footed steadiness, that an expert horseman will be baffled, and unable to follow them. So much for the information I derived at the Imperial seminary.

But I observed that many excellent things are taught there, worthy of imitation; particularly the discipline, which is excellent. Thursday and Sunday are free days. This is also a better arrangement than Saturday and Sunday; there are two weeks vacation at Easter, and two months at the close of each session, being September and October. This arrangement enabled me to make many periodical trips with my father, and subsequently even alone to Saxony and Prussia. I also had time to follow other occupations as will appear from these memoirs. With studies I did not overtask myself, even at the easy arrangement as to time. In many of the studies I was always classed first, counting from the tail-end, but

there were others in which I really redeemed my character, and in the yearly balances received a middling honorable distinction. About ten years ago I received word in a letter from one of my relatives, a Catholic priest, now dead, that on visiting the seminary of Kuttensburg, he saw on the wall, framed, in one of the high classes, a specimen or "probe" letter, as it was called, written by me for the examination, dated 1822. I know that more than twenty such letters were preserved. I also found one, some years subsequently to my leaving the seminary, at my god-father's, Mr. Anthony Michael Bryer. There is also another practice worthy of imitation in America, viz. : every Saturday before dismissal a tin box is passed around to every boy, into which, if he chooses and can do it, he may drop a small copper coin. I have said elsewhere, that an American cent admits of a subdivision into Austrian copper currency of one to twelve. Now, this is apparently very little, but among nine hundred or one thousand boys it will amount to large sums. At the end of each session the voluntary gifts, together with such small amounts as may be given by visitors, are taken out, and a quantity of warm jackets, pants and shoes are purchased for the poorest and most needy of the boys. Many a child's heart, and the parents' hearts, too, are gladdened, when they behold their previously ragged boy return from the seminary with a new suit of clothes. These practices are worth millions of those tracts that are in America distributed to the Sunday scholars, and which are generally used for anything, but what they were intended for. There are several other practices, some apparently very trifling, but still of much consequence to the recipients. One is, that the written specimens of the more opulent boys are distributed amongst the poorer classes, who use the unwritten side of the paper to write their own specimens on. This trifling aid has served me on many occasions, when it would have been impossible for my good, but poor pa-

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rents to provide me with the small means to purchase writing paper. Ink I also begged from my god-father Bryer, as well as pencils and quills. I also obtained assistance from the professors in various other ways. For instance, I would go to those that were married, after dismissal, and offer my services to the wife, or go on an errand, or do a little job, and this procured for me not only a small present occasionally, but frequently a slice of bread, which was always acceptable as an article of scarcity at home. Having on several occasions alluded to my father as a colossus, I will take this occasion to describe him more minutely. He was considered the strongest man in Kuttenberg, his height being six feet five inches; he weighed 245 pounds; had in all his life never taken one dose of medicine, and had his full set of teeth to the hour of his death, at the age of seventy-four. His friends, the miners, would have backed him against anybody with their month's wages. He was a sort of privileged character, and a full match at any time for any two of the soldiers stationed at Kuttenberg. He was looked upon as a natural protector of all who received any ill-treatment from the German officials; the latter had a natural dread of him, and avoided to arouse his anger. He seemed to know them all from childhood, and could tell them the very fact when and where they had robbed the first orchard. He was master of the German language, and spoke several others fluently, particularly the Italian. His free and fearless manners commanded attention and he thereby overcame great difficulties. Every one dreaded his sarcasm, and he would just as leave have attacked the Emperor with it as any one else. Many were the anecdotes circulated about him. The civil authorities dreaded him the most, and the priesthood dreaded him with a kind of indulgence. With the high military officers he was very familiar, having known many from the time they had entered the service. As his former strolling in the wake of the army, when he manu-

factured pomatum, had brought him in contact with a large number of them, he had many a steadfast friend among their number. I loved to make journeys in company with my father during vacation; he would give me all possible explanations on every subject of interest. He was kindly received and hospitably entertained wherever he went; his stories and general information repaid his host for all the little trouble he occasioned. In every city, town or village he would make me acquainted with the historical reminiscences connected with this or that locality; he knew every battle ground in the kingdom and could tell the dates when they took place and the names of the generals commanding, and could criticise their various talents with masterly precision; his knowledge seemed unlimited, *and he never visited in all his life any school even for an hour's instruction.* He wrote and could read not only his native Bohemian, but several other languages. How he had learnt this, I never could tell, to him all such knowledge seemed to be intuitive. I well remember, when, on a particular occasion, I visited Prague in his company, there was a grand maneuver or review of some eighty thousand of the Austrian army in the neighborhood, between Prague and Brandais. The evening we arrived, he took me to see some fireworks on the Moldau, where several regiments were throwing sky rockets, thousands in number. It was a grand sight, indeed; but a still grander one awaited me on the following days. My father took me on a high mount, from whose summit we could overlook the field of the maneuver for several leagues around. Being provided with glasses, we enjoyed a magnificent sight. My father was like entranced. You might almost have imagined to behold transformed in him the spirit of John Ziska or Albrecht of Wallenstein. He could, with the greatest precision, delineate the plans of the several commanders, even their blunders did not escape his eagle-eye. With some he was personally

acquainted; others he knew from hearing their history. He had his favorite heroes, and if their success justified his predictions, he was excited almost to madness. Many a time have I pondered over and asked myself the question: "What would this man have been, if he had had the proper training and opportunities?" Indeed, time and opportunity are everything. Napoleon might have lived and died in obscurity, if circumstances had not favored him, so that he found opportunities to display his talents.

I was deeply interested in beholding the grand manœuvre; to see the advancing lines of infantry, the commencement of the musket-fire from the tirailleurs; then the attack by lines and columns, and the blind or strategical movements; the many attempts to outflank the wings of the opposite parties; the advantages of geographical positions; the quick forming of the tremendous wedge of the cavalry in charging the infantry; the fleet movements of the ulans, hussars, and dragoons; then the thunderings of hundreds of cannons, and the thunder and lines of fire from their mouths, together with the forming of new batteries. This grand and terrible game of monarchs impressed me with a strange feeling. And what is it all for? Why, to rivet tighter the chains which keep enslaved the toiling millions, who work and toil from day to day, with sweat upon their brows, for their daily bread, but are compelled to surrender the largest half, to support the thousands of drones, who consume, but do not produce. Here I beheld only a small portion of the Austrian army, 80,000, and it seemed to cover the plains for a distance of leagues. All are paid by the poor working men, nay, from the Emperor down to the very drummer, all are clothed and supported by consuming the people's hard-earned gains. There were thousands of dollars damages done to the field and inclosures extending for leagues around Prague. It was said afterwards, that the citizens of Prague for-

warded a bill to the Emperor, more for a joke than in expectation of seeing it paid, for several thousand broken panes of glass, consequent on the tremendous explosions of artillery. During the sham-attacks on these occasions, the princes of the imperial blood are wont to gain great distinctions and renown. These half imbecile minions are generally attended by military nurses of experience, veteran generals, and the success resulting from a grand combination of manœuvres of the latter, is of course all monopolized by the princes, or sometimes even by the Emperor himself. But it is well known that for a few generations past, there have been no great prodigees produced, either in war or anything else, from the imperial house of the Habsburgs, unless it was that malady, or national calamity, from which England seems now to suffer: I allude to the multiplying of the small squeaking princes and princesses. The Emperor Francis has blessed his subjects exceedingly in this particular, as he was married four times; otherwise he seems to have been a well-meaning and good disposed man. One of his characteristics was a peculiar firmness of purpose. His wars with Napoleon Bonaparte made him the most formidable of Napoleon's enemies, although the little corporal outmaneuvered and beat his large armies repeatedly, Francis, however, would soon again be recruiting and raising a new army, only to see himself beaten again, and at the mercy of the democratic emperor. Yes, reader, it was a struggle between two heads; one representing the grand aristocracy of the past; the other the grand democracy of the present; and I am exceedingly sorry that the latter did not carry out his grand designs in Europe. But for the present, let us pause.

I have noticed the fact of my entrance in the seminary of Kuttenberg at the age of six years, and will now add, that I made tolerably fair progress, so that in two years time, I went through the three elementary classes, and entered the first high class. At this period

I have again to record one of the saddest reminiscences which occurred during my life. It was near the beginning of the winter of 1818; my father was absent on his periodical trip to Saxony, whither he had gone, about six weeks previous with a hand-barrow. Since the disaster that had befallen him with Chapek, he had not been able to hire a wagon, or carry on his trading operations on a larger scale, than what he himself was able to carry on a large and massive hand-barrow, or one-wheeled vehicle, called in Bohemia a "trakaz". The hard years after the close of the Napoleonic war had not entirely passed over. We were living in abject poverty. My sisters were all out at service, with the exception of the eldest, who was married and traveling with her husband in Italy. We were expecting our father's return, as our support through the winter depended on the little gains he would bring along, when my poor mother was paralyzed on receiving the news, that my father had been arrested on his way home and carried to Prague. This was the beginning of one of the saddest experiences of my life, then a child of eight years. I was, so to speak, forced to think and act for myself. My poor mother's health was feeble; she was suffering from a slow disease of the lungs, which a few years subsequently destroyed her life. This blow of my poor father's arrest almost killed my mother. We were totally helpless; neither did we or could we learn the cause of my father's arrest. A few years thereafter I gathered all the facts and circumstances, and will give them to the reader. My father met a benevolent priest in Saxony, who had studied in Prague with one of my uncles by my mother's side. This priest, being himself poor, but wishing to make my father a present to take to his wife and child, gave him two dozen copies of the New Testament, perhaps also a donation from some of his parishioners. My father thankfully accepted the present, and said: "My boy has a great passion after books:

he may keep one of these and the balance we can sell or exchange for others, or for writing paper and ink for my little son;" and so he packed up his presents with the rest of the goods he had collected to bring to Kuttentberg. He was slowly making his way home through the long valley of the small river Isar, some sixteen leagues distant from Kuttentberg. It was a familiar road to him, and knowing a by-path over meadows, which shortened the way considerably, he went in that direction. But it so happened, that there was an excise house standing on the main road, in front of which some revenue officers were sitting. One of them, a new hand, who are generally panting for distinction, saw my father take the by-path, headed him off as he was emerging from the meadows and commenced examining his goods; when, lo and behold! two dozen new books were discovered. All books published in foreign countries are prohibited in Austria, unless they have passed the censor's office, and paid the dues to the government. My poor father did not know that he thereby made himself liable to be arrested, and was consequently taken to the excise office, where an examination took place. His statement was taken down and sent to Prague, whither he himself was transported and put in prison. He was kept imprisoned nearly five months, and would have been kept much longer, had not my eldest sister come home from Italy, having lost her husband. She put her two children with my mother, and went in search of the Catholic priest to Saxony. This poor man was much distressed on learning, that he was the innocent cause of my father's misfortune. He accompanied my sister to Prague, and they called on the vice-roy of Bohemia. A statement of the circumstances was made out for the vice-roy, and he forthwith ordered the case to be brought to a close. My father was soon liberated, but his little quantity of goods and chattels had all been consumed by the expenses incurred, and by the legal forfeiture to the officer

who had arrested him. I vividly recollect the scene when my poor father arrived at home. He looked ten or fifteen years older, very much emaciated, and his beard unusually long. We were almost frightened at his appearance, and my poor mother suffered even more. We were, during this long winter, as near starvation as we possibly could be, until the arrival of my eldest sister, who brought us relief. It was a few months after my father's arrest, that the following circumstance occurred, which then made a very strong impression on my youthful mind. On coming home one day from school, it being dinner hour, my mother gave me a few Irish potatoes and a little salt. This was not unusual, as I had on hundred occasions had nothing better for my dinner; but after commencing my humble meal, I noticed, that my mother did not eat anything herself as she usually did. I became pensive, and asked: "Why, mother, do you not eat yourself?" She burst into tears, and said: "My poor boy, there is not enough for you to make a meal, and it is our last: God only can tell where the next meal will come from!" I immediately stopped eating; the piece of potatoe I had in my mouth seemed to choke me. I commenced to ponder over this. I saw at once that my poor mother was suffering privations of hunger on my own account, when something seemed to inspire me with the idea, that I could relieve my mother; but I could not define how or in what manner, until after I had thought it over some time. I had found a plan, and went to work in carrying it out. It was as follows. During play with schoolmates I became very expert in the various games practised by the seminary scholars. The stake was generally a button, either brass or steel, as worn at that period. Every boy had a collection of such buttons as he could procure. I soon became the winner of the larger portions among my playmates. Yes, reader, this was the first property I ever owned, and many an hour did I spend to clean and assort them on a string, some

eighteen or twenty inches long. I kept them in a little garret room. To this depository I went, and putting my buttons under my jacket, watched my chance and slipped out of the house. Now, I don't know why I acted so, but I feared my mother might see me, and in some way frustrate my plan. As soon as I was free, I commenced my task. I visited several of my playmates whom I knew to have wealthy parents, and commenced peddling my buttons. We had adopted a regular standard of prices among ourselves from one dozen buttons up. I soon had a handful of the Austrian copper kreutzers, and when my stock was gone, which gave me several hours of toil and running through the city, I called at a baker's shop, and purchased a loaf of rye bread, eight pounds in weight, for which I paid twelve copper kreutzers, and then ran for home. I cannot describe my feelings of ecstasy on the way home; the Australian or Californian gold diggers, after they have found a great nugget of gold, cannot feel more joyful than I felt over this large loaf of rye bread, and when after coming home I laid the same on my dear mother's lap, and when she drew me close to her bosom, having already divined the cause of my prolonged absence, I cannot possibly describe my feelings, as I could not do the subject justice. From this hour I discovered that there were powers within me, by which, if exerted, I might be able to assist my poor parents; and many were the plans I formed, and many were the castles I built in the air, as an ultimatum of my exertions to which I say success, to be enabled eventually to take my mother and father into my air-castle. Now it appeared to me, that I was sufficiently grown to learn some trade or profession, but after making inquiries about it, I soon learned, that my dismissal from the seminary could not be effected until I was of the age of twelve years, but then I concluded to learn something which I might do and follow during my free hours and on free days, and during vacation. My first

attempt was to manufacture hooks and eyes. Having no capital to commence business on, I had to select a trade within my means. I found in my father's old tool-chest an old pair of wire pincers. In scuffling before the artisans' doors amongst the refuse thrown away, I soon collected a quantity of pieces of wire of the proper dimensions, and took them to my little garret, there to commence manufacturing, and after several days of toil, during my free hours, which were now spent in solitary industry, I soon produced a heterogeneous assortment, with which, after sewing them on paper, two and two, I commenced my peddling journey again; but this time my success was rather discouraging by comparing my industrial production with such as were regularly manufactured. It was easily to be seen that mine would not have taken the first prize at an industrial exhibition, and many jokes were made by those who were solicited to become my patrons. So, after many vexatious disappointments I gave up my first trade in despair. I was in one respect compelled to do it, as my fingers became very sore, so much so, that I could not hold a pen. As I was considered the first scholar in my writing class, the teachers soon noticed the change and I was admonished. So I gave up that trade, and soon commenced a new one, viz.: we had a neighbor, an old widow lady and her daughter; the latter was some twelve or fourteen years of age. This girl made a scanty support for her mother and herself by the manufacture of sulphur strings for matches. The reader will recollect, that this was previous the invention of "Lucifer matches". The method of manufacturing was very simple, and I learned it by a single inspection of the process. A ball of soft cotton of the proper thickness, a stick with two pins on each end for a sort of winding rill, a piece of an old pot or saucer, a little forked stick, a pan of coal and a quantity of sulphur constituted my stock in trade. I soon melted the sulphur

and had my rill full, and when my sulphur twine was dry and hard, I cut it up the proper length, say about three inches long. They were then tied into small bunches with a little wrapping paper between them. I was delighted with my success. The first night I could not sleep for fear I would be too late in the morning to go to market. My little basket was packed and ready, and the following day I was up before day-light, although the weather was very cold, and my apparel scanty. You may imagine the eager anxiety with which a boy, slim and delicate, was struggling in the Kuttentberg market, to secure his customers, there being plenty of opposition even in this trade. In about two hours time my stock was all disposed of, and my profits were beyond expectation. Although my limbs were stiff and aching with cold ; still the excitement of success, and the consciousness of having earned something for my dear mother, made me feel glad and cheerful, and with great satisfaction did I put my handful of copper coins into her lap on arriving home. My poor mother shed tears of gladness, while she pressed me to her bosom. Such hours of happiness are truly calculated to repay the needy for days or months of privations. If the opulent, or those even who have been favored with plenty of earthly cheer, would but sympathize with the poor and indigent, how much misery they might prevent, and how much happiness promote, even by merely affording employment and encouraging honest industry. Particularly in regard to poor destitute children in America, there is much less of that grinding poverty as found in Europe, and the American people do not lack true sympathy for the poor and needy ; in fact, collectively speaking, the Americans as a nation are more fully developed in the organs controlling benevolence and philanthropy. Especially does this apply to American females. See, for instance, a circumstance like that of the description of the girl vending hot-corn, and the pathetic

description given of it by the benevolent author, and see how almost the whole American public sympathized with the needy. It is a fact, that in all my travels among European nations, I nowhere met with such true and heartfelt sympathy as in America, and particularly among American women.

The greatest drawback in this country is the misdirection of this feeling of true benevolence and charity, by the various channels of sectarian drainage which the Americans, as a nation, are constantly subjected to. What immense sums of money are there expended for the large number of churches of various sects! Then the multitudes of so-called attorneys-at-law, as between the creatures and their Creator, who are directly and indirectly absorbing and consuming millions, and who live on the best of the land, and only obstruct the universal progress of the whole human race by their pretended *special pleading* to the Omnipotent Power, which controls the universe. Happy, a thousand times happy will be the day for all mankind when their true savior, Wisdom, will commence his reign on earth; when mankind will discover the fact, that between father God and mother Nature, there are no attorneys needed; that each and every individual has the power within himself to attend to his own pleadings, and that the millions thus uselessly thrown away in misdirected channels, might be applied for higher and more elevating purposes, to hasten the true millennium on earth, and eventually bring about the only true revolution, the moral revolution, which will secure to every living creature on this earth, independent of the color of his skin, *his share*, or unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Before this is effected, however, a harder battle than those of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, or Trenton, or anywhere else, which made the American Revolution memorable, will have to be fought with old toothless theology, and his general-in-chief, the potent personage of the convent

of Saint Prokope on Sasawa. Yes, dear reader, come it must and will, and you had better prepare yourself in due time to meet this inevitable struggle. The contest will be a terrible one, but "truth is mighty and will prevail." The Americans are destined to be free, physically and morally; and whenever that time shall arrive, when they will imitate the Bohemian saint, to chain down this theological generalissimo, it will be with such mental material he will never break in all his struggles, and when he shall be cursed and turned to stone, to remain until the day of judgment, it will be the judgment of the combined progressive intelligence of the American public, that will consign him unto the pits of everlasting oblivion; and after his funeral obsequies, for better security, they will cover him up with the thousands of musty volumes of theological writings that have for generations past beclouded the minds of millions, and retarded, as they do still, all rational progress, and all attempts at moral emancipation. It will, indeed, make one of the grandest mausoleums the world has ever seen, and the epitaph will be emblazoned with such letters as will record the history of the past era; yes, friends, *our era* of darkness, the reign of the theological devil upon earth, one of the blackest and darkest spots and eclipses of the divine sun of intelligence. Thousands of generations, who will inhabit this earth after us, will wonder how it was possible that mankind, even in the nineteenth century, were so beclouded in intellect as to believe in such absurd and degrading myths, as are daily promulgated from the thousands of pulpits in this otherwise blessed land.

But for the present we will leave off this subject, and return to the period when your humble writer was eight years of age, trying to earn by his new trade, viz., the manufacture of sulphur string-matches, a scanty subsistence for his dear mother and himself, during the long months of his father's incarceration in the prison of Prague. I had

soon to experience a great drawback, at once crushing my hopes in my new trade. The working with sulphur impregnated my clothes and person with the fumes, so that my class-mates in the seminary would with repugnance be near me. The professors noticed this, and I was at once called up to the desk and questioned. My account was, however, not deemed satisfactory. I was led near the window, stripped of my jacket, my arms and hands strictly examined, to discover if I was not affected with the *Scotch fiddle*. I commenced to cry bitterly, because my veracity was doubted; nay, to undergo an examination before the whole school of some two hundred boys, was beyond my fortitude to bear. I was admonished, and threatened to be put on a solitary bench, a place of disgrace, if I should ever again come to school with such fumes of sulphur proceeding from my person. I hope the time is not far distant, when the American public will subject to similar scrutiny, those grand dabblers in fire and brimstone, who are constantly fabricating, even at this late period, those old-fashioned, theological, sulphuric strings of matches, when we have made such progress in the *lucifer* line, and when they will be suspected, as I was, to be infected with the *Scotch fiddle*, and will be threatened, that if they will again disgrace decent congregations with their infernal smells, to be placed by themselves on the bench of disgrace, and you might add the punishment of *cutting off their rations*, then you will see the extraordinary progress and intelligence which will be spreading around you. My sufferings of disgrace in the Kuttentberg seminary have indeed a moral, worthy of imitation in America.

But to my story. This had the effect of again breaking up my second trade. What was to be done? My ambition was aroused; I found powers within myself, formerly unknown and dormant; the joy I felt to be able to assist my mother grew into a craving desire, and after some study and reflection, I again found a way to earn

something. The time of Lent in Kuttensburg, as in all Catholic countries, is strictly observed by all trades, particularly the bakers, who make little ring-like cakes termed *pretzels*, which are prepared and sold during Lent. This is to them a profitable period, and as there is much trouble connected with making them, one of the twenty-four master bakers in Kuttensburg, by a regulation of their craft, has the privilege allotted to him of making them for one season, and he may sell his right or make use of it at pleasure. It was also customary, that all the master bakers should render the one whose turn it came all possible assistance, and by these means this long expected period, when it arrived, was a source of great pecuniary gain to the recipient, and many a poor widow of a master baker, when her turn arrived, was relieved of many a burden and pecuniary embarrassment. I think it will not be amiss here to give a short description of the making of *pretzels*, as they are called in Bohemia *preclic*. The dough is prepared in the same way as for other pastry, but must be as stiff as it can possibly be worked. Then, it is subjected to a kneading process, that is, a large piece of the dough is laid on the top of a very solid table, and a sort of lever, the face of which is closely provided with pins, is worked over the dough until it is kneaded almost as elastic as India rubber. It is then transported to the end of a long table, around which are sitting some dozen or more workmen, by whom the dough is cut up into small slices, and subjected to a process of being rolled out long like a rope; after that, it is cut up into short pieces, and divided among the workmen, each of whom rolls out his lot, two by two, to the proper size. He then forms the ring, and closes it by rolling with two fingers inside. They are then pushed aside, and taken to a large kettle of boiling water, where other workmen are constantly employed throwing in the rings of dough, but some half dozen are put upon the fingers, and are stretched out like the India

rubber rings apothecaries keep for nursing or teething children. Such as break, are thrown back again on the table, the others into the kettle, and immediately after they are boiled, and float on the surface, they are fished out and stood before the oven, where they are dipped into the various preparations of salt, fennel, ginger, poppy, or the like, and are laid on a long narrow shovel, and shoved into the red hot Dutch oven. As soon as they are of the proper color, they are raked out, and put up by the gross on a string, or a willow switch, and put into the charge of *boys* to be hawked about among the citizens. The boys' profits are one-thirteenth part, as the bakers' dozen is thirteen, and for which the boy only accounts for twelve. The boys who are selected for this occupation, are generally either children of poor master bakers, or are in some way connected with those who have the control for that year. The season lasts some ten weeks, viz., during Lent and Easter. Now, it so happened that this hard winter, during the imprisonment of my poor father, the *pretzel* season fell to the lot of a master baker named Polack, who was a friend of my father. I therefore took courage and went to him, and offered myself as one of the boys to hawk the *pretzels* in the city each evening, as customary, as it would not interfere with my school hours at the seminary. Mr. Polack eyed me suspiciously, and observed: "Anthony, you are as yet too young for this occupation, we do not like to engage boys under twelve years of age; but, my dear boy, come here to-morrow, and I will make an exception in your favor, and give you a trial; have you a basket?" I informed him that I had none, when he said: "Never mind, then, I will lend you one," and so I was again installed into a new and honorable calling. On the following day I had my quantity counted out, but found great difficulty to carry half as much as the other boys; in fact, I was very tired and disheartened the first day, as I was stupid and foolish to run so fast and

visit so many places, thinking that my success depended on my exercise. This, however, I soon found to be an error. My diminutive size and childlike appearance were in my favor, as many people would pass the large boys, but stop and make a purchase from the little boy, who groaned under the weight of his basket. I soon became a favorite with my customers, and had to return several times for a fresh supply. The larger boys envied me, and some who were at first very friendly, annoyed me in various ways and even beat me. This was finally carried to such an extreme, that I complained to Mr. Polack, who soon put a stop to it by threatening to discharge any boy who would annoy or injure me in future. I felt grateful, and took every occasion to assist in the various duties in the bakery of pretzels, so that I soon became an expert, and Mr. Polack several times declared, that he would rather have me than some of the grown assistants. For my reward I had my cap filled daily with half-burned, cracked or otherwise damaged pretzels, which I would speedily carry home to my poor mother, and many hearty and happy messes had we together; my mother would assort the pretzels, boil them a little, and put on some hot butter, which made an excellent dish. So I managed almost alone, through this hard winter, to provide for my dear mother's wants and my own, although but eight years of age in January, 1818. This winter, I may say, brought my youthful energies into activity. I have seen hundreds of boys since, both in Europe and America, of this age and even much older, who appeared to have no other idea, but to see how much they could destroy and waste. Adversity is, indeed, a school of severe discipline. In this new calling of a vender of pretzels, I did quite well, until the arrival of my eldest sister from Italy, who brought us still more relief. We were, however, much distressed about my poor father's confinement, and until his liberation had been effected, my poor mother was constantly sad and

gloomy. Her health declined visibly, and she lingered on until May, 1824, when she passed to a happier and better state of existence; but before this period many events transpired in my early career. As soon as the season for pretzels was over, my new calling was also at an end, and although we were somewhat relieved, yet having once tasted the sweet satisfaction of earning my subsistence, I soon commenced to study out some new branch of industry. One day, passing the front of a French restaurant, I saw monsieur dressing and cleaning snails for some peculiar costly epicurean preparation, and having watched him closely, I addressed him in German, in which language I had at this period made considerable progress. I wanted to know how much he would pay for a dozen snails, and was gratified to hear that his offer was quite liberal. "But," said he, "my son, you must bring them soon, before the season will be over, for as soon as the weather is warm in the spring they will open their closed shell, and then I do not want them any more. You may bring me all with closed shells you can get." I was away the following morning before daylight, and as it was Sunday, I had the whole day before me. Yes, for the benefit of bigots I will state, that I broke the holy Sabbath. They might have seen me climbing over the high old city walls around Kuttenberg, with a large handkerchief, tied about me in the form of a bag, and as climbing seemed very natural to me, no place being too high or dangerous to climb, in order to examine the crevices and collect the snails. I presume, that if my foot had slipped and I had fallen down and broken a limb, my bigoted readers, if there should happen to be any such, which, I hope, is not the case, would exclaim, that it was a judgment on my depravity, for not going to church or Sunday school. But, my friends, my religion is and ever was, that the best church you or I can enter, is the grand laboratory of nature, covered with the sky above and its innumerable orbs, and the best prayers

are those actions that are *worked* out by us, and so you will think eventually. But to my subject. I had a good number of snails, and the following morning my French friend and patron paid me what he had agreed upon, and for a few weeks I had again found profitable employment. But as the warm spring weather soon made itself felt, the snails commenced to open and crawl over the moss-grown rocks, and so I again lost my occupation. My inventive powers, however, were now aroused, and each and every season had its new development. As the new vegetation commenced to grow, I noticed in market, among the venders of greens, a small plant, well known to me, very aromatic, and of pleasant taste, that generally grows first in spring, in the old stubble-fields near Kutteneberg. The same is used in stuffings and to season soups. My wits were again at work, and with my basket in hand, I would run during my free hours outside the town and gather these little plants, green and purple, and very small. But where it had once commenced to grow fairly, it would soon cover the ground. I had no difficulty in filling my basket, and after washing and cleaning it, I hastened into the market early in the morning, and made my little piles for the value of a copper kreutzer, according to the method I saw others use. I soon disposed of my stock, and had a hand full of kreutzers. As my father had now returned home again, I was not obliged to give my earnings to my mother, but I would not accept the money she wanted me to keep; I finally agreed to retain one-tenth part of it. I had a little tin box made, into which I slipped every tenth kreutzer, with this exception, that every Saturday I took one to put into the collection box in the seminary. My class-mates were surprised to see me put in the first contribution, as it was only the fall previous, I had been presented with a suit of new winter clothing from these benevolent collections. I now felt able and competent to contribute my mite towards

gladdening some other poor boy. The professors at length noticed the circumstance of my repeated contributions, and I was called out and examined as to my parents' present resources, and with the view of putting my name into the second class, and out of that of the needy and indigent scholars. But the professor found much difficulty in getting at the truth from my account. I had a strange feeling of reluctance to tell him all about it, so that he sent a message to my mother by another boy, and demanded an interview. What he and my mother spoke of I never learned, but I soon perceived a marked change in the behavior of the professors towards me. This change was very salutary, particularly with one professor, who was blind with one eye. He was a German, by the name of Hardeman, and hard indeed did we boys always consider him, as he was the strictest disciplinarian amongst the professors. We all dreaded him, and the glance of his one eye was sufficient to cow down the whole class. After the interview with my mother, and the consequent change, he often talked to me, made me accompany him home, to feed and water his birds, and many were the favors I received from this truly good and benevolent man, and many were the little indulgences he gave me during his class-hours in the seminary. My friendship for this man lasted until his death, and his memory is cherished by me even at this day. I had been a voluntary expatriated exile already ten years, when I learned of Professor Hardeman's death, and it seemed to me as if I had lost a near and dear relative. I will have to speak of him again hereafter, for the present, by way of variety to our minds, dear reader, I will describe to you some other subject.

I have given you some imperfect descriptions of the grand games of the monarchs, similar to the one I witnessed in company of my dear father from the heights near Brandais. The grand displays of the great powers are

calculated to keep in dread and awe the enslaved millions. For the information of the American reader I will portray one of those grand manœuvres, as exhibited by the other branch of the despotic union, which is the grand and grinding incubus of the oppressed millions, being the ecclesiastical powers of the Austrian empire, the help-mate of the state, the church. As an example, I will describe that which I witnessed in my youthful days on many occasions in Kuttenberg, and will select that celebrated in all Catholic countries as the grand feast of Corpus Christy. This grand feast is in some measure, according to the Catholic dogma, a sort of balancing of the Ledger with Jesus Christ for his unexampled sufferings of that much commented and memorable drama of the so-called atonement. This feast is set for the most attractive season in the year. A few days previous you will perceive in Kuttenberg an unusual bustle. You see loads upon loads of green birch trees arriving in the city, as also many loads of the green sweet flag or calamus and other greens. Every housekeeper purchases a certain number of the birch trees, calamus and other greens, sufficient in quantity to cover the pavement of his portion of the streets. The birch trees are planted in front of the houses at regular distances. Thousands of them are brought from their native forests, in the Bohemian mountains, to the city. The fine, tender, and always moving leaves, and the snowy whiteness of the bark of the tree has a beautiful effect, and to see a large street thus girded on each side, produces a grand and pleasing effect. You will see hundreds of workmen employed constructing frames in many conspicuous places in the city, that are to support the decorations of the grand altars erected for this particular occasion the day before the feast. The streets are covered with greens and sweet flag. From the main cathedral to all the altars, in different parts of the city, you have one continuous green, sweet and fragrant car-

peting. No wagons or any vehicles whatever are permitted to pass through the streets in the city on the day of the feast. At early dawn the thunders of artillery announces the eventful festival, when all the numerous bells of the many steeples commence to chime in with their sweet and melodious sounds. You can hear them at a distance of many leagues. Presently, the military in their gayest uniforms, will be drawn up before the casern, or barracks, ready for the grand parade. The Austrian soldiers have a peculiar habit when victorious, or on occasions of great festivals, to decorate their caps with a branch of an oak, which gives them a very pleasing appearance. They soon commence their maneuverings, and as platoon after platoon of musketry fire deafens the ear, the eyes are captivated by the grandeur of the different scenes continually transpiring. The grand altars are decorated with crimson damask and ornaments of silver and gold, rich silks and embroideries, and heavy fringes of costly material. The immense, massive silver chandeliers, surmounted by long and thick snow-white wax tapers, also vases of flowers of various kinds, intermingled with the costly church-ornaments, gave the whole an imposing appearance. Cart-loads of fragrant flowers are strewn down over the carpets and green pavements, adding to the sweet fragrance from the calamus. But hark, the grand procession starts from the portals of the principal cathedral. Let me secure to you, dear reader, a prominent place or stand on some balcony, whence we can contemplate this grand and imposing panorama. First, we behold the regular files of a regiment of soldiers in their best parade uniforms, with the green oak foliage stuck in their caps; their officers preceding, according to rank and grade, and all marching with measured and military step. Presently they form in double line an avenue from the cathedral to the first altar. Now let us look towards the cathedral. First, we see emerging in regular order, two and two, about eight hundred young girls, dressed mostly

white, excepting some decorations with ribbons, each carrying in one hand a bouquet of flowers, and accompanied at regular intervals by secular female teachers. These are the pupils or day-scholars of the Ursuline convent of Kuttenberg. Immediately after them in similar order, follow some nine hundred or a thousand boys, according to the several classes, each class accompanied by its professor and assistant teacher. These are the scholars of the imperial seminary of Kuttenberg, and among them you might have observed the humble writer of this, when a boy, from 1816 to 1822, commencing with the smaller classes, and ending with those in the rear. Immediately after them follow the pupils of the imperial stift, all in their parade uniforms, in regular military style; the officers in their proper positions, the tallest boys forming the ranks outside, and the smallest inside, bearing in the centre a beautiful silken standard, yellow and black, with a double-headed imperial eagle, accompanied by their drummers and buglers. Immediately after them follow the athletic band in regular military style and in their best uniforms; also some six or seven hundred miners from Kank and Kuttenberg, with their standard and insignias, and a band of music; they are almost of uniform stature, and can scarcely be equalled in Europe. My heart always leaped with pleasure on beholding in their ranks my dear father, whose large stature and dimensions distinguished him among the rest; most of the others were familiar faces to me. Immediately after them followed several independent military companies, formed among the citizens, all in fine uniforms, with their proper standards and fine rifles. These companies are seldom required to march to the field, except on extraordinary occasions, when they guard the imperial stores. Next comes the immense standard of damask, with the large picture of silver and gold, and the glossy and rich silk decorations, emblematic of their trade or craft; it is carried by five standard-bearers, one

of whom, the strongest and most athletic, is girded with a strong leather belt, to which is attached a sort of leather holster, to receive the end of the pole by which the standard is suspended. From the top are suspended four large silken tasseled cords, each of which serves to steady the same, and is held by one of the four standard-bearers. Behind this standard follow, in regular succession, the apprentices, craftsmen, and master workmen of the particular trade or craft the standard represents. You will see this repeated as many times as there are trades or crafts in Kuttentberg. Each handicraft is represented here, and each has a picture, on its standard, of some particular patron saint, claimed by each trade, as for instance, Saint Crispin for shoemakers; even the butchers, with their large crimson standard, emblematical of their bloody trade, have some particular saint, who is believed to favor that trade. As soon as the long procession of the craftsmen has passed, follow the few professional characters, such as doctors and notaries. The American traveler will be astonished, and will in vain seek in Bohemia for that numerous class of devouring sharks of his native country, called the legal profession. Many are the abuses Bohemia has to correct: but this great fungus or cancer of the American people, which controls the body politic in America, is here unknown; some three or four notaries or copyists, of legal documents being all you will be able to find of this class. But let us proceed. Next come the city authorities, the grand scheppe, an officer appointed by the Emperor, blazoned with insignia and a large embroidered scarf of costly texture, and carrying a sword in a golden scabbard. Then follow his first counsellors, and other officers, according to their several ranks; then the myrmidons of the police in their glittering uniforms. Immediately after the civil powers, as if to emblemize their still higher functions, follow the ecclesiastical personages, the first of whom, and by far the grandest spectacle of the day,

is the bishop or his grand vicar, the highest ecclesiastic in Kuttenberg: he appears in all the grandeur of his canonicals, holding in his hands, which are enveloped in rich silken scarfs, the *High Remonstrance*, or the tabernacle of the Holy Host, which is the emblem, and is believed to be the really true body of Jesus Christ. This Remonstrance is of the purest gold and silver, sparkling with great numbers of large diamonds and other precious stones. This single article of church-ornament would alone purchase a province. Over this and its carrier is suspended a sort of damask canopy, supported by four poles and as many carriers, called Heaven, which is also unsurpassed in richness and costly texture. As this division of the procession approaches, you will see the military sink down on one knee, take off their caps, and support them on their knees. Near this highly venerated emblem are a number of richly dressed priests, swinging vases of gold and silver, containing charcoal and burning frankincense, from which exquisite clouds of-vapor proceed, and intermingle with the perfume of the thousands who have been walking over the carpet of sweet flag, or calamus. But let us take a cursory glance at the greatest dignitary who supports the Holy Remonstrance. The present one is a very large bodied personage, of highly dignified appearance. It is Ferdinand Johann Housa, archdeacon and mitred bishop's vicar, belonging to the diocesan see of Königsgratz. His well-marked features are decidedly Bohemian, wearing a truly benign expression. He was one of the few of the Catholic dignitaries, for whom I had great veneration. All eyes seem turned to this grand priestly dignitary. He is accompanied by a large number of priests of different ranks, clothed in magnificent ornates, worked all over with gold and silver. As this grand canopy approaches the first altar, the grand deacon ascends the steps, and devoutly places the Remonstrance and Host afront the tabernacle on the grand altar.

He kneels in front of it, imitated by the priestly assistants and the great multitude we have seen passing during at least an hour, and who have in the meantime ranged themselves in systematic order, in the various places allotted to each division, in front of the grand altar. High mass is celebrated with the greatest pomp; but on this occasion only, one of the four epistles is read before each of the four grand altars that are put up in different parts of the city. At the conclusion of each, the military fire a grand salute, the bells commence to peal, and the procession is again formed and moves on as before, until the whole is completed by the return to the cathedral. This is an imposing ceremony, and must be witnessed to be properly understood by the American reader; no description of mine can convey a true picture of one of the grandest displays of this right arm of the great despotic power of Austria. Aye, the powers ecclesiastical! What is the condition of millions, who are toiling hard, and almost starving, while untold riches are squandered on such grand displays as the manœuvre near Prague, or this equally grand manœuvre in Kuttentberg? But this one is only like hundreds of others, celebrated in each and every large city, and particularly at Prague and Vienna. But we will again proceed.

I will for the present draw the attention of the reader to my humble self. I mentioned the various ways I adopted to raise a little money, in order to assist my poor parents. My father, after his imprisonment, declined visibly in strength, as also my poor mother, and as our resources were but scanty, I felt it incumbent on me to continue my struggles for a few kreutzers, and on every occasion of recreation from school hours, I would spend my time in searching after some profitable occupation. My school-fellows missed me at their plays, but they might have seen me at the market, selling the aromatic little plants. When the season for them had passed, I would search out new methods of gain. One

was to gather the blossoms of wild poppy, which grew plentifully among the wheat and rye about Kuttenberg. This I would dry and carry to the druggist's for sale. I also caught small fish, in a little net-basket, in the small rivulet, near Kuttenberg, and sold them; and as the Fall season approached, I derived some revenue from assisting those that had gardens, by gathering the ripe fruit, particularly prunes, which grow so plentifully around Kuttenberg, that a peculiar kind of brandy, called slivowitz, is manufactured from them. I also gathered the prune kernels, and sold them to the merchants by the quart. But this branch of industry was so overdone by all the little vagrants of the city, that I soon abandoned it; in fact, my ambition prompted me to follow something not likely to be imitated by other boys, and in this way, taking advantage of the seasons, and the leisure time from my studies, and also by repeating my former branches of industry, I worked along for about two years until the year 1820, when I became ten years of age.

About this time I became acquainted with two professional bird-catchers; one was a disbanded soldier, the other a cripple, and both were anxious to secure the services of a boy of my size and capabilities. The sport of catching birds had for me unusual attraction, as the principal season fell at the time of vacation; so I formed a sort of copartnership with my new friends, by which I was to share equally with them in all the profits. This trade, which gives support to hundreds in Europe, seems not to be generally known in America, and therefore I will give a short description of the *modus operandi* of bird-catchers. First, the stock requisite to carry on the trade is not extensive; a few pieces of old leather, which a pair of old boots will readily supply, a good pocket-knife, some cord, a few gimlets, and the bird-catcher is supplied with tools, and can manufacture whatsoever else he may need. He can make bird cages of the

branches of the soft willow tree, which grows in great abundance along water courses; he will cut straight poles enough to construct his artificial trees, and make holes with his gimlet at regular distances to introduce his lime rods. Now the services of a boy are almost indispensable, that is, such an one as understands climbing trees. He will have to climb up the tall oaks near the river Elbe and upon the mistletoe, which is found on these oaks, small green berries are found, which the boy gathers, and the bird-catchers prepare their lime with them. This is done by beating and mashing the berries, until a mass like shoemaker's wax is obtained, which simmered with a little fresh butter, makes the lime ready for use. Then a number of small rods are put up in the old leather cases, the lime put upon them, and the bird-catcher's preparations are completed, all but the cages, each one of which will have to contain one of the particular kind of birds intended to be caught. Before dawn of day, the bird-catcher will emerge from the city, and wind his way to some neighboring eminence: there the poles are inserted in the ground, and the lime rods affixed to them, to resemble somewhat a small tree. The cages with the decoy birds are now set at regular distances, when the bird-catcher will retire to his hiding place. All this is necessary to be effected before day-light, as about that time the birds commence to fly about. As soon as a flock comes within the proper distance, the decoy birds commence their chirping melodies, when the flock will encircle and descend on the artificially prepared trees, and the poor little simpletons will stick by dozens to the lime rods. The bird-catcher then approaches, and by squeezing the head of each bird, he is cleared of the rod and thrown into a basket, when the rods are again prepared for new game. This is repeated until near noon, and then the sport for that day is over, all but the picking off the feathers from the dead birds, excepting the head. They are then put

up between two sticks, in one or two dozens, and the sticks are tied so that the birds are hanging by their necks. They are now ready for market and the epicure. Thousands and tens of thousands are thus brought to the Kuitenberg market, and it afforded me a nice little profit, as my two other partners were scrupulously honest men, and would divide with me faithfully. This enabled me not only to provide many necessaries for my poor parents, but also some few luxuries. The best months were the two vacation months, September and October, but even thereafter, and on the commencement of my studies at the seminary, I did not abandon my occupation, my friends and partners accepting my services during my free hours. As the season advances the bird-catchers will vary their occupation accordingly. So, for instance, as soon as winter had set in, and the ground was covered with snow and frozen hard, we would repair, before day-break, to some spring along the banks of the little rivulet, and selecting a place near the head, and near the spring where the water was warm, would melt the snow and ice, and lay poles or sticks alongside the water, and on their tops we would lay crosswise our lime rods. When all was ready, we retired to our hiding place. The birds at break of day would commence to fly on the large Elm trees, near the banks of the rivulet, which was all frozen over, and presently they would descend to drink, and remain suspended to our lime rods. For this method we did not need any decoy birds. There were several other methods; one was, also in winter, to get a number of ears of wheat, with some six inches of straw to each. This straw is prepared with lime, and set near a barn or other frequented place, with the ears of the wheat towards the ground, and the lime straw against the wall, in a standing position. The birds will commence to pick the wheat, but soon find their wings obstructed by the lime straw, and in this manner become the victim of the bird-catcher. Thus, in connecting my-

self with the bird-catchers, I had a source of revenue, which was of great assistance to my poor parents, and it afforded me the best sport and most agreeable excitement a boy of my size and age could enjoy. By all this I did not neglect my studies at the seminary. When promoted, to the higher classes, I was one of the youngest boys in them, while many other boys, after the expiration of the yearly session, were put back to the same class for another year. But this did not happen to me. I went regularly each year through one class. Sometimes I saw plainly, that by the good will of the professors many a little favor was granted to me, which was refused to other boys; particularly was this true of my good one-eyed friend, Professor Hardeman. I never neglected an opportunity to keep myself in the good graces of my preceptors. I would select the prettiest birds and bring them to my friends and patrons as presents, as also to several others, who were admirers of the little warblers. In this way my time passed off tolerably pleasant. I also found opportunities occasionally to make several trips or visits to my sisters in Saxony, or even to some relatives from my mother's side in Prussia. I could generally travel six German miles a day. Three days and a half brought me to my sister in Saxony, and five days to Prussia. I made some of these journeys in company with my father, but many I made alone. Thus I became quite a traveler at an early age. I also made several trips to the Bohemian capital, Prague, and to the imperial capital, Vienna. In this way my education was formed both by practical and theoretical studies, and many were the little accidents that came under my observation. One habit I always followed in my travels, viz.: I never passed an old castle or ruined monastery but what I would go out of my way to visit it, and many hours of deep meditation have I spent alone amongst those ruined walls. I could forget myself in such places; those parts particularly, connected with the history of

my country, had for me unusual attractions. But let us proceed.

I have given an imperfect description of the two grand displays by Church and State: but a critical observer can see hundreds of other subjects in the Austrian empire worthy his notice. It cannot be expected from me, then a mere boy, that I should do full justice to the various subjects I shall attempt to describe; at present I will draw the reader's attention to a subject connected with the military powers of the empire. We have seen them, or at least one regiment of the army, as they were parading on the day of Corpus Christi, in their best uniforms; now we will take a glance at them from another view. We have also seen from the heights near Brandais eighty thousand of them, in all their imposing glitter, on the plains near Prague; the view we are now to take is from a position alongside of that fine graded avenue in front of the casern, the former convent of the Jesuits. It is the same we have already visited, leading from the city of Kutteneberg to the grand cathedral of St. Barbara. We will also visit the square, or small park, between the grand building and the city, and on the north side of the seminary, where I attended six years without one single failure, on a school-day, of my regular four hours allotted to study. I have elsewhere said that the hours of attendance were four each school-day, viz: from eight to ten in the forenoon, and from two to four in the afternoon. The assembling was indicated by the ringing of a bell on the top of the seminary. During the summer months, I would take the opportunity offered to witness the daily parade of the military, and also the almost daily punishments, or enforcement of the imperial Austrian discipline, which for barbaric cruelty, cannot be surpassed by any government upon earth. I said they were practiced daily. We were so accustomed to hear the peculiar sound of the drums, at the seminary, that, as it was generally at the hour of

dismissal, a number of boys would go to the parade-ground, to witness the punishments after the usual morning parade, and the mounting of the guards. The drums beat for the whole regiment to assemble, and attend punishment. If the punishment was what was termed regimental, and to be inflicted by a number of blows given by a hazel stick, generally fifty, the place selected was the small park, or square, east of the great buildings of the casern. The troops were drawn up in order, and also the culprit, accompanied by the provost marshal and his assistants. The regimental auditor would then read the sentence of the court martial, rather in a hurried, business-like manner. If it was, as I stated before, regimental punishment, fifty blows or more were ordered; if it was what was termed company punishment, twenty-five blows were ordered, which every captain or hauptman, as they are called in Austria, has a right to order. If the former, ten corporals are ordered out of the ranks; each corporal of the Austrian army wears, as the insignia of his rank, a cane some three feet six inches long, cut from the hazel-bush, of about the thickness of the little finger. This stick must be flexible, so much so, that by pressing the same hard against the ground, it must bend like a hoop without breaking. A low bench is now brought by the marshal's assistants, and set down at about twenty feet distance in front of the line. The officers will now form a group outside of the bench, whereupon the culprit is stretched out on the bench, face downward, his feet fastened, and his shoulders held down by the provost's assistants. These are the executioners of each regiment. A provost holds a rank somewhat like that of a sheriff in America. One of the ten corporals will now advance, bend his hazel stick, and after measuring the proper distance from the culprit, make two swift flourishes through the air, after which the first blow is dealt with great force, and with much practical precision upon the

haunches of the culprit; each blow is preceded by the same flourishes, until five blows have been dealt, when the first corporal steps aside and the second takes his place; and this goes on with diabolical precision and slow method, until all ten of the corporals have dealt the requisite fifty blows. On most occasions the shrieks of the poor sufferer beggar all description. If the punishment is twenty-five, or company punishment, then five corporals are marched out, and the ceremony is the same. These last were the most frequent, as by every slight breach of discipline, or slight omission of some duty, the poor Austrian soldier incurs this degrading and inhuman punishment, the more so, when we reflect, that most of the officers in the military service are of the nobility, the hauptman being frequently a beardless young man, of a proud and impulsive nature; but he wears the Austrian officer's uniform, and comparatively speaking, when we compare the Austrian common soldier with the officer, the first frequently bears off the palm; but the former has the power and makes use of it. The larger or regimental punishment may be doubled or tripled, even to the beating to death, as has been done on many occasions for grave offences. The culprit is taken off after he has suffered the punishment, and taken to the military hospital, where the punishment is cruelly prolonged by the ignorant or brutal treatment inflicted by the military surgeons. Many poor soldiers, after undergoing such degrading cruelties, have imbibed such a hatred towards the service and towards the officers, that if opportunity offers, which is the case sometimes, on the battle-field, the first bullet they fire off, is directed towards some of their officers. Even on the occasions of those sham-battles or manœuvres, it is dangerous for officers to be before the fire, as many instances have happened, where they were wounded by an old button, &c., which had been put into the musket on loading blank cartridges. It would

be very unsafe for the emperor and the high officers to be within the range of those muskets. But we have the disagreeable task to hasten again to witness a punishment of another kind, called the running of the gauntlet, or the *gasse*. This is performed on that fine graded way in front of the casern, or old Jesuit convent. In the days of my boyhood, I witnessed them on a hundred occasions, as they were very frequent. I would hasten, after the dismissal of my class, to this level, graded way, climb up to the top of one of those fine statues of chiseled rock, and seat myself upon the shoulders of some apostle or saint, contemplating in a sort of stupor the scene before me. Almost on every such occasion my bosom would heave and my little hands would clench, and had I the power, as I had the will, I would have destroyed the emperor, and every officer of his government. I know not what it was, that brought me to witness those scenes of cruelty on almost every occasion, but go I would, and look on paralyzed with horror, until those scenes were over for that day. This mode of punishment was as follows. A body of men, three hundred or more, according to the grade of punishment, were drawn up in double line, some six feet apart, and facing each other. In this way they formed a long street, far enough apart, to allow each man full room and play with his hands. Then the culprit was brought out, like on former occasions, and the Auditor would read the sentence of the court martial. Then the provost and his assistants would strip the culprit down to his waist, his pants and other clothing being secured with a belt; his hands were then tied in front, and a musket ball thrust into his mouth, so as not to permit him to bite off his tongue, while undergoing this cruel torture. After this he would be led towards the *gasse*, or avenue of men, and when all was prepared, almost simultaneously you would see some half dozen old discharged soldiers approach with loads of willow switch-

es, selected by them along the water courses, of the proper size and quality. The provost marshal and his principal assistants as well as some other non-commissioned officers, would distribute the bundle of switches, one to each of the soldiers in the long line, a supply being laid down at regular distances, to be ready for a change or replacement, if one or more should break. The officers will take one end of the *gasse*, the one opposite to the culprit; on the other end are the culprit, provost marshal, physicians and drummers. The command is soon given and the drummers beat a peculiar march, indicating quick step. The culprit is now pushed forward and directed to run. It is no matter what gait or speed he will assume, for, as he passes, on each side of him are two corporals, running or walking at the same speed on the outside of the lines. Their duty is to watch that each soldier deals the proper blow on the culprit's naked back, and if one or the other of the soldiers should miss or otherwise neglect to give the expected blow, he is immediately taken out of the line and replaced by another, and woe be to him, as he will be punished severely. In this way the poor wretch is compelled to run the length of the *gasse*, sometimes two men with drawn bayonets follow him, to make him advance, but generally he runs alone, that is, as long as his strength remains. As soon as he has ran one length, he is faced about and compelled to run to the other end, and this is counted one time. Ten times backward and forward is the highest punishment, and equivalent to death, as it is very seldom that any poor wretch is able to bear it. If he gives out, he is laid upon the bench, and the line of soldiers are compelled to march alongside of him and give each his requisite blow. It is considered, that the strictest punctuality is necessary to give all the blows as they have been adjudged, even if they should be dealt to a *corpse*. The common punishment was three or five times, which dealt by three hundred men, makes *three thousand blows*. When

the culprit was stripped, I could not help, on almost all occasions, to admire the fine symmetry of the chest and the rest of the body, generally exposed; in fact, no matter of what nationality the Austrian soldiers may be, they are generally selected from the best and most symmetrical of the recruits presented. Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Slavonians, Germans or Bohemians, the best are found in the army. When the first run has been made, the back and arms will turn red as the blooming rose; after the second they turn purple, and presently, during the third, the life blood will run in streams, so much so, that his clothes become saturated and colored with it. The third running finished, the back of the poor wretch looks like a raw quivering mass of gory muscle; but still these horrid and barbarous cruelties are continued even when the ribs appear, and as has been already remarked, when the strength of the poor wretch gives out, the men have to march around him until the last blow, assessed by the horrid sentence of the court martial, has been dealt. There is no reprieve, no remission at this time of the punishment whatsoever. After the final sentence has been read, nothing can save the poor wretch from receiving the full amount, and, as I said before, it would be inflicted even upon his corpse. How well do I remember one particular occasion, when a young man, a Bohemian recruit, and a native of the city of Litomisel, had to undergo this cruel sentence. When stripped, he was of fine symmetrical build, and his skin was as white as a lily. Before he was compelled to enter this horrid gauntlet, three females emerged from the crowd, and, throwing themselves at the feet of the colonel, in front of the group of Austrian officers, kissed his hands and feet, and implored pardon. One of them was the mother of the unfortunate young man; another, his sister; and the third, his bride. It seemed that the latter was the innocent cause of his misfortune. He had obtained furlough to visit his home, and on its expiration

could not for some days leave his intended bride, and the result was his arrest and cruel sentence. There was great sympathy exhibited even by the officers, but it seems they had not the power to reprieve, not even to diminish the punishment. After the signature of the officer, commanding that particular division, has been affixed, and the regiment auditor has read the final sentence, the colonel, and other staff officers have nothing left but to see the sentence carried out. So it must have been on this occasion, otherwise it would not have been possible to disregard these affecting pleadings. But they did not prevent the sentence from being executed. The poor young man was forced to advance, and oh! the horrid and piercing shrieks of the poor mother, the poor sister, and the doubly wretched poor girl, who was the innocent cause of this cruel punishment; they were all carried from the parade ground in an almost dying condition. It was afterwards reported that two of them, the mother and the bride, lost their reason, and that the sister never recovered, but was carried to her long home. Many of the soldiers, on this occasion, could barely stand upon their feet, and the blows were apparently dealt lighter than usual; being in a few instances omitted altogether. This did not escape the petty officers, who were walking about for that purpose, as several men were drawn out of the ranks. When the last run was completed, the young man could not be recognized as that fine, delicately moulded, symmetrical body; his face, where not bespattered with blood, was as pale as a corpse; his shirt and other clothing was saturated with blood; his back, a living, quivering mass of nerves and muscles; all the flesh seemed to have been cut up to tatters. A military cloak was now thrown over his shoulders, and he was led before the colonel, before whom each poor wretch is compelled to appear, and acknowledge the justice of this inhuman cruelty. He was then led off to the military hospital. Many poor wretches have

died from the effects of these cruel barbarities ; but the imperial Austrian military discipline must be carried out in its full force and vigor. If we, however, analyze the subject a little closer, what is it, but despotic tyranny, exercised by the high aristocracy over the lower classes. There are many in Austria, as well as elsewhere, who not only pretend to justify, but deem it necessary to uphold this so-called discipline of the army ; but no prince of imperial blood, nor the sons of the high aristocrats, nor even the sons of the nobility, would be subjected to anything of this kind, even if they were to commit high crimes or be guilty of misdemeanors. But the poor plebeian is made a subject of such and other cruelties ; in fact, the whole proceedings of these court martials are only farces, it being the work of the officers in all cases. Although there are privates and non-commissioned officers admitted as members of the court martial, yet the distinction between them and the higher officers is so great, that a nook or nod of the latter cowers them down, and drowns their voice entirely, so that even if disposed to act contrary, they would seldom express their mind in contradiction to the higher officers. But what need we talk of Austria and her cruelties ? Only a few years past, even in these United States, the cat-of-nine-tails was used on the backs of American seamen, and when this degrading and cruel punishment was being agitated with a view to its abolishment, many were found, even on the floor of Congress, who advocated its continuance, and many there are still, who would re-establish it to-morrow if they had the power. It is authority that makes tyranny, even in the southern slave owner. There is no argument or reasoning that would or could convince such minds ; the only thing that can do it, is to apply the cat to their own back. I would stake my existence that before they would receive the first dozen, they would all be convinced of its being *wrong* in every instance.

The American public should be very cautious how they encourage the numerical strength and growing influence of the army and navy. There is already much of that spirit of superiority assumed by the officers, particularly the younger class. Many actually believe themselves exclusively privileged persons, and look down on citizens as plebeians, created for their benefit, and to be taxed for their pay. I say, beware, my friends, that you are not pampering a bevy of masters, who will eventually ride roughshod over your descendants. — — — But enough for the present; we will return to Austria.

Young as I was when witnessing those cruel punishments, I could not help but imbibe the greatest hatred for institutions that give support to such inhuman cruelties. To my young mind the breaking down of any or all such monarchical powers was the most desirable and meritorious act a man could possibly perform, and my future career and connection with the revolutionary movements of 1830, had, no doubt, their origin in the many scenes of cruelties I witnessed during my boyhood. I could not help reflecting, that although those poor tortured soldiers were mostly of different nationalities, I was also conscious that my poor countrymen were subjected to similar treatment, in one of those numerous cities of the Austrian empire, where they may have been stationed at this time. But let us for the present drop this sad subject.

PART III.

COSMOPOLITAN LIFE.

DEAR Reader. Let us for a brief period again ascend the heights of Kuttenberg, in order to contemplate some subjects that may present themselves to our vision. First, we will look at the magnificent summer palace of Count Kotek, which we have already mentioned on a former occasion. It then led me to describe imperfectly the system of vassalage and slavery in Bohemia, of the lower classes, towards the nobility, and the consequent work called robot. I find, that in my former description I did not do the subject full justice, neither do I now believe myself qualified to give a full and true description to the American public, as I have no other statistics to refer to but my own recollections, based upon the experiences of my childhood and boyhood; but such as they are the reader will get. Let us see. To the right and to the left of this palace of Hussa, as far as the eye can reach, we see hundreds of villages and towns, or market places, both on this and the other side of the River Elbe. We see towering in their midst, and by their size and grandeur giving force to the landscape, hundreds of those grand manors or mansions of the nobility or high aristocracy of Austria; dukes, counts, barons and simple noblemen, are with few exceptions the owners of those grand domains. In order fully to understand this grinding despotism would consume too much time and labor in investigating the same. To see such extensive apparently boundless fields in the highest state of cultivation, will naturally bring to your mind the inquiry, how this is done. A Southerner would instinctively look about for the negroes who

work these fine plantations, but he will here look in vain ; he is not in the sunny South, but on the European continent, and in the very heart of the kingdom of Bohemia, where the system of slavery is somewhat modified to suit the country and circumstances. But no matter, it is slavery still, calculated to extort labor from the low and humble. The subdivisions of the land not monopolized by those great domains, might be imitated, and is done so in some of the Southern States. Many masters have let to their negroes land to cultivate for themselves, together with other advantages ; but still he is his slave. So in Bohemia. It is asserted that the very name slave, signifying the origin of the Slavonic race, is derived from the primitive condition they were in, viz. : bondage, slavery ; the robot being only a modification of this condition. As I said before, the largest farmers subject to it, are compelled to turn out or send a substitute ; then the farmers of the second or third class of these hereditary entails, have, according to their rank, to work for the lord of the manor a certain number of days each week ; the large landowners furnish spans of horses, while others, not so well off, come themselves with the necessary implements. The robot must be performed or paid for ; and there are a bevy of officials, that have the control of this grand domain. The lord, or owner, whosoever he may be, has in his employ a large number of officials ; there is the grand director, inspector, steward, scriveners, bailiffs, foresters, gamekeepers and other overseers. All these are privileged and free from military duty ; they live generally on the best of the land, and compose a sort of second-hand gentility of Austria. They associate with other civil officers of various rank on a footing with their own ; also with such citizens of the free cities as are near themselves in rank, wealth, or influence. By such means these oppressed lands are filled with a bevy of consumers, not producers, and who exercise no small authority. It has been seen, by the

description I gave of the military discipline and its cruelties, that Austria is a country of iron, despotic rule, in almost every branch. In my younger days I have seen many a venerable looking Bohemian peasant, who through some cause or other made his appearance as robotnik too late, be commanded by a beardless strippling to be laid over a plow, or other place, and subjected to the grand potent Austrian argument of a hazel-stick. Then, in view of this and the so-called serfdom of Russia, the southern system of despotism, African slavery, has somewhat its parallel, with this difference, that in Bohemia, as I have said already, the robotnik may sell out, or by purchase emancipate himself from this thralldom. There is, fortunately, another cause, that has served the poor people materially in effecting their emancipation, viz: the very vices of the Austrian nobility. The grandees of the empire generally reside in the capital of the empire, Vienna; their habits of luxury are naturally debilitating to the physical organism; many of them live very dissolute lives; gambling, and other extravagances, bring them down to a state of bankruptcy. So the emperors, perhaps with propriety, have been charged with conniving at this practice, with a view to rid themselves of the influence of this high aristocracy, and hence these imperial edicts, to enable the peasantry of towns or villages, subject to the robot, to emancipate themselves by purchase. This system, as I said before, is having a good effect. Some check of it has been attempted, as it is said, by the establishment of the Austrian grand lottery, but I know not if this remedy would serve the nobility to save them from the consequences of breaking the natural laws. There are many of those grand domains that have become the property of the crown, either by confiscation or otherwise, and they are considered as being in better condition than the others. The large buildings of these have generally been appropriated to some purpose of the State; many

of the lands have also been subdivided and sold as freehold, to supply the always needy and empty vaults of the Austrian despots. The resources of the Austrian monarchy may rank as third-rate in Europe, but as they appear to be very large, they are inadequate to meet the yearly budget of expenditures, and the monarchy is consequently always in debt, and has to apply for relief to the coffers of the Rothschilds. The moneyed aristocrats are, in fact, the indirect rulers of the empire. The Jews understand this and use their power, hence all the direct revenues of the empire are more or less monopolized by them; the growth, manufacture, and retailing of tobacco being one of the great resources of revenue of Austria. This branch also is almost entirely controlled by Jews. In every town or village, a tobacco-store is filled by one of the sons of Isaac, or somebody else of Old Testament notoriety; also all the distilleries, as well as the large number of toll-houses on the macadamized roads. On the latter you see, at the distance of every league, a toll-house, in front of which is the great draw-beam, painted black and yellow, which balances like a well-beam in America, for drawing the water bucket. It is closed at night, and all that pass under it have to pay the stipulated toll, according to the number of horses or other cattle they may have to their vehicles. Foot passengers are the only exception, unless it be now the poor hand-barrow of trakas propeller. These toll-gates were also in my days mostly attended to by Jews, who are, it seems, by the monopoly of capital by the Rothschilds, pushed forward in all the offices of revenue. Thousands of old discharged soldiers are thus deprived of an humble means to remunerative support by the State, and are subjected to want and beggary. Many of my readers, on beholding this statement, may wonder and exclaim: "Well, I have always been told that the Jews were much persecuted in Austria;" and so it is in many respects; but they possess the knowl-

edge, and exercise it scientifically, to multiply the almighty dollar, and by its tremendous power they manage to keep themselves in power. The American reader will not be surprised at the use made here of this grand talisman of his own country; but we will have occasion, at a subsequent period, to say something more in regard to the Jews in Austria; for the present, we will contemplate some other subjects.

We have already witnessed the grand procession in Kuttenberg; the many grand standards accompanied by their several crafts, in imposing array; it will therefore be well if I make you acquainted with those particular institutions, which form such an important part among all the trades not only of Austria, but almost all Germany. The Emperor Charles the Fourth was the grand patron and originator of most of these crafts that still exist at this day; he gave to them their singular and liberal charters, by which they are secured to enjoy certain immunities and privileges. Thus they are consolidated into bodies; they have particular constitutions, and are governed by elders or grand masters, elected from their midst. Every city or large town has these associations, and no person can carry on or follow any of the usual trades without having been first made a member of some of the particular crafts. Parents that are desirous of having their son to learn a trade, will first have to obtain for him his dismissal from the particular school he has been visiting. This cannot be procured until after the age of twelve years. This discharge is given to the grand masters, after the parents have completed their terms with the particular master, under whom the boy is to learn his trade. If the certificate is correct, the boy is registered and admitted as an apprentice to the craft of this particular trade; he is bound for two, three, four, five or more years, but seldom more than three, unless in mercantile pursuits. When the term has expired, and his master's testimony and release is obtained,

he will be admitted or dubbed fellow crafts-man or journeyman. This word journeyman signifies that the time has arrived when he should resume his journeys, or travels, so as to gain experience in his particular trade. It is not considered honorable, if the young craftsman should avoid or skulk these travels, so that almost every one will comply with what seems to be a universal custom. The young craftsman is furnished by the grand master of his particular trade with a diploma, or free brief, in which he is minutely described. His behavior, moral character, and religion are testified to, and then all the crafts of this particular trade are invoked to render him all possible assistance, so as to enable him procuring honorable employment, and assist him in sickness or other difficulties, and if there is no work for him in the particular place he may visit, to supply him with means of travel to the place he may desire to visit, being of course the nearest place where a similar craft exists. The grand and other masters, making this request, pledge themselves to similar reciprocity. Thus provided, the young fellow-craft applies for a passport to the authorities of his particular locality, which is granted, if there is no demand for military service, or if he is yet too young for the same, which is generally the case. At first, his passport is granted for one year, and he is enabled to commence his travels; he needs no traveling money, only a supply of clothes. This, it will be seen, can be commenced at an early period, some have commenced at the age of fifteen, others a year or two later. The young man will have to renew his passport every year. At the expiration of three years, or if he prefers it, one or two more, he can either return to his native place, or can, if he prefers it, establish himself in some other place. In such a case, whether at home or abroad, he has to apply again to the grand masters of the craft where he intends to settle. He is now required to produce a master-piece of his own workman-ship, which

is examined and approved of. He pays his regular fee to the treasury of the craft, and is dubbed and admitted as master workman. This institution is very beneficial, particularly in such countries as the European monarchies. They enable every poor and diligent young man to travel for years without money, as every craft supports its own members everywhere. The poor young man will have plenty of opportunities to perfect himself in his particular trade, being thereby made more systematical, and even in America the German craftsmen or master workers have been considered very superior workmen, and in some trades they are unrivalled. Each branch has also a treasury of their own to assist the sick or infirm ; in fact, the fraternity of the freemasons are nothing but an imitation of those crafts for some particular purpose. The trades of Germany also assist the widows and orphans of their members. Whether the first or the last take precedence in regard to antiquity, I am unable to determine, the freemasons dating from the building of the temple of Solomon ; but even by their own traditions, it appears, that working crafts existed even then, anterior to the account they give of the tragic murder of the fellow-craftsman, Hiram. — — This institution of crafts in Germany has served me, as it did thousands of other young men, and as the reader will learn in perusing these memoirs. But we will for the present contemplate some other subject.

I have again to crave your indulgence to follow me to the scenes of my boyhood. The time was approaching that I was entitled to a discharge from the seminary, after a term of six years of close attendance. I felt much apprehension, as in some of the studies I was classed with the first, but in others I was the very first from *below* ; still I was one of the youngest boys of my class. The custom, generally prevalent, to put a boy back one year to perfect himself in his studies,

would not have come amiss in my case, but this I greatly dreaded and was anxious to avoid. It was important to me as I desired to have more freedom, in order to be better able to earn a support for myself and assistance for my poor parents. My sisters had all been from home for several years ; two were married and living in a neighboring kingdom ; one was in service at Vienna, and one was in Prussia, partly provided for by the assistance of a relative of my mother, a Catholic priest. She was admitted as a novice in the convent of the order of Saint Elizabeth at Lauban, in upper Lausatia. This was one of the few convents that had been left by the Prussian government, while it had confiscated the others. This one was of the order of the sisters of charity, and served as an asylum for sick females, and hence its exemption. The time for the examination of the scholars of the Kuttenberg seminary soon arrived ; I was safe with six out of the eight professors, but was uneasy as to the remaining two. A short time before the examination I found a way to subdue one of the two by a call from my poor sickly mother. He was a benevolent old gentleman, and when she narrated to him my early struggles to earn a little money for our subsistence, he promised to waive his objections, although I must own, that I had not made much progress in any of the branches under his particular care. My friend, Professor Hardemann, did not wish me to abandon my studies. He visited my parents, and offered them his assistance to send me to the high school in Prague, but this, with the condition my poor parents were in, was impossible ; there was, however, the last professor, and the principal disciplinarian of the seminary, whom I had good reason to dread. With him I stood, like the ace of spades, all black ; even my trade of bird-catching was abhorred by him as an idle, good-for-nothing occupation, and he strongly suspected, that, when on several occasions the whole class was set in an

uproar and topsy-turvy by some bird that had been let fly, his former place had been my breeches pockets. But he had no positive proof, only *presumption* (even as the court and jury of San Antonio were made to supply by presuming, what even by false swearing they could not make out against me. The judge prostituted his calling by instructing the jury to supply the rest by presumption, and the obnoxious doctor was victimised, and made a sacrifice to bigotry, prejudice and malice. But I will not anticipate, all will come out in due time, and in a proper way, before the American public. It will clearly be seen who were the infamous individuals, that made themselves conspicuous to promote these infamous acts.) By the combined influence I passed honorably, and in spite of my implacable enemy, Professor M., I received the second honors, and was now as free as air. After I had applied and received my diploma I could go to learn a trade, whenever and wherever I pleased. But I had an opportunity to revenge myself on Professor M., that I made use of, in planning and carrying out one freak, which created some stir and set on foot strict inquiries, even from the police of the city of Kuttensburg. It was as follows: I had a chum or friend, several years older than myself, whose name I saw figuring in the years 1848 and 1849 as one of the Hungarian generals, and one of the best. His father was an officer at Vienna, and his uncle a city councillor in Kuttensburg. My friend lived with his uncle for the better advantages of the seminary; but being a very wild boy, he was in bad grace with the professor of discipline, and had been, through his influence, put back on two occasions, one year each time, to repeat the session. He was, however, free this time like myself, and as vacation commenced for the others, the seminary was abandoned for two months, with the exception of the few residing in the building. Professor M. was one of these. He occupied the north-west portion of the building. There

was a small yard, inclosed with a stone wall some twelve feet high, and on that side of the small park or square, where we witnessed the corporal punishment of the Austrian soldiers. Inside of this yard, and against the wall, Professor M. had a frame constructed, something like steps, on which he had a collection of several hundred various kinds of plants. He took great pride in this his hobby, and granted many favors to the boy that assisted him in watering them occasionally. Now, my friend and myself retired one day to the high tower of the cathedral of Saint Jacoby, as we wanted to be in the solitude of the sky above us, where we concocted our conspiracy. Our plans were made and formed with great precision and confidence of success, and as the result proved, worthy of the head of the future Hungarian general V. and his humble friend—who? Why the one that carried it out. My friend supplied me with money, and the following morning I rose early, and hastened to the wood-market. I purchased and paid for two loads of wood from countrymen, and gave them particular directions to follow me, and I would show them the place where I wanted them to unload the wood. They drove to the place indicated, while I went leisurely to join my friend in a little garret room in his uncle's house, at no great distance, from whence we had a view of the seminary premises. The lusty farmers commenced throwing their wood over the seminary wall, and on the collection of plants of Professor M., who soon emerged from his room and ran to the place of havoc: but the division wall was too high, and he could not stop the countrymen. He had to run through the whole seminary building to gain the main entrance, and also a good part of the street, and on his arrival the farmers had finished their job and were ready to start for home. The turmoil then commenced. The professor applied to the police, but the poor farmers could divulge nothing, because they knew nothing; perhaps they could point out the boy,

but to recognize him they must first see him. My friend and I remained in the little garret room until dusk, then we took a parting farewell, as he was to leave for Vienna on the following day, while I was to go with my father on a visit to my sisters in Saxony. This was the last I saw of my friend V. I knew nothing of his career since that day in September, 1822, until I saw his name associated with the Hungarian struggle for liberty. If he will ever see these memoirs, they will tell him the subsequent career of his friend and associate in our fracas with Professor M. How the latter enjoyed his supply of fuel for winter I never learned, in fact, I was very cautious not even to make inquiry after my return from Saxony. If ever any of my readers or my children shall visit Kutteneburg, and ascend the tower of the cathedral of Saint Jacoby Apostolo, they may find engraved on the largest bell in that tower a double wreath, and inside of said wreath the full name of my friend and mine, with day of the month in the year 1822. This was done with our penknives, after we had planned our scheme of revenge against Professor M. But for the present we will hasten to other subjects.

Dear Reader: We will take this opportunity to say something of a general nature about the city of Kutteneburg. The evident desire of the Austrian government seems to be to obliterate all and everything of the Bohemian nationality. All the acts of courts of justice, and the other transactions of the government are carried on in the German language, which language also formed one of our principal studies at the seminary. I was one of the best scholars in German, which I owed, however, more to the early strollings and journeys I made in company with my father or by myself. At the age of eight years I spoke German fluently. This was of some advantage to me, as I was frequently called upon by German officials to act as interpreter for them with my countrymen; at the same time, it gave me knowledge of

matters and things that did not always come within the notice of boys of my age, as also of many things connected with city affairs. But let us proceed. On the left precipice of the small rivulet of Kuttenberg almost all the principal public buildings are erected. We have noticed the grand cathedral of Saint Barbara, the principal protectress of the miners; then the grand building of the former convent of the Jesuits; then the stift or polytechnic school; then the seminary; then came an interval on the bluff where there was a garden, called Luthard's garden. This locality was supposed to be haunted, and many marvellous stories are afloat among the inhabitants, concerning the same. It is somewhat like the Alhambra, or the former residence of the Moorish kings of Granada in Andalusia, Spain. This locality in Kuttenberg is supposed to contain untold riches of buried treasure. It is said that some centuries back this garden was owned by an immensely rich citizen of Kuttenberg, named Luthard; that on one occasion the emperor visited him, and that Luthard served him a dish of jewels of great value, after the dinner and desert were over, as a present. That after dinner Luthard took the emperor through a secret door into a large artificial cavern, where untold riches were shown to the emperor, who asked Luthard what he intended to do with this immense treasure, and his reply was, that he had a daughter and the whole of it would be her dowry at her marriage; that the emperor was chagrined, as he had expected that Luthard would have devoted his riches to his service, but it was not so; that the daughter of Luthard had never married, and that after her death she was compelled to watch constantly this treasure, and as to the spirit of her father, he was generally occupied in counting these riches. Only one day in every year, viz.: Christmas night, the daughter is permitted to leave this cave, and that on such occasions she will appear to some young man in the city,

and urge him to follow her, and if he complies, she will lead him to the cave, and after exhibiting these immense riches, he is urged to marry the spectre lady; that of the many young men who have followed her to the cavern, not one had the courage to enter the matrimonial relations with the spectre, although they had been promised as their reward the possession of these immense riches; while the ceremony was only to restore the spirits of the daughter of Luthard and her father to eternal rest, otherwise they would be compelled to watch these immense treasures until judgment day. The entrance to this cave is so cunningly constructed, that even the miners by the closest scrutiny were never able to discover it. This is about the substance of the ridiculous stories connected with this locality, but thousands are credulous enough to believe it; in fact, there are always found some living witnesses ready to corroborate the truth. The last one that came to my notice was a journeyman hatter, employed in a hat factory near the garden. He was one of those that had followed the spectre lady into the cave and had seen the immense riches, but had not had the courage to enter the marriage state with the spectre, and when the hour of one struck on the cathedral steeple, he found himself standing before the perpendicular bluff of primitive rock, and could never discover the entrance. To this he was willing any time to make oath and take the sacrament to verify the truthfulness of his statement, and he was generally believed by the people of Kuttenberg. After passing this garden we come to the cathedral of Saint Jacoby Apostolo. Its steeple is considered the highest in Bohemia. Immediately adjoining this cathedral is an extensive pile of buildings in a circular form, called the Welshburg. It seems to have served formerly as a national assembly building, at present it is the abode of several hundred German officials. Immediately adjoining this is the sombre and also circular building of the prison of Kuttenberg,

the principal one of the province or department of Chaslau, and in it are constantly found a number of inmates, and thousands of victims to despotism have been incarcerated in this prison. Within these massive and gloomy walls you will find all the diabolical instruments formerly used to extort confessions of guilt from the poor wretch who happened to be subjected to the torture.

All who will inspect those diabolical implements, will find plain evidence that they have been well used. But the American reader, who has examined into the criminal code of Austria, will not be able to form correct conclusions; he will read there, that no man or woman, by the laws of Austria, can be convicted of any capital or other offence without having first confessed his or her guilt. This looks liberal at first view; but if he looks deeper into the subject, he will soon be astonished and disgusted, nay, horrified, on beholding the infamous legal practices connected with the painful prosecutions of the poor wretches who are subjected to this brutal and horrid practice. The examinations are secret, and all is written down, and every statement the criminal makes, involving or naming a second party, officers are immediately despatched to ascertain the correctness of the statement, and if an untruth, either real or pretended, is detected, a bell is rung by one of the examiners, and a bench brought in with the necessary implements, on which the wretch is subjected, without mercy, to receive a number of blows, after which he is again subjected to an examination. Should he lie or blunder a second time, the same process is repeated with a number of blows increased two and three times, and so on, until he will generally end his sufferings, for the time being, by a full admission of his guilt. I cannot see any difference in this from the old tortures and the Spanish inquisition, only a change in the mode and the tools employed. The jailor and his assistants are

always in attendance to inflict these tortures, that being the principal part of their duties of office, as well as to administer the assessed number of blows periodically to sentenced criminals. If the person prosecuted or condemned is a woman, then the wife of the jailor, or the wives of some of his assistants are selected, and trained to inflict the tortures, for which they are paid an extra stipend. The *modus operandi* in the latter case is different. A small bundle or little broom of birch are firmly tied together, and occasionally inserted into boiling water, so as to be made pliable; the poor female is likewise laid on the bench, and a number of blows inflicted on her naked body, each of which will draw blood copiously, and the process repeated until confession is extorted. This may be and is done to those that are under process of prosecution, who may be perfectly innocent, as also to those who are condemned by the laws of Austria to imprisonment. This cruel barbarity is practiced in a so-called Christian and civilized country. When we read the accounts of the flogging of Hungarian women, by the order of Fieldmarshal Haynau, we were horrified, and poor Haynau was mobbed by the brewers of London, while in fact he only exercised the rule, common in the whole of Austria, under all circumstances, where females are subjected to criminal prosecutions. Thousands of pages could be filled with the horrid and disgusting accounts of barbarities to tender females by Austrian officials, both civil and military; but the subject is too revolting, and humanity shudders on hearing that such degrading scenes are still tolerated under the imperial Austrian government. The time is not far distant, when the double-headed bird of prey, the Austrian eagle, will be called to account by the more enlightened of European countries, like the Neapolitan tyrant, who is a near relative of the Austrian monarch, and who had to give way to the pressure from outside, and was checked in the exercise of his cruelties. But Austria is

too powerful. Circumstances, however, may work a change, and she will and must be humbled, and the condition of the poor subjects must be bettered, particularly in Bohemia.

But let us hasten from these horrid reminiscences. This prison is the last building on the brow of the precipice; the ground commences to slope down from this locality until we arrive at the lower portion of the city, built on the plain below. There are several other public buildings in different parts of the city. The Ursuline convent is the second great building in Kutteneberg. It is almost as large as the old Jesuit convent, adjoining St. Barbara. The Ursulines were at this time sixteen in number, besides novices; they are to the city, in respect to female children, what the seminary is with respect to boys. The Ursulines have their own domains and other property, managed for them by a similar number of officers as are managing the estates of the nobility. They have a very neat little church connected with their convent, and in it you will find painted upon the ceiling, as in a thousand other churches in Catholic countries, the supposed day of judgment, this grand theological myth, only secondary to the grand generalissimo of old theology, Satan. On this picture, the diseased and perverted mind of the artist, like the equally diseased and perverted minds of millions, who call themselves Christians, vividly depicts the so-called separation of the good sheep, or the select, from the goats. You see that the larger number will be the latter, and you also see the supposed Son of God, the very fountain of *unlimitable* and *unextinguishable Love*, yes, the Son of that God who has created all these poor creatures, and could foretell their destinies, you behold him with wrath upon his countenance, giving his last mandate to the archangel Michael, who, in obedience to it, with the legions under his command, hurls down into the everlasting fire of hell, and unto the keeping of Satan and his legions of infernal imps, those myriads of poor creatures, who were

created for such an inconsistent and cruel destiny. Truly, such a system of religious belief, that could attribute to the grand positive mind, the Father, God of all the universe, such satanic and hellish attributes of unsatiated revenge *everlasting*, the theological myth, towards creatures of his own make and handiwork, such creeds need all the patching and polishing that has been expended upon it, by millions of perverted minds for centuries. I could not help, on beholding the angry countenance of Christ, depicted on this painting, to be reminded of the scene in the temple, when he flagellated and drove out the gamblers, and my ideas, even of his divinity, were considerably cooled off. Then, in beholding those by agony distorted countenances of the damned, the question would occur to me: "Shall I be one in their midst, at the last day of judgment?" If so, no doubt, my loved and much cherished mother will, of course, be among the elect, the sheep on the right, and will be a witness of her poor son's doom to *everlasting* tortures, and, according to the parable of Dives and Lazarus, will not be permitted to reach even a drop of water to the parched lips of her poor child. Methinks, her heavenly pleasures will be anything else than those described by the mythology of this day. These are grand and sublime conceptions. It does, indeed, require thousands of years to develop them; but the ways of the Lord are mysterious and above our comprehension, as the canting parson will say when he has no words left for argument, and so they all go round and round in a circle. Catholicism, Protestantism, and all the other isms, or advocates of these infernal doctrines, are only modifications of the wonder-workings of Saint Prokope on Sasawa; they all have the same foundations, on which are erected their mythological superstructures, being *supernatural*, not natural, as they should be. Truly, the second coming of the true redeemer of mankind, Wisdom, is sadly needed in these days.

This picture on the ceiling of the little church, which I was contemplating in the convent of the Ursulines in Kuttentberg, is only a representation of thousands, nay millions of similar pictures, that have been impressed on the perverted minds of the believers of those anti-Christian dogmas. I was still contemplating it on one occasion, even after the service of the mass was over, my good sire and myself being left alone in the little church. He tipped me on the shoulder and said: "Come, come, Anthony." Noticing that I was still lingering behind, he said: "Well, what is it that attracts your attention, my son?" My reply was: "Father, why is it that one portion of the hosts of angels that are painted as accompanying Christ, have whole bodies, feet, and all, together with their little wings; while a portion of them have only heads, arms, shoulders, and their little wings?" My father never lacked the talent of inventing and quoting scriptural comparisons, like our parsons, when perplexed for a reply, so he waggishly informed me "that he believed the angels with the whole bodies were the souls of men, and those only with heads, arms, and shoulders the souls of women; and as the women are considered the most sinful of the sexes, at their presentation before the heavenly gates, Saint Peter and his assistants, with a pair of tremendous shears, will clip them in two, and admit only the upper portion of their body, while the rest is thrown away. You see, my son, mother Eve brought, by her sinning, all this immense trouble upon the human race, and was the cause of all those myriads of poor damned souls being hurled into the everlasting torments of hell." "But, father, who created mother Eve?" "Ah, my son, don't ask silly questions; the ways of the Lord are beyond our comprehension. As to women sinning, we have evidences too numerous, even in the sacred records. Lot's daughters made their father drunk with wine, so that they could have connection with him and bear children from him. What wicked creatures the

women are." "But, father, did old Lot sin likewise?" "I suppose he did; but he was a holy man, and one of the Lord's, own people, consequently his sins were not so grave." My father liked to spend his satire on this and similar cant. If my readers think the picture is overdrawn, let them look around, and behold the evidences everywhere of the abject condition poor women are placed in: even in your progressed America she is the sinner. A poor girl is seduced, perhaps to save herself from starvation, and she gets the cold shoulder of this unfeeling world, even of her own sex. She is despised wherever she goes, while the seducer, who is the gentleman, is admitted into society, and by many considered very smart. having had success with the women. This instance could be multiplied, and with all sorts of variations are everywhere ramified into what is called society in the South. 'A young *gentleman* will increase the number of his father's negroes, and thereby add to the wealth of the estate. But if the facts become known, it is merely a youthful folly; no young lady of any sense would reject his suit on that account; his respectability increases with the increase of the number of cotton bales that fall to his share, no matter if the increase is owing to practices similar to his own. But let this be reversed; let any one of his sisters commit a similar act, and what is the consequence? Why, to have a mulatto child, Mrs. Grundy would wring her hands in perfect horror. "Why," she will exclaim, "She is ruined for ever!" Yes, I doubt, that according to the common reasoning, even Saint Peter would be willing to admit her *clipped* body into the realms of heavenly bliss, where her brother is bouncing in the glory and enjoyment of his lower extremities. Now I challenge all the Mrs. Grundies of America to point out to me the moral difference in these two cases, it is your perverted prejudices that are leading you astray in all your reasonings; your best judgments are taken captive; the best impul-

ses of your heart are darkened by them, and it is your theology that has perverted your minds. Your professions of Christianity are a sham; you do neither understand nor practice its doctrines; the divine principle of love, as taught by Christ, is darkened by the hatred of the so-called Christian churches; his examples of charity, as shown to poor adulterous Magdalen, are perverted by your persecutions of the type of that poor creature. If I could collect the private histories of the thousands of prostitutes or frail women of the city of New York, what startling developments would be made, and what astonishment and horror would it produce on all philanthropic minds. Truly, we need a new dispensation, to brighten and carry out the true Christianity of love, in elevating your Magdalens, like Christ did the one that appealed to him. Nay, elevate the female character by elevating their condition; take away all the inducements, and commence your reforms with your own self. If you would but apply one-half the treasure uselessly expended to uphold your religious dogmas, your shrines of Saint Prokope on Sasawa, your grand painters of those hellish pictures of your minds about the last judgment day, and combat Satan in all his forms and shapes, until you have conquered and driven him out of fair America; all your systems of religious dogmas, your missionaries, your millions of treasury uselessly expended, all will be in vain. This generation needs a regeneration; your minds are filled with the devil; your fair and lovely women are in slavery, mental and physical; you need a Huss, or a Luther of some sterner positive material of mind from your midst, a religious reformer of the Henry Clay or Daniel Webster order, to take the bull by the horns, and hurl him down into the everlasting pit of contempt, and you will be free.

But let us proceed. On the banks of the little rivulet in the lower part of the city of Kuttensburg, you see before the city gates, in the direction of Chaslau, a large

building of rather antiquated appearance. You approach this building, and in front of the gates on a sunny day you will see a large number of old people, males and females, dressed in peculiar, dark-grey cloaks and other apparel, with yellow facings, a sort of burlesque on the military; and what could be more ridiculous than to see a large number of old and decrepid people dressed in such mummerly. But for all that, this is one of the best monuments of this city; it is the hospital or asylum for destitute and aged people, particularly the old miners and their widows, having been founded some centuries back by a benevolent and rich citizen of Kuttenberg. It has also its domains that are managed, like the rest of this kind of property, by a bevy of officials. This is a great abuse in Austria, as the large number of officers generally absorb and consume the greater portion of the revenues; but as it is, this hospital, as I said before, is of great benefit to the poor and indigent.

For me, this building received fresh interest in my memoirs, even here in America, from the fact that within its walls, in the year 1830, my good old father found an asylum at the age of seventy-six, and lived in it four years, until his demise, in 1834. His last remains were followed by all the inmates of this hospital able to walk, as mourners, also by the miners of Kank and Kuttenberg in their uniforms. His old miner's decorations and uniform covered the humble but very large coffin, and his remains were deposited in the neighboring church-yard of Saint Lazarus. His youngest and favorite son was at this period residing on the banks of the Mississippi River, in the city of the Bluffs, Natchez, as will be perceived in perusing these memoirs. But I must not anticipate. The account of my father's death and funeral I received in a letter written to me by my eldest sister, the only one of his children present at his death. But we will proceed. A short distance down

from the hospital, on the north bank of the rivulet, we arrive before a magnificent pile of buildings of gothic architecture. This is the great cathedral of the village, and former large convent of Sedlitz, built in the shape of a large cross. It is one of the largest churches in Bohemia, but stands neglected; its walls are green with moss; the pavements around are grassy. The adjoining large building, formerly the convent dormitories, and other houses occupied by the monks, are now used for the manufacture of tobacco. You see the representation of the Austrian double eagle at every entrance. Within it several hundred workmen are employed, mostly males, selected out of the number of discharged soldiers; the females also are only such as have a claim to some preferment, on account of services rendered by their parents to the State in some capacity. When the bells ring for dismissal, they are subjected to a rigid search of their persons, before they are permitted to depart. Tobacco, in Austria, is a government article, and only sold by the government; even the growing of tobacco is done only in particular provinces, mostly in Hungary, and those who cultivate this article cannot dispose of it in any way but to the government. It is an article of revenue, and therefore such rigidity is used towards the workmen employed in its manufacture. But, as I said before, the Jews have control over all such branches of the Austrian revenues, in lieu of the advances they are making to the government. But let us proceed. This convent and grand church date their foundation anterior to that of the city of Kutttenberg, and it was by one of the early monks of this monastery that the rich mines of silver were discovered; at present, the village of Sedlitz forms a grand domain, belonging to the Duke of Schwartzenberg, of the Napoleonic memoirs of 1814-1815. This personage fills in Austria a very prominent position, like General Blücher in Prussia, or Wellington in England; in fact, all the great commanders connected with

the general onslaught and who contributed to the downfall of this, the greatest general, and the best democratic emperor that Europe ever had, yes, all those comparative pigmies, who warred with this gigantic genius, are supposed to be endowed with extraordinary talents. It is disgusting to witness, in the states of the grand allies, the laudations and extolling tributes to these great pigmies, whom any of Napoleon's captains, and an equal number of men, could have drove before him, as done over and over again. But England had money, and as long as money is paid, the Germans were and are always ready to send their thousands to any country that will find the means to pay their rations, and their bier and tobacco. This is quasi or brewer's patriotism. But let us proceed. We see an old church in Sedlitz, as you begin to ascend our former standpoint on the heights of Kuttenberg. We will pay it a visit; it has no remarkable appearance, except that of great age, as the extraordinary large trees standing around it fully prove. It has derived some notoriety from the fact, that during the wars of the Hussites the monks of the monastery of Sedlitz took strong ground in exculpating the emperor from his treachery to Huss and the Bohemian nation, and the consequence was, that the terrible leader of the Hussites visited Sedlitz, and, surrounding the convent buildings, had every monk brought out and hanged on these identical large trees, near this little church; and confiscated their property, and the riches of the convent, to the use of the state. Now, beneath this church, *i. e.*, under ground, is a church of similar size, or perhaps much larger. This spot is known as the catacombs of this locality, being filled with tens of thousands skulls and thigh-bones of human skeletons. They are all fancifully and artistically arranged in piles on every side of the church; even the ceiling is full. You see suspended on wires the skeleton heads of bishops, mitred abbots, and other

church dignitaries, all decorated with their insignia; also, high officers of state, rich and influential citizens of Kank or Kuttentberg, distinguished miners, and finally, tens of thousands plebeian skulls. What a feast they would make for a professor of phrenology, and what a large supply he could collect here for his cabinet! One characteristic you will see here in Bohemia, that you would miss in America, if you had such a collection as this, only for the time your country's recent settlement would admit of collecting. I do not mean the large, broad skulls, and the prominent cheek-bones that distinguish the natives of my country, but the sound rows of teeth all the skulls exhibit, even those of evidently old persons. The dentist is unknown in Bohemia, hence this is evidence that this nation have been spared the great havoc, greater than war, pestilence, or famine; I mean the fell destroyer, or grand medical Samson, king *Calomel*. Yes, poor deluded America has been victimized, and is so still, by this greatest of humbugs of this day. It makes no difference whether this vile poison is administered by the first savior of the land, or by the veriest knave or fool, it is all the same. There is no man living who could determine with precision how it will act; and when it has once taken the lead in the human system, there is no man living who can stop it, or eradicate fully and clearly the effects of it from the human body. What a spectacle would the skulls present of the persons that have died in New York city alone, within the last fifty years! Do you think they would bear comparison with this collection at Sedlitz, with their rows of human teeth. There was as large a collection as the one here, adjoining the grand cemetery near Saint Mary's church in Kuttentberg. But in 1823, at the great conflagration, the building was consumed by fire. Perhaps it is the best use that could be made of those remains, unless it be that the police of Hamburg, in the year 1831, broke in among the sugar refiners,

who were detected of having made use of those remains for the purpose of sugar refining. If such practice could be applied to the filthy weed, tobacco, it might have the effect, with some of the consumers, to leave off this filthiest of all practices. But let us proceed.

In the spring of 1823, almost one-half of the city of Kuttenberg was consumed by fire; the conflagration lasted ten days, and was only arrested for want of fuel. The old city, where the houses were mostly covered with high shingle roofs, burned like powder. Nothing was saved, except some of the large public buildings, the roofs of which were covered with heavy tiles, and consequently fire-proof. Many lives were lost, and prodigies of valor and deeds of daring were accomplished to save the lives and property of the citizens. Particularly the miners distinguished themselves. My gigantic old father worked day and night; he naturally took command of some hundred or more of his younger companions, and it was he and his band that saved the church of Notre Dame, when its high steeple was blazing up to the skies, and was half consumed. He received the public thanks afterwards from the city magistrates, but this did not save him from a very serious attack of sickness, the consequence of his extraordinary exertions. I myself was too busy for days and nights. It seems I went everywhere, and saw everything, climbing up higher than anybody else, and no danger could stop me. It was my slim body that was forced through a narrow window in an old house in Maiden Lane, when the front and roof were burning. I was elevated to this narrow opening, and entered a chamber, from which I felt my way through the smoke, carrying in my arms a child some two summers old, and bringing it safe to the arms of its frantic mother. I was not glad at having effected this successfully, but felt truly sorry that I could do no more, as in this very house several persons lost their lives. I saw some days afterwards several

charred bodies of females, taken out of the embers, and oh! I almost fainted at the idea that I did not succeed in rescuing those poor creatures, and it worried me exceedingly; but I could do no more than I did, being but a boy in his thirteenth year. As soon as the flames abated, I did not forget my desire for gain, particularly as I saw the poor condition of my father. I soon found profitable employment in gathering the nails and other iron left in the walls and on the ground within the burned houses. I would apply to the owners for permission to collect for them these articles for a small stipend. I climbed on the tops of the tottering walls and searched among the embers and ashes for these articles. I got the job from a rich merchant, the owner of very large domains in one of the faubourgs of the city, which had also been consumed; he agreed to pay me a certain amount of pennies for each pound of nails, bolts, and other useful iron. I got a small keg, and having gathered it full, went to a grocer, and requested him to weigh it for me. He gave me the true weight, and after reweighing and discounting the keg, I kept gathering and delivering keg after keg, counting all correctly and marking them down. I would get up long before daylight, get my scanty breakfast and take a small tin kettle containing my scanty dinner, and return late at night, as the place was several English miles distant from our abode. For about one month I gathered diligently, and my prospect brightened every day. According to my account I had due me nearly eighty florins Austrian currency, something like ten dollars in the currency of the United States. This was to my vision an immense sum, in fact so much money I had not seen at home since the swindling operation of Chapek on my poor father. My task was completed, and I presented myself before my employer for settlement, but was astonished and confounded; by *his* counting and by *his* reckoning I had only twenty florins in all due me, and no argument

of mine could convince him that I was correct. He strongly hinted, that if I was not satisfied, he would withhold the twenty florins also. My knees tottered under me, and my body shivered like an aspen leaf. I was a poor boy, not yet thirteen years old; he a rich merchant, and a strict member of the church, having the supervision of all church repairs. I had no other testimony but my own. So what could I do but pocket my chagrin. However, as it was, this sum was really a God-send to my poor parents. My mother was gradually sinking into the grave, and my father stretched low on the bed of sickness. Our resources were very scanty, therefore, as I said before, this sum was a God-send. My poor mother pressed me to her bosom and wept with me over the wrongs I had suffered, and the unjust treatment I had received. As soon as my father was somewhat recovered, I begged my parents to let me learn a trade. There were, however, great difficulties in the way. The customary entrance money was to be paid, but we could not raise it. I had plenty opportunities to learn a trade, where the master offered to defray all the expenses for me. My father's friend and mine, the master baker Polack, who some years back gave me the pretzels to carry, called several times; but all such trades I did not like. I wanted to be a machinist, but in Kutttenberg I could not enter as apprentice without money at this particular trade, so after much consultation I proposed to my parents to let me go to Saxony to my sisters, and get some assistance from them. This was agreed upon, and I was soon on my way thither. On arriving there, my sisters and their husband's relatives had a project for me to remain in Saxony and learn a trade there. A master was soon found. A wealthy miller, named Keller, in the town of Hirschfeld in upper Lausatia, offered to take me, as he was also a machinist and had a shop attached to his mills. I became his apprentice, and remained with him one year. In the

meantime my mother's health declined rapidly, and the only favor she asked of my father was, to bring her dear boy before her, ere she should die. My father, therefore, had to go to Saxony after me. It took him several weeks before he could persuade Mr. Keller to let me depart. His wife and only child, a boy about eight years of age, hung to my neck, and did all they could to induce my father to leave me with them. I had to promise that I would return again. Master Ernest Keller, the boy, insisted, that as soon as he would become a man, and his father would give him his place in the business, Anthony had to be his manager. Mrs. Keller so far qualified this proposition that I was to marry their little niece, Johanna Keller, and live with them all the time. Such were their hopes and arrangements, destined, however, never to be accomplished. But I will hereafter come to speak of these people again, for the present we must return to Bohemia, whither I wended my way in company with my dear old father. On our way home he showed me the spot, in the valley of the Isar, where he was stopped and arrested, and from whence he was carried to Prague. After his arrest he gave me full details of all the particular circumstances of this to me important and eventful period, as it had the effect to bring out my energies at the unusual young age of eight. I could truly say that from that day to this, I had to depend on my own resources for the means of existence. But let us proceed. We soon arrived at our humble home in Kuttenberg; my poor mother almost fainted with excitement and joy on beholding me once more; she could not satisfy herself in looking at me and was surprised at my tall appearance and growth, since I had left home, but then she sadly remarked: "My poor boy! No one seems to care for you now but your poor parents; in a few more years, when I am dead and gone, the emperor will find you out, and take you into his dreadful service, like my dear first-born Wenzeslas. He was only

eighteen, when the recruiting officers carried him away from us, and he was sent with his regiment to the frontiers of Turkey, and three years subsequently he died in the hospital at Peterwardein. I see nothing before you, my dear Anthony, but a like prospect of slavery." "My dear mother," I replied, "do not fear, I will stay near you as long as God will permit you to remain with us on earth, and after that nothing shall bind me to Austria. My poor old father would be compelled to be without me, even if I remained in the empire. I shall find ways and friends to assist me in my escape or expatriation." On this occasion I had my friends, the Kellers, in my mind, as they resided in another kingdom, and I was sure of their assistance; so after remaining a month at home, I again longed to resume my trade. I found no difficulty now to get in with a machinist, as I was something of an adept in much of the work belonging to their calling. My first year was counted, and I was to be a fellow-craft in two years. I even received a small stipend of weekly wages, and had my Sundays free, and also other leisure hours, to spend in company with my dear mother. This was for me a comparatively happy time, as I gave great satisfaction to my master and to those who employed us. Thus I progressed until the year 1825. While at work at a place called Bastau on the river Elbe, about a league from Kutttenberg, I received a hasty message to hasten to my mother, as she was then at the point of death. I set out with great haste immediately, and was not too late, but found my dear poor mother lying speechless on the bed. She motioned me with her eyes to approach her. I knelt beside the bed and commenced to sob as though my bosom would burst. My dear mother slowly and feebly raised her right hand to my head, and with her clammy fingers made the mark of a cross on my forehead; her hand glided down a little and rested in my curly hair. A few seconds after I raised my eyes to look up into

hers, but her spirit had departed to higher and brighter realms above. This sad scene made such a solemn impression on me that nothing else that has happened to me since, during my eventful career of thirty-four years, was equal to it; I could not partake of any food for three days. I would creep from my sleepless pallet during the hours of night, and lay my head on the breast of the corpse, and remain there for hours at a time. My poor father was equally affected; his dearest companion during forty odd years of his earthly career had departed, and left him almost alone, as he foresaw that after the death of my mother my stay with him would be a very brief one. In Kuttensburg it is customary to keep the corpse of a deceased person for three days before burial, the salubrious climate admitting of this custom. My mother's corpse was carried off to its resting place near the church of Notre Dame. I soon returned to my master, and my poor father remained solitary and forsaken. After several weeks I noticed his extraordinary sadness and his forlorn condition, and I determined to induce one of my sisters to come to him and solace him in his old and lonely days. I selected the only one I could somewhat control, as two were married and had families in Saxony. One was in Vienna, and so situated that she could not come home; so I selected the nun of the convent of Lauban. This was my dearest and most beloved sister, named Mary. She was also herself an invalid, and no place could have been selected better adapted to her condition than this convent of the sisters of charity at Lauban in upper Lausatia. She was fortunately still a novice, having not yet taken her final vow. I wrote to her, and received her answer. Her mind was not easy, owing to religious scruples, about her complying with my request. She had to consult her superiors, as also the spiritual adviser, and their decision was against me. But I was not to be baffled; even at this early day, no pope, no priest,

no earthly spiritual power would I own against my own convictions of right and wrong. The result was, that my eloquence with my dear sister Mary went to her heart, so that I triumphed, although it was believed that she committed a sacrilege. On this point, however, I found many Catholic priests (be it said to their credit) who sided with me and sanctioned my sister's filial sacrifice. The poor creature did not remain long with us, as she left us in the year 1828, and my poor old father was again solitary and alone, until two years subsequently, as already noticed, he found an asylum in the Kuttenberg hospital. The time now approached when I was to be dubbed a fellow craftsman, or journeyman machinist. I was a little over sixteen years of age, and my experience was already superior to that of many grown men. In America I would still have been considered a boy, being in regard to age nothing else, but when the quarterly meeting was held, and I paid the usual sum into the common treasury, my master led me among the assembled craftsmen, and putting a new leather apron before me, dubbed me a fellow craft. I was immediately surrounded by my new companions, all of whom addressed me for the first time with the *fraternal* pronoun, to which I responded, receiving their hearty welcome and congratulations, and drinking separately with each a particular toast. I was now introduced in the general assembly as a free fellow craft. I cannot do justice to the subject in describing this old-fashioned custom and the ceremonies of this institution. I remained in the employ of my old master some six months. No one thought it essential or necessary in my case that I should enter on my journeys, it being well known and admitted, that I had more travelling experience than many others after their three years' absence. But I did not think so, therefore in the year 1827 I took out the requisite papers, and commenced my journey in earnest. My first desire was to travel all through the kingdom of Bohemia, and visit all the remark-

able places I had not seen before; every old castle, old monastery, the various celebrated shrines, the large churches, large towns, factories of every kind, were, owing to my calling as a machinist, the very points of my travels and also of my support. I spent one year in traveling through the kingdom of Bohemia, particularly the mountainous districts had for me, on account of their numerous manufactories, great attractions. I would go many miles out of my way to climb to the top of some high mountain.

In the year 1828, on the third of April, I visited the top of the Snowden or Snowkappe, the highest mountain in Bohemia. I could not ascend by the regular way to the chapel, as the season was too early by a month. I therefore went by way of the north slope, over snow and ice, until I arrived on the top. I was the first visitor that year, and spent several days on the high ridges that divide Bohemia from Silesia. I had a fine view over a large part of the kingdoms of Prussia, Saxony, and Bohemia. On a clear day you can see three capital cities, hundreds of other large cities, and thousands of villages, as also Prague, Breslau, and the vicinity of Berlin and of Dresden. I visited the romantic districts called Saxon Switzerland; the celebrated watering-places of Töplitz, Carlsbad, and Francensbrun, also the frontier town and fortress of Eger, the place of Wallenstein's assassination. At this time I was taken with an attack of chills and fever, so I determined to go to the Bohemian capital, Prague, to be benefited by treatment in the hospital of the Charitable Brotherhood. I applied to the grand-master of my craft for a certificate, and was admitted into the convent. This one is the largest of its class in the Austrian Empire, and perhaps in Europe. I remained there a month, when I was pronounced well, and dismissed. I shall therefore make an attempt to describe this grand institution. It is a very extensive building, on the right

bank of the river Moldau, in the old city. The building is shaped like a large cross; the wards below are so laid out that they also form a large cross; the central part is elevated, and forms the church, being so arranged that the ceremonies of the Catholic church may be witnessed by all the patients in the large wards. The latter are magnificently furnished and decorated, each forming a very long and wide hall, the central portion of which is laid out or paved with mosaic marble. The sides are neatly floored, and a sort of connecting ornamented frame-work of rows of bedsteads arranged on both sides of the grand hall. This frame is curtained off very richly and tastefully, mostly with bluish, green, and yellow silk. These are easily drawn apart, to give a clear view towards the grand altar, when the service of mass is celebrated. Each one of the many patients has his separate conveniences; each two beds have a window with recess, in which you find a small table and chair, for the accommodation of the nursing brother or friar. The number of monks was fifty, but only thirty were present, as twenty of the younger monks were continually traveling through Bohemia on begging excursions. They go to every place, take everything that is offered, even a bundle of straw is thankfully received, and applied for the benefit of the sick. When the patients are admitted, no difference is made on account of religion: Jew, Turk, Catholic, and Protestant, all are treated alike. Their effects are scrupulously numbered and registered by an elder brother, called warden, or nursing father, and remain under his care until the dismissal or death of the patient. If death ensues, his papers are examined, and his relatives and the public authorities of his native place duly notified, and his effects placed at their disposal, no charges whatsoever being made, but any gift is thankfully accepted. The greatest kindness and consideration are shown to the patients.

Every morning after mass the bell rings and all the monks, from the superior of the convent down to the youngest brother, turn out and go regularly from ward to ward and make up and arrange the beds. The patients are moved or lifted tenderly; those that can support themselves, rise of their own accord. Each has a convenient, warm robe, or night gown, alongside his bed, which is put on, while up, also, a pair of easy slippers and a cap; all the underclothing likewise belongs to the convent; in fact, I saw a poor destitute being brought to the convent, when the monks would take off his rags, put him in a bath, and even his hair would be neatly trimmed and his beard shaved off, and he be clothed out and out in clean garments, and his bed assigned to him. A little while after the beds have been made, the time arrives for the physician's visits, there being one or more of the most eminent city physicians, attending this hospital. Several of the monks are also physicians and apothecaries. These attend on the physicians from one patient to the other; every prescription is duly recorded in the book of the nursing monks, also the particular diet and the quantity are put down, not only in the book, but also on a handy little black board, suspended over the patient's bed; his drink is also regulated. I saw no water used, but there were aromatic and pleasant teas, warm and cold, served in large pewter pitchers. In front of each bed stood an ingenious little table, that could be moved and arranged so as almost to enable the patient to get anything on it without changing his position. Above each bed was suspended a tasseled and soft cord, by means of which a patient would be enabled in turning or rising to a sitting position; in fact, every convenience was amply provided. After the visits of the physicians the other visitors are admitted. I saw among them the greatest aristocrats of the kingdom; the Duke Kinsky and his wife were frequent visitors within those walls. Here is a chance to study human na-

ture in its noblest and best forms; here among hundreds of sick and destitute, mostly strangers in a strange land, you will find almost every nationality represented; here we might presume an aristocrat to be out of his place, but no; he comes hither as a man, to sympathize and give relief to his brother. This was and is to me still the greatest hope, that thousands of the high born, who were so by circumstances, and whose humanity may have been perverted and stultified, would yet in due time, and when opportunity offered, bring about a reform; in fact, we have thousands of noble examples before us in latter days, like that of General Lafayette, who make the public cause their own. My sickness, while in the convent, was not of such a nature that it confined me much to bed. I found among the monks a townsman of mine, not exactly from Kuttenberg, but from Sedlitz; he was one of the monk physicians, and as my sickness was such that I had mostly a ravenous appetite, this friend of mine would break the rules of the medical faculty, and at every meal he took with his brothers, he would slip into his empty pockets sundry legs of fowl, pieces of pies or pastries, &c., &c., which were soon transferred under the convenient night gown of his countryman from Kuttenberg. I soon found means, through his assistance, to obtain permission to make myself useful to the nurses: even at the hour of making up the beds I would lend the monks a helping hand. This soon made me a privileged character. I had a *carte blanc* to visit the different wards, and even the large and splendidly cultivated garden was free to me. On one occasion I abused this privilege. I found the large gateway open in front of the river Moldau, and could not resist the temptation to descend to the water's edge in my night gown and slippers, when two of the monks approached from the city towards the gate, and on beholding me, raised a shout. I was so alarmed that I took to my heels and ran for life through the gate.

towards the convent. One of the monks proved to be my friend, and he teased me much about my flight and observed: "Anthony, I am very sorry that I shall soon lose you, a young man who can use his feet as you did, will not remain long with us." I felt almost sorry and sad when the time arrived for my dismissal, as I had formed an attachment for my friend as well as for several of the monks. The head-warden kept many birds in cages. I soon relieved him of the task of feeding them and cleaning their cages. He had several larks, I mean European larks, of course, which he trained to sing several lively tunes. Hid in a secluded place with a small sweet-toned organ, they would imitate the tunes beautifully and sweetly. I would take his part of a teacher sometimes, and all this gave me more amusement than the place and occasion warranted. I visited the other places in the convent, the extensive drug store, the bathing establishment and the vapor baths. There was one mode of treatment I have missed in America, during my visits in such institutions as a medical man. This was an extensive medical flora, used here in Prague, that would have satisfied even a botanic physician of America. There were vapor baths, tepid baths with different herbs in them; there were herbs mashed and boiled, and arranged in little sacks to be applied to the patient's body; in fact, the charitable brotherhood of Prague seem to me to have retained much of the old galenic or herbal experiences in medical practice, that have perhaps descended to them through the monks or convents of the middle ages. It would have been fortunate for the human family, if the mineral era in medicine had never been introduced, in fact, it was a retrogression. The minerals are a lower development of the Earth, the vegetation is a higher development and nearer our physical organism, consequently all our remedial agents should be searched out from the vegetable kingdom, until mankind has progressed higher still, then even

this will be too rude, and a higher order and more subtle remedies will be the proper ones. As it is, medicine is very unprogressive, made so by the bigotry and intolerance of the medical priesthood. It is like theology traveling round and round in a circle. But as this subject will form a large portion of my future memoirs, I will drop it here. I visited the chapel appropriated to the deceased. The corpses are cleanly dressed before burial, but many find their way from here into the dissecting rooms of the medical colleges. This, however, is of little consequence, being after all, merely an idea. I have witnessed some very affecting scenes in this convent, previous to the death of some of the patients. But the treatment could not have been better or kinder. I have retained, even to this day, a pleasant and grateful recollection of this institution, and were the Roman Catholic Church replete in all its branches with such fruit as this, it would truly deserve to be classed as the first Christian Church; but I am sorry to say that this rule does not hold good, when we examine the other ramifications very closely. Nevertheless this convent of the charitable brotherhood will be classed by me as one of the best and most benevolent institutions in the Austrian empire.

Before again leaving the Bohemian capital, I will take the reader to the renowned Jews' quarter of Prague, and will state to the reader some facts relative to this much oppressed and generally despised people. Prague will serve only as a sample of hundreds of other cities, not only in Austria, but in many other countries in Europe. The Jews' quarter is within the old city, on the right bank of the river Moldau. On approaching this overcrowded locality, your nostrils will be offended by the various fumes of filthy evaporations. Here you see a perfect bee-hive or ant hill of human creatures, filthy raggamuffins of both sexes, covered with vermin. Chatham street, in New York, is a paradise in compar-

ison with this district, or Monmoth street in London. But unfortunately, mankind generally judge everything by appearances, and superficially; too little attention is bestowed on the laws of cause and effect, and its ultimate. Take, for example, ten thousand of the best and most perfectly developed inhabitants of the city of New York, males and females, sunder them apart, and coop them up within a narrow space, in some strong secluded locality, and keep them so for centuries, and you will have precisely a similar result as we every day see in the Jews' quarter in Prague, or in the quarter called Alsatia in the old city of London. Then, why despise and loath these poor creatures? Who is the party to blame? Why, the governments that are and have been oppressing and retarding the progress of a portion of the human family. It is the law of nature. You try it in your garden among your plants; obstruct and retard their growth, and the result will be the same. But we will examine the Jews' quarter nevertheless, as we find it.

Before entering, my dear reader, let us divest ourselves of everything valuable, or we will surely not return in such condition as we entered. I believe even as we are, we will be transformed into something else in appearance, as our boots and shoes, our pantaloons, our coats, hats, cravats, or anything we may wear on our body, will surely be swopped off for something else, and that something else perhaps again for something else, and we will be truly fortunate, if after two hours' strolling we can emerge again without being entirely in *deshabille*. There is no chance of resisting, being pulled hither and thither; better give up at once, and see what the result will be of the universal plague of *chachre* (barter) in the Jews' quarter of Prague. There is, indeed, nothing that you may have, which you cannot exchange for something else. I would pity a green and unsuspecting victim, if he should venture within this boundary. He will

in a short time make a very strange appearance in his new masquerade. The Jews are taught from their infancy to view all others, not belonging to their creed, as their natural game, particularly the Christian *goie* is considered his most proper game. Old Isaac will instruct his son Jacob in the way of the *chachre* as follows: "Jacob, you must submit to blows, cuffs, and to be spit upon; but mind, my son, the *chachre*, *chachre*, and get all you can, and keep all you get from the *goies*; get their *monish*; become to him, directly or indirectly, everything he wants you to be, but make your percentage, get his *monish*." In fact, what the Baron Rothschild is to the emperor and the Austrian empire, every Jew is, in a less degree, to every one of the emperor's subjects. The Austrian empire is indeed a great field, or oyster-bed, for the Israelites.

They will cringe and turn their back to receive the lash from their oppressors, but at the same time their eyes are glistening, and a twinkle full of meaning is visible at the recollection of their last gains, and the prospective profits they are sure to make, and this is their greatest revenge. A superficial observer who will witness the daily insults offered to and endured by the Jews, will naturally conclude their lot to be indeed a hard-one, but you must first get well acquainted with this subject before you are able to judge of it; everything depends on usage, the Irishman believed he could soon get used to hanging; he was a philosopher, and so are our Jacobs and Isaacs; they have managed for centuries in Austria to exempt themselves from military duty, until at a later period, and even then the cases were of rare occurrence. I recollect a circumstance in Kuttentberg, that a Jew recruit endured the most cruel treatment for days and weeks, and they were not able to teach him which is left and right, and after everything that was thought of, had been tried in vain, he was finally dismissed from the service, which was

really all that he wanted. This is their strongest characteristic. Now in considering the Jews of the Austrian empire collectively, they form a large class of consuming, unproductive swarms of locust, alike ruinous to every country where they exist. But even this I cannot help but charge to the despotism of the government. If laws were equal and the Jews were made by them to feel that they were as good as the rest, their ambition would soon be aroused, and they would equally share with the rest in the duties belonging to citizens. This has been fully proved and emblematised here in America. We have Jews of the first, second, and third generations, of their amalgamation from their abject condition, and we witness in every progressive step less and less of the Jewish characteristics, until they have become as good citizens as others found in America. From these facts the European governments should take a lesson, and abolish all and every legal restriction, which are still disgracing the acts even of the best and most progressive governments. It is only within a few weeks, that the Jew Rothschild, of England, was eventually admitted to take his seat in Parliament. Used as I was from infancy to behold daily the degrading and illiberal treatment of the Jews in Bohemia, I was always surprised and pleased on beholding them after a few years' residence in the United States, exhibiting such a great change for the better. Their children, of course, will be still more Americanized, and their children's children will be almost entirely obliterating the peculiar characteristics of their race. Even their religion is modified or entirely abandoned, and were it not that the present systems of American churchianity cannot afford them a better change, but to fall again from the Satan of old into the modern Devil of Saint Prokope or some one other of the existing dogmas, the Jews would experience a still greater desire for the change, as exemplified by the late Mr. Touro of New Orleans, who put up

Parson Clapp in a position to follow his crusade on the imp of darkness, that has been beclouding the perverted brains of the mythologists of this day. Truly it is high time for a better and godlike era to be introduced in this otherwise blessed land; even the Jews expect their Messiah, who will surely come to them with the universal spread of wisdom and the downfall of all bigotry.

The year for which my passport had been made out by the authorities in Kuttenberg had nearly expired, when I left the convent of the charitable brotherhood of Prague, and I therefore determined to pay a visit to my native city. I also wished to see once more my dear old father, but in this I was disappointed. On arriving in Kuttenberg, I found that he had made his last trip to Saxony, and was not expected back for a month. I was, however, greeted with ecstatic joy by my sister Mary, but soon was grieved to behold her changed condition. I immediately wrote to my other single sister, at Vienna, to hasten home and take care of the invalid and our poor old father. Nevertheless, I could not remain home long. The war of the Russian autocrat with Turkey induced Austria to strengthen her army. I was now eighteen years of age, precisely as old as my brother Wenzeslaw, when he was taken into the Austrian service. I was as tall as he, but slim; this, however, was no objection with the authorities. They knew that this would soon be otherwise. I applied for a new passport, but after being subjected to a scrupulous examination of my person, I was flatly refused, and directed to await further orders. One of the new officials, who did not know me, observed in German to the police director: "Mr. Picha, we will lose nothing by letting this young man go a while longer." — Mr. Picha, who knew me from infancy, and also knew my father well, gave me an intelligent look, and replied in the same language, assenting to his opinion. Now his look gave me plainly to understand the meaning of this sentence: "You, of

course, understand this German fool; if you are the son of your old father, as I know you to be, you will profit by this opportunity, and they who will entrap you into the imperial services will have to be wide awake, indeed." — I took it all in deferential humility, and was directed to report myself every now and then, particularly if I should change my abode. Mr. Picha left with me my old pass, which had still a few weeks to run, and I left the City Hall of Kuttensburg for the last time. I took an affectionate farewell of my dear sister Mary, which proved to be the last on earth, as she followed our beloved mother a few months afterwards, and the following morning I was on my way to Saxony, expecting, by the assistance of my sisters and my old friends, the Kellers, to get a passport in some way or other in that kingdom. On the second day of my journey, as I was crossing a considerable forest, and when in the midst, I was delightfully surprised to meet my old father, who was on his return home. I went with him to his intended lodging place for the night in a woodman's hut, who was one of my father's acquaintances, and we spent this last night, I was in his company on earth, in detailing to each other all that had occurred to either from the time of our last separation. I had a sort of premonition, shared also by him, that this was to be our last meeting. I told him of the look of Mr. Picha. My father said: "Well, it is not less than I would expect of him, he is a Bohemian, and I have known him from childhood." He gave me his advice and instructions, and in the morning we parted for the last time on earth. I continued on my way to Saxony, and was soon with my friends at Hirschfeld, where I was received with joyful greeting. My friend, Ernest, had grown to be a fine lad. His old father was losing his sight and wished that Ernest was of age, so that he could retire altogether. I remained four months

with my friends, and concluded to try the authorities for obtaining a passport.

Mr. Keller gave me a letter to a particular friend of his, who was high in authority; also a certificate of good behavior. I went to the city of Zittau, and applied for a passport, but was soon undeceived. The Austrian government had too much influence in Saxony; in fact, Saxony was now under Austrian protection. I was therefore directed to go over the frontier towards Gabel, the first city in Bohemia. I was glad that they did not send me out under escort, as customary, This was owing to the influence of Mr. Keller's letter, and my representation, that all my things were at Mr. Keller's. I was soon again at the house of my friends, but only to take a final farewell, as a few days subsequently I crossed the frontier of Prussia, and arrived at the city of Görlitz. This time I went to work more cautiously. On my last visit in Kuttendorf I had obtained a baptismal document; I therefore first went to a relative of my mother, a Catholic priest, and begged him to assist me to obtain a stay permit from the authorities of Prussia. We consulted together, and after maturing our plans, the following day we went together to the directory of the police. I took the precaution to lay aside all my papers of identification, and take only the evidence of the baptismal certificate from the archdeacon of Kuttendorf. On arriving at the police directory, my relative took the director aside, and asked, how long it was necessary for a young man like myself (pointing towards me) to become naturalized in Prussia. The director eyed him and me suspiciously, and demanded to know, what subject I was. In answer to this I handed him the evidence of baptism. He perused the same, looked at me again, and said: "Where are your other papers, young man?" I told him that I had none besides the one he held in his hand. He appeared astonished, but after a while he was struck with an idea. Looking significantly at my priestly

relative, he said: "That young man favors you very much, reverend sir; I presume we must naturalize him, and make him a subject of Prussia;" and forthwith he directed one of the officers to make out the necessary papers, or permits, to reside in the kingdom of Prussia, during good behavior. This was one step gained, so I went cheerfully away with my relative, and commenced looking out for employment. This I soon found; but after a few months, I again applied to the police for a passport. This was readily granted, and one that enabled me to travel not only all over the provinces belonging to Prussia, but in all foreign countries whither I chose to go. Of course, I took good care not to enter Austria, and in this way I again became a traveling craftsman, or journeyman-machinist, supplied with regular papers, and at liberty to travel wherever I listed. I traveled two years through nearly all the provinces of Germany, old Prussia, and Poland. Those of my readers who have read the travels of the Westphalian journeyman, Gottlieb Holthaus, will find in them almost a repetition of my own travels and experiences. However, a most important crisis was approaching, which overclouded the political horizon in Europe. Russia, as is well known, almost overawed and overran Turkey. General Diebitsch crossed the Balkan Mountains with a strong Russian army, after which he took possession of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the other provinces adjoining the Danube. For his achievements he was promoted and rewarded with the name of Shallbalkansky (or he, that crossed the Balkan). He was soon at Adrianople, threatening the very capital, Constantinople, and the Ottoman empire itself tottered. But the jealousy of the Western powers soon put a stop to the ambitious designs of Russia in Turkey. A peace was negotiated, wherein Russia had all the glory, but little real gain for her millions of treasure and thousands of men. The Russian army was withdrawn, and

a similar success obtained against Persia. General Paske, or Paskewitsch, took the stronghold Oriwan, and the Czar named him Oriwansky. His successful army was also withdrawn, with the exception of a portion that operated against the Circassians. But the Russians were destined to obtain but little rest; the storm that was everywhere gathering, broke out at last with a terrible crash. France made the prelude, or beginning, in July, 1830. The Bourbons, who had been re-established after the downfall of Napoleon, were again driven out of France by a new revolution. This example spread like a contagion over the other countries of the European continent. Belgium, Brunswick, Saxony, Prussia also, and in fact nearly all the German principalities, were more or less in a state of revolt. France, however, was too politic, or rather, it was too soon for her to have forgotten the presence of the allies in Paris; therefore it was desirable to avoid or to prevent other coalitions, so that the plan was formed of giving the principals of the allies as much employment at home as they would be able to attend to. The principal and most colossal power of the Holy Alliance was Russia. The state of mind of the Polish nation came eminently in play to forward French politics, and consequently numbers of emissaries were despatched into Poland, which kingdom was shaking like a volcano before eruption. On the fifth of November, 1830, the volcano broke with a terrible crash; the whole Polish nation was in arms. I said the whole, but I must not commingle those parts that had been severed by the unequitable partition. The share of Austria sympathized and assisted with men and means; but the rise was general only in that part belonging to Russia. The part of Prussia was, like that of Austria, merely unwilling spectators. Austria and Prussia soon poured their armies on the Russian Polish frontier, in order to localize the Polish revolution entirely to Russian territory. The struggle, while it lasted, was almost without a parallel in history. During

the ten months of its duration the havoc and bloodshed was terrible; the number of human lives that were sacrificed would in itself constitute a grand army. Great was my joy, and my expectations were unbounded, when I learned the first grand success of the Polish people. The news acted on myself, and likewise on thousands others, like an electric flash—that almost the whole of the first Russian grand army of 150,000 men, under the command of General Dibitsch, was totally annihilated, and what had not been destroyed by the Polish army, had become a prey to the fell destroyer Asiatic cholera, which paid no respect even to the commanding general, who fell a victim to its ravages. This reanimated all the sanguine expectations of the revolutionists all over Europe. The Russian autocrat began to feel alarmed. His elder brother, Constantine, who was expelled in the beginning of the struggle from the Polish capital, Warsaw, and who was returning with reinforcements, also fell a victim to disease or mortified pride, I know not which. The despots of Europe began to realize the fact, that an oppressed people may be driven to a state of desperation, and may take the power into their own hand, and call upon them for a retributive reckoning; and it became a common cause with them all.

To crush the people and to rivet anew the chains of bondage, was now the grand work to be accomplished by all the crowned hydras, and it would have to be done more effectually, so as to prevent any new outbreak in the future. Innumerable were the intrigues planned and carried out. The Prussian court, related as it was with that of the Russian emperor, as well as actuated by a common interest and a common danger, exerted all its power. It poured army after army into the Polish provinces, which were its share of the former tri-partite robbery of Poland. These provinces adjoined the Russian portion, which was now in a great blaze of bloody strife and warfare. But all this argus-eyed vigilance of

the Prussian police and the hundred thousand troops stationed on the frontier, were insufficient to check the influx of the auxiliaries, who hastened to the assistance of the Polish nation. Among the young men of Germany there were thousands ready and willing to sacrifice their lives to forward and promote the liberation of this brave people. All the news that I could gather from Bohemia satisfied me, that my countrymen only lacked the power, as they had the will, to join and assist their kindred race of people in Poland. In Prussia I met some few refugees like myself, and in company with them gathered all such elements of congenial spirits, and soon formed a company; we adopted the style and practices of the free troops, and elected our own officers, subject, however, to the ratification of the Polish dictator. We formed a company of sharpshooters. In this company I was elected to the lowest commissioned grade of ensign or standard-bearer. We found considerable trouble, and *tactical* management necessary, before we could enter Poland. I mean Russian Poland; but either single or in small parties we succeeded in entering and met at our appointed place of rendez-vous. But this was at that important crisis when the fortunes of Poland began to lag. We arrived in time to take a share in the last struggle in Warsaw. The Russian empire is so extensive, that it takes a long time to draw around the threatened points all its resources, and while the poor Polish nation was exhausting its last resources, the Russians received reinforcements steadily, and from every quarter. The destruction of one army was soon supplied by the presence of another. It aroused to action the colossal despotism, and the intrigues also commenced to tell. The trusting and honest diplomacy of the Polish dictator, General Klopicky, was unequal to the crafty and cajoling intriguers employed by the opposing powers. His hopes, to

be able to secure for Poland favorable terms, were frustrated : they only procrastinated and deprived the nation of its last resources, thereby giving Russia more time, that being all she wanted. The expectations and promises held out by the French emissaries at the commencement of the struggle, were only a sham. France had its own work to accomplish, and did not or could not give any material assistance to poor Poland, which was completely penned up ; on the North and East by its grand adversary, Russia ; on the West by Prussia ; and on the South by Austria. If France had even wished, it could not enter without a collision with one or both of these last named powers, and so poor Poland was gradually squeezed and bled to death. Its army, always overrated, began to melt away ; money gave out as did also the patriotism of the German auxiliaries, even our small company suffered depletion from desertion and the casualties of war. In spite of the superhuman bravery of the Polish army ; in spite of the exertions of the peasantry, who turned out en masse, and destroyed whole regiments of the best Russian cavalry, with no other weapons than their scythes, and a crooked hook affixed to it ; in spite of the exertions of the priesthood, who, be it recorded to their credit on this occasion, labored with and encouraged the people, and even gave the riches of the churches and the ornaments into the common treasury ; in spite of the maidens and matrons, old and young, who assisted in fortifying Warsaw, and who also gave their ornaments to the common treasury, all, all was in vain ! Warsaw fell, and the Polish army was dispersed, and the country lay bleeding, and at the mercy of the Russian emperor. There were still some hard blows dealt by the separate divisions, that were followed by tenfold their number over the provinces. The celebrated Fourth Regiment of Infantry was gradually cut up until, when the remainder crossed the Prussian frontier, it numbered in all *ten men*. I was with that division under Roma-

rino, who were pressed towards the Austrian frontier, and in front of the Austrian army. I saw the black and yellow standard, and the white uniforms in the long lines. I knew and was conscious, that near those banners were thousands of kindred blood and language with my companions, the brave Poles; and oh! how I wished that they had some such leader like Ziska or Wallenstein, and could be turned with us against the Russians. But it was an idle wish. I was so situated, that I even dreaded to be recognized or detected by my own people. The parlamentairs were galloping to and fro, and we were soon in possession of the terms of surrender from the Austrian generalissimo. These were liberal under existing circumstances. What could we do? We were between two armies. The Russians were almost ten to one, and the Austrians all fresh, and fourfold our number, with large reserves behind. A council of war was called, and we had nothing left us but to accept the terms of the Austrian, and so the elder and wiser heads all proposed; but Romarino, and the younger portion of the officers, to whom I also belonged, were opposed to an immediate surrender. We had still sufficient ammunition for a good day's work in a pitched battle, and it would make no difference, only one day's delay. Before we surrender to the Austrians, we will pay out to the Russians the last cartridge that we shall have left. The counsel of Romarino prevailed, and the following morning the Russians were astonished and surprised at the onslaught that was made on their lines at every point, so that they were goaded to desperation. In their advance from the capital, in pursuit of this division of the Polish army, they had not one battle only, it was a continuous battle; they had to purchase dearly every inch of ground they gained. They knew not what to make of this last onslaught, but it was one of the fiercest and bloodiest. Many a poor creature was leveled to the dust, and it was late in the evening when the ammuni-

tion gave out, and the frontier of Austria was crossed. The Austrians, during that day, retired a short distance to be out of harm's way; but when the remnant of the Polish army crossed the frontier, the Russians, who were in eager and desperate pursuit, did not respect the Austrian eagles; but they were soon made to understand that they would be attacked by the Austrians in turn; in fact, no matter what was the policy of the respective governments, the Austrian army were in full sympathy with the Poles, and they were spectators, and exhibited great admiration of the desperate courage of the Poles.

But I must break off. I had no wish to get better acquainted with my countrymen, so I took advantage of the approaching night, and the confusion following the engagement of that day. I found a way to pass the lines, and was soon in the rear of the Russian army, making my way towards the Prussian frontier. I did not stop in the towns or villages, but took a bee-line over the fields towards a distant and solitary windmill. By the assistance of the millers, with whom my calling made me familiar and fraternal, I soon exchanged the principal part of my uniform, and got a supply of food and rest, which I sadly needed. I was frequently amidst the Russians, saw from the window of some windmill a squadron or more of cavalry passing and scouring the country, but I had little or nothing to fear; my friends, the millers, were everywhere ready to assist me, or afford me a hiding place. So I soon found myself in the vicinity of the Prussian frontier, and now I had the most difficult and dangerous part before me. I had to pass three lines of troops, of which the sentinels were within speaking distance. No one was permitted to pass without the greatest scrutiny; the government of Prussia acted scandalously, nay, infamously towards the refugees from Poland. They were arrested, and if subjects of Russia, were given over to that power. The Austrian government acted somewhat nobler. They gave

the Poles an asylum, and the liberty to enter the Austrian service, or to emigrate to any part of the world they wished, and as long as they were under Austrian jurisdiction, they received the regular pay due to their corresponding rank in the Austrian service. Some remained a year or two under this capitulation. The citizens of America will recollect, that even those that were sent in the national vessels of Austria to New York, received, after their landing, the sum of thirty dollars each, to enable them to subsist until they could procure employment. But to my subject. I stopped in a mill near the Prussian frontier, not knowing how it would be possible for me to cross. I ran great risk by going into Poland. My permit and passport were only granted during good behavior. The people were forbidden by the Prussian government to afford any assistance to Poland whatsoever, so that if I should be detected and arrested, I would lose my protection, and be forthwith surrendered to the Austrian authorities, where I was a subject; hence my perplexity. However, I found assistance where I did not expect it; the miller's wife, who overheard my consultation with her husband, soon formed a plan to help me out of my difficulties. She recollected that she owed a visit to some of her relatives on the Prussian side of Poland. An old carriage was rigged up, my clothes rolled in the mill until they were impregnated with flour; the miller's wife put on her best apparel, and filled her basket with the necessary provisions, and I acted as her driver and miller's boy. My knowledge of the Slavonic language favored this deception; in fact, on this particular occasion I did not understand any other. We very soon crossed the Prussian frontier, my friend and protectress acting as spokesman.

We were stopped several times and examined, but not the least suspicion was excited that the apparently silly miller's boy was the late ensign of the Polish army.

I felt some apprehension on arriving at Kalish, where the sixth regiment of the Lausatia Landwehr were stationed. There were many in its ranks from the city of Görlitz who knew me personally, but no one suspected the silly looking miller. I arrived at my new friend and protectress' relatives, and being sufficiently in the interior, I was past all danger of detection. After cleaning and arranging my clothes again, and having taken a grateful farewell from my friend and protectress, I resumed my journey toward Silesia, where I soon arrived, but during this journey I gathered around me some dozen of similarly situated refugees. We traveled cautiously, until we arrived on the frontier of Lausatia, where all our apprehensions vanished. We were sojourning at a public house on the River Quis, adjoining a large village, and conversed freely in the Slavonic dialect concerning our late campaign and escape. The tavern was crowded with country people, and there was also a police spy in their midst, who understood our language. I know not what his nationality was, but was told subsequently that he was an Austrian deserter. This fellow became informer, and we were all arrested accordingly and examined the following day. My poor companions were transported back; seven were Russian subjects, and were no doubt delivered over to the Russian authorities; the others were from Prussian Poland, and were sent back to their place of nativity. I was the only one discharged. I was in the region of my last passport vise; my papers were all regular. There was some suspicion as to the truth of the case, a long interval having occurred from my last vise. I of course, would tell nothing; my comrades knew nothing about me, and so I was dismissed with a reprimand and a request to have my vise renewed. I again went to the public house and there found the scoundrel who had been the cause of this difficulty, that proved so disastrous to my comrades. I let out on him without mercy, and was joined by the country people. The fel-

low seemed full of revenge, and said that if he had me where he wished, he would mark my hide for the insolence I gave him. I learned that there was a manufactory a little way up the River Quis, and determined to go there and see if I could get a little assistance towards my traveling expenses, as was customary for machinists. I went, but was followed by the scamp unperceived. He overtook me in the yard of the factory, and without the least notice attacked me with a large walking-stick. But he caught a tartar that time. I caught the first blows on my arm, and before he could renew his attack, I was in possession of his stick, and amply did I repay him with triple interest for myself and my poor comrades. He bellowed like a bull. The doors of the factory were thrown open and some dozen persons ran out and separated me from the cringing scoundrel. I was again arrested; but this time the officer, who had me in charge, took me to his house, and in company of his wife and daughter I spent a very pleasant imprisonment. On the following day I was conducted before a justice. My papers were examined and the protocol opened. The justice demanded to know my age. When told and seeing that it corresponded with my papers, he observed: "Young man, you are not of age, you must have a curator; whom will you have?" I told him I did not care or know anything about it, and requested him to be my curator; he was quite amused with the proposition, and calling a small elderly gentleman, who was diligently writing in a corner, asked me if I would take him; to which I replied: "Willingly." He took me into a private room, and seating himself opposite me, requested me to narrate to him the whole circumstances. I did so, whereupon he said: "When your turn comes tell the justice all you have told me, and I will see to the rest." I was again conducted into the justice's room, and after the charges were all written down and testified to by the scamp himself, who was covered with ban-

dages, I found that a medical examination was also had. Almost a yard of writing was done, after which my turn arrived. My little man, who by-the-by had a very large head, gave the justice a paper, which I was made to sign. The clerk read it aloud. As it may be instructive in America, the land of writs of habeas corpus, which is only a grand humbug, as a bigoted or prejudiced grand jury in this *free* land may, by the single statement of the vilest knave, find a bill of indictment without giving the party charged the least chance to rectify the one-sided statement, he will be arrested, and if he has not a person to give bail, will have to rot in jail until it pleases the District Attorney to try the case. Then, if he is so fortunate as to procure the evidence of a third party, he being of course considered by the scoundrel's charge as infamous, that is, not capable to tell the truth in his own behalf. He may happen to have a wife as pure and unblemished as an angel, and she may be cognizant of all the facts; but she also is considered by the operation of the laws of this *free* America, infamous, and not qualified to tell the truth in her husband's case. This is *free* America, and these are not idle words, dear reader. Before you and I will separate at the end of these memoirs, I will show you by unimpeachable evidence that this infamy is commonly practiced in your *free* and cherished United States of America. But let us return to my subject. The paper being read, now comes the accused and appears as accuser, and forthwith I was directed to make a full statement of all the circumstances in *free* America. My lips would have remained closed, but this was in despotic Prussia, and I was permitted to speak, and not only to speak, but with due effect, everything I said was taken down in writing, in the protocols or acts, as they are called. After all was completed, even the cross-examination, the papers were closed and forwarded to the high tribunal of the district. I was again remanded into the custody of my friend, his wife

and daughter, where I remained three weeks, and wished it were three months, at the expiration of which time, the sentence arrived, by which the scamp who made the attack on me, was imprisoned for four months, and condemned to pay the costs ; while I, for taking the law or remedy into my own hands, was fined a sum of ten dollars. Of course, I had not the money, and would have been glad to remain in custody with my jailor, his wife and daughter, but the people in that vicinity raised a subscription and paid the fine. In *free* America, Mr. Scamp, the accuser, would have been taken under the wings of the law, and not only protected, but the accused would have been the party punished.

At present, the operations of what is termed criminal laws, are the most degrading and unprogressive in any country on earth. The examinations before the Turkish *cadi* is more just and equitable, than the base fabric, called American criminal jurisprudence. But I will not anticipate; I will come to this subject again, before I have done with these memoirs. I had also some difficulty in satisfying the police, and getting a new passport. However, I succeeded, and it was the last one I took from any government. Before it expired, I arrived on the shores of America. But to my subject. I commenced to despise heartily the Prussian government, for the dastardly conduct they had shown to the refugees of Poland. The time was also near when I would be compelled to get naturalized in Prussia, and would then be subject to do military duty. I had no such ambition. My kinsman, the Catholic priest, died during my sojourn in Poland. I had no other tie in the kingdom. Towards the other German princes, I had similar feelings, consequently I commenced to think seriously of selecting a future home in some country beyond the sea. So, after having come to this conclusion, I commenced my journey towards the free old Hanseatic city of Hamburg, where I arrived early in the year 1832. Hamburg is well

known to most of my American readers, it being the principal sea-port of Germany. It is located on the right bank of the river Elbe, which river forms here an arm of the North Sea, or German Ocean, and is distant about sixty miles from the sea-coast. The environs around this old and somber looking city, present one of the most lovely and beautiful sights in Europe. I ascended, according to my custom, one of the highest of the five prominent towers, on a clear day, and I must own that I enjoyed as rich, and in some respects a more interesting view than I had enjoyed some years back from the Kallemberg, near Vienna, which is considered unrivalled. Here I had the additional attraction of beholding several hundred ships, their different nationalities being indicated by the various flags displayed to the breeze. Nearly all the maritime nations were here represented. The river Elbe is here some five or six miles across, and presents to the view of the spectator one of the finest roadways to the whole of the navigable globe. It widens as it approaches the North Sea, until the two opposite head-lands are separated by a distance of some twenty miles. From my elevated standpoint, I could at one view behold some hundred or more vessels of different sizes, sailing up and down this magnificent roadstead. The tide and flood, unless prevented by head winds, gives facility either up or down, by its periodical currents. In 1832, steam navigation was as yet in its infancy, although several ocean steamships were plying between the principal ports of England, Holland, and also the Baltic seaports, and it was an interesting sight to behold those leviathans plowing their beautiful roadway. There was also one rather unwieldy flat-bottomed concern navigating the Upper Elbe, and the river Spree towards the capital of Prussia, Berlin. Likewise a sort of steam ferryboat, crossing from Hamburg to Hairburg, on the Hanoverian side of the Elbe. Above Hamburg, the river Elbe immediately grows nar-

row; a strip of low land forming an island, called Wilhelmsburg, several miles in length, divides the river in separate streams, running a short distance above, however, again into one stream, but its character is changed, there being no more ebb and flood tide. The current runs down and is very swift, like that of the Mississippi above New Orleans. The island, during the French occupation, became somewhat conspicuous as the place of one of Napoleon's grand designs, viz., the construction of a bridge, and one of the longest in the world. But this grand design was not carried out, owing to Napoleon's downfall; it remains to be accomplished by future generations, together with thousands of other gigantic plans of this gigantic genius. His grand conceptions were too premature for the age he lived in, and the slow but sure character of the Germans; but by the French occupation of the old city of Hamburg, although it had the effect to melt up and diminish the riches of this great German commercial emporium, and having also suffered by the continental system which Napoleon adopted to cripple England, still a new spirit of progression was awakened, and an impetus given not only to Hamburg, but all the other parts of Germany which were governed by the influence of Napoleon. The old city was overcrowded by a dense population; its location was unhealthy, and like the Jews' quarter in Prague, but only in a less degree, the extensive old fortifications were likewise calculated to obstruct the free circulation of air, so necessary in large cities. The French completely razed them, and in their place you now find the loveliest and most artistic promenades and parks. The compressed population has found new and vigorous lungs, and healthy exercise, derived by means of this improvement, for its 140,000 or more inhabitants. There are fine macadamized roads, beautiful graveled walks, fine shrubbery, numerous resting places, fine statuary, and finally the unrivaled grandeur of the beautiful Elster Lake, a

part of which is included in, and penetrates the city on three sides, where are the finest and most costly buildings in the whole city. On the fourth side is a fine elevated macadamized road, leaping or overspanning the river by a fine bridge, connecting the navigation from the inner with the outer lake. The lake-shores are covered for miles with the most romantic residences; in fact, everything is in the finest state of cultivation, looking like a magnificent garden. A sailing trip on the Elster in fine weather will richly repay the cosmopolitan traveler for his time and trouble. A considerable rivulet empties out of this lake into the river Elbe, which is taken advantage of to turn several mills and other machinery. My present stay in Hamburg was of rather short duration, as I had formed a plan to emigrate to the United States of North America. I took every opportunity to procure information about that country in Hamburg. I visited such hotels as were frequented by Americans, but I met only a few who could give me any information. Most of them were merely acquainted in the seaports of the Union. However, I found in Hamburg a more liberal state of the press than I had before met with on the European continent. I could procure almost all the works that were published in the United States or England of any note, many of which were strictly forbidden in other parts of Germany. This was a great attraction to me in Hamburg; but unfortunately my finances were at an ebb. At this time the city also swarmed with refugees from Poland, as well as from some of the other countries, which had dared to rise in revolt against the hydra-headed tyrants, who were thus again re-established in their despotic powers. Thousands that escaped the scaffold or the prison, were, like myself, poor wanderers without a home or country. Most of us were penniless, and various and sundry plans were proposed and adopted by some, out of urgent necessity. Those that chose to enlist in the

French service, for Algiers, were furnished by the French consul with a passage thither, some by the Dutch for Batavia; those that could raise the means, embarked either for Australia, Buenos Ayres, or Brazil: the largest number, however, were, like myself, bound for the United States of America. I had several offers of assistance for other parts of the globe, but none for the United States, and I saw plainly that to go there, I would have to pay from forty to one hundred dollars passage money. This was a sum of money I had never possessed in all my life at any one time. I felt chagrined, not wishing to sell myself to any prince or potentate. I therefore determined to try my fortune in some other seaport, and as a fellow craft I had a good opportunity to go whither soever I listed, and get my wants supplied on the way, all over Germany. I first visited the old city of Bremen, the second commercial city of Germany, but met with no better success there than in Hamburg. Money was needed, and I had none, or very little; the little I had was made use of to cross over to England. I had a great curiosity to see that modern Babel, London, and expected there to find some way of effecting a passage to the United States. I spent most of my time in visiting places of interest that were accessible without money. London has been described so often to Americans by hundreds of others, that it would only be time spent in vain for me to attempt the same, particularly as it would require years to do the subject justice. I met two gentlemen who were going to Hamburg, to establish a mill and a ship-bread bakery on the river Elbe, and accepted their proffer of employment to assist in putting up and running the machinery. I hoped that as their business would naturally bring them in contact with shipmasters. I might find an opportunity to contract a passage to the United States; so in a short time I found myself again in the old city of Hamburg. I assisted to put up

the machinery of the Elbe mills, but my earnings were still too scanty to pay the requisite passage money. I must, however, not omit a circumstance in this biography, that happened to me at this period, as it may illustrate my condition in respect to certain matters as regards the other sex. During my work at the Elbe mills, I passed and repassed daily, going to and coming from my boarding house, that celebrated locality, called Hamburg Hill, where there are thousands of those poor, frail creatures that earn their scanty existence by the abominable vice of prostitution. They are under strict surveillance of the Hamburg police; in fact, it is said that the city derives no small revenue from that source. The females are subjected to undergo an examination every week by physicians appointed by the city authorities, and if necessity so indicates, they are immediately sent to the city hospital. Now, as I was daily passing this locality, I acquired a sort of passing acquaintance with some of this class; particularly in one of the smaller establishments I noticed a tall girl, with very prepossessing features. She would accost me frequently, and urge me to enter the house, but I invariably refused. Albeit, the day on which I had completed my work at the Elbe mills, and had my pay in my pocket, I was over twenty-two years of age, but had never had any experience of that sort, so that in passing this house I found that my acquaintance was as usual on the alert, and this time I yielded to her entreaties to enter the house. Now I will let the reader presume whatever he pleases as to my motives, if I had any, in entering this threshold of infamy; it was my first and my last entry, unless in subsequent years, in a medical capacity. But I will give a strict account of what transpired there on this particular occasion. As I entered the principal room, I was greeted with a sycophantic expression by the keeper of this den, a man some forty years old, wearing a long gown of French calico, fine slippers, a long

German pipe and a red skull cap. The girl retired some distance, to afford this gent an opportunity for completing the necessary negotiations. He smirkingly made some remarks in praise of the girl, and then invited me to a seat along-side of him. After a few preliminary remarks, he informed me that he liked my appearance, and that I would find him very reasonable and lenient; that the price in his house for all seafaring men was two marks banco; that he had six girls, who were all selected by himself from among the freshest arrivals from the country; that, as he said before, he took a liking to me, and would charge me only one mark banco, and that I could remain there if I liked it, all day, paying extra for all refreshments. I paid him the mark banco and ordered some light refreshments, which were brought and set on a little table in the adjoining room. I invited the girl to be seated and partake of the fare. This was soon dispatched, and she commenced to use some blandishments, and asked me if I would now go with her to her room. I replied that my business could be settled with her on the spot. She looked surprised and inquiringly at me. I seated myself before her, and asked her to tell me her nativity, name, age, and a number of other questions about her father, mother, kindred, &c., &c. She hesitated at first in giving me the required information, but by-and-by she answered them all. Now if ever a young preacher who had studied the sermon he expected to deliver in some Magdalen institute, did deliver the same, I doubt if he could have employed more eloquence than I did in speaking to this poor girl. I found that it commenced to operate, for she cried bitterly. The villainous landlord soon made his appearance, and asked what was the matter; then turning to me, inquired if the girl did not please me, or had misbehaved. I told him he was mistaken, that these were some of my foolish ways—and requested him to retire and leave us alone. He did so reluctantly, at the same time casting an angry and

threatening look towards the girl, and as soon as he was gone, I resumed my sermon. But I believe the old rogue must have listened, as he very soon reappeared, when, to his astonishment, I paid him for the refreshments and retired. I passed the house several times subsequently, but always missed the girl among the other inmates. I flattered myself that she had profited by the sermon, and the many well-meant suggestions and advice I had given her. This, as I said before, was my first and last visit to a bawdy-house, unless in a professional capacity. I would have spared the reader this narrative, but, as I am writing my biography, I think all such events should be truly and fully narrated. On the Sunday following this last occurrence, as I was taking a walk in some of the fine parks in the old city of Hamburg, I unexpectedly met a young man with whom I had traveled some months, three years previous, in Germany. He was a native of Hamburg, and his name was Frederick Schmidt, one of the great family of that celebrated name. His father was a lumber dealer in good circumstances, residing on the street called Herrngraben; but he had a large family of mostly full-grown children, and had, moreover, a fair prospect for further increase, having very recently married a young woman, contrary to the wishes of his children. My friend, Frederick, soon made me acquainted with all this and others of his numerous troubles, the principal one of which was, that he was in love with a good and virtuous servant girl—very rare in Hamburg, but that he was afraid his father would never consent to his marriage with her. My friend informed me that he became acquainted with Johanna in one of the public gardens, where she was in service. He very generously invited me to go there with him, and offered to pay the reckoning. I complied, and the girl made a good impression on me; therefore, I determined to assist my friend in bringing about the consummation of their mutual happiness. He introduced

me to his worthy father, and I was pleased with the old-fashioned cordiality and the philosophic reasonings of the elder Schmidt. We soon became fast friends, and I found opportunities to pave the way for poor Frederick. The first step necessary was to secure to Frederick something by way of an independent support. I had a plan of my own, which if carried out, would soon overcome this difficulty. For the time being, I was made plenipotentiary, with full powers, to negotiate with the old gentleman ; so accepting an invitation for a sailing excursion with the elderly Schmidt on the river Elbe, on the Sunday following, I considered this a suitable opportunity to break the subject of Frederick's troubles to the old gentleman, and found him more lenient than I had anticipated. "Well," said he, "it was almost in the same way that I commenced business in this city, some thirty-five years ago. I am a native of Mecklenburg, and, my young friend, it is the best way after all ; it calls forth all your energies, and forms a man's character. It affords him the best opportunity to show the world what is in him. I have given my son a good schooling and opportunity to travel ; he has a good trade, and his position as a son of a free citizen of Hamburg gives him many advantages ; he is free from military duty, as we Hamburgers enlist into our Hanseatic corps only foreigners who visit our city ; so you see, my young friend, my son has much before him that is favorable, but I cannot give him any pecuniary assistance," casting a significant glance towards his young wife. "You understand me, I have expenses and duties of my own at present. I shall give him my blessing—and my wife will give him an infare or wedding at our house, for the honor of our family requires it." I however soon found out that the old gentleman did not mean all he said. I quickly made a friend of his young wife, and took her into my confidence. She was, like most stepmothers, greatly misjudged by Mr. Schmidt's children by his

former marriage, and she at once agreed to arrange the wedding and to assist me in my plan. By her assistance I soon learned that the old gentleman was not so needy as he pretended; his name on 'change was good for a considerable amount, and he had only recently purchased a row of houses on Jacoby street, for which he paid 30,000 marks banco. I also learned, through the same channel, that a paper manufacturing establishment on the banks of Elster Lake, was about to be sold, to satisfy a large claim for lumber furnished by Mr. Schmidt, the elder, for its construction, and herein I saw a chance for my young friend, Frederick. I made a clandestine visit there and examined the premises, liked the little factory, and soon the old gentleman became the purchaser. I also managed with Mrs. Schmidt's assistance, to obtain his consent that his son and his young wife should become the tenants of this establishment, and Frederick should make a trial in carrying on paper making. But the old gentleman was skeptical, he knew his son was unable to carry on the business; but I promised that all should go right. Before the Polish Revolution broke out, I had assisted in working a paper factory in Lausatia, and had observed the routine of the process. I first remodeled this little establishment, then visited one of the largest paper manufactories in Boxdehoute, near Hamburg, on the Hanoverian side, and engaged two operatives for my little factory. Next I visited the Jews' quarter in Hamburg, to procure material, and several establishments of the city gave me their custom. I soon had all in operation, and commenced to instruct my friend in the minutiae of paper-making. After three months' trial, having kept a close account of all the outlays, we had 700 mark banco clear profit. The old gentleman was in ecstasy. He hinted that it was foolish for me to emigrate to the United States, as I could form a partnership with Frederick, and do very well in Hamburg, to which his wife said Amen, and, continued she, "he could perhaps form

another partnership with Frederick's sister, Johanna, and be nearer to us still." The old gentleman got wrathful at this proposition, but the principal person in this arrangement had set his mind on going to the United States, and go there he would. But I had to promise that if the country did not meet my expectations, I would return to Hamburg in a year or so. I was a little over twenty-two years of age, and one or two years' delay before settling down in business would not be much, but the truth was, that Johanna had not sufficient attraction to change my resolution. Frederick was now tolerably well instructed, and I soon arranged my plans and consulted the old gentleman about my passage to America, having no money of my own. I had not stipulated for any wages, and it was left optional with the Schmidts what they chose to give me. I did not even expect the price of the lowest passage, viz: the sum of forty dollars, as I considered that sum entirely too much for my recompense. But about one week from the time I consulted the elder Schmidt, I was sent for, and was introduced by him to Captain Dailson, of the Brig Hope, of New York, who was a Dane by birth, but a naturalized citizen of the United States, and owner of the brig. The elder Mr. Schmidt had made all the arrangements for my passage to New York in the cabin; he called me privately into his closet, and exhibited more feeling than I had given him credit for. He grasped my hand tightly, and with tears in his eyes, addressed me about as follows: "Anthony, there is but one Germany; you may travel all over the habitable globe, and particularly in the United States, *you will never be appreciated as you deserve.* There is with us yet all our old German faith, and we still have our true German hearts; remain with us, be one of us. I will get you and Frederick the privilege of grand citizens of Hamburg. This is a great place. All the world contributes to its support. You can get rich and be respected here; why

then, my young friend, will you go, and leave, perhaps, a better place for a worse?" Many times, when I was persecuted, slandered, and villified in this so-called *free* land, the scene with the elder Schmidt would come to my mind, and a hundred times have I felt the truth of his prognostications. I have always believed, that next to the miners of Kuttenberg and Kank, these people would have afforded me the most congenial associations. Occasionally I regretted that I did not accept their cordial offer; but we cannot direct our destiny. I had several such scenes to go through. Frederick, after we had parted, urged me to accept a purse of money; but I would not consent, as I knew that he would cripple his new business. I had unexpectedly one more scene to undergo. One of my (or rather Frederick's) journeymen paper-makers, whom I had engaged in Boxdehoute, called me aside and begged that I would do him the favor to call on his wife, having been but recently married. I had never seen his wife, and was somewhat surprised at the request. He gave me the number of his residence, being on the very road I had to pass, going to the city. I concluded that perhaps his wife, as is usually the case, might have some relative in the United States, to whom she wanted me to take a message or a letter. I stopped in front of the house indicated, saw a window curtain moved by a female hand, and heard a door opened on the hall, which was rather dark, and on my entrance a young female sobbingly encircled my neck with her arms. I thought there must be some mistake, but on approaching the light, I was surprised to behold before me the interesting countenance of my bawdy-house acquaintance. I was nearly as much affected as she during this short interview. She told me that she immediately acted on my advice, and made an application at the police office for a permit to visit her home; that after remaining at her native village in Hanover a short time, she wanted to procure employment, and assisted in assorting

rags in the paper factory at Boxdehoute. There Mr. Swent, the journeyman paper-maker, saw her, and addressed her. He was a Prussian, and wished to settle down in the city of Hamburg, and that after I had engaged him, he procured these quarters and they were married; that before this event, however, she had told Mr. S. all. That he had served in the Prussian army, and had seen much of life, and had had many hardships to undergo; that he rather liked her confidence, and took her, in spite of the antecedents, for his wife; that she only discovered one Sunday, by accident, as I was passing their residence, Mr. S. pointing me out as his employer, that I was the young man who had been the cause of her leaving the house of infamy, and that when she learned through him that I was about to embark for America, she could not rest satisfied until she had seen me, and thanked me for the interest I had taken in her affairs. Many readers may smile at this, but the woman was too poor to make me a parting present, and begged me to take a lock of her hair, which I did, and which is still in my possession, after the lapse of twenty-seven years. I was soon, however, afloat on the River Elbe, as our good ship dropped down towards the German Ocean, with the Star Spangled Banner floating in the breeze.

The reader will excuse me, if before the shores of Germany shall have entirely disappeared from my vision, I improve this opportunity to take a retrospective view of the Germanic Confederation, and the various and strong objections I entertained, even as early as this period, against the many oppressive governments the Germans are compelled to uphold, and which can only be accounted for by the extraordinary love for rule, imbibed, as a sort of second nature, by the high aristocracy of that country. If we examine the historical records and trace the various epochs and events back as far as the so-called middle ages, we will discover the leaven of rule strongly at

work, in the various events, as they present themselves to the critical observer. We can trace back the principal ruling-houses of the German monarchies, and are astonished to find, that those who blasphemously and boastfully style themselves: "We, by the Grace of Almighty God, Emperor, King, or Prince, of so-and-so," are the lineal descendants of robbers and of murdering plunderers, that would at this period be subjected to the gallows. Trace the various so-called German ruling-houses back to the middle ages, and we will find that the Habsburgs, or Habichtsburgs, the Hohenzollern, the Brunswickers, Brandenburgers, and all the rest claiming those high and heavenly, or rather *hellish* privileges, of grinding down and oppressing the enslaved millions, as also the numerous and various structures of the monarchical governments are so interwoven, that it is to the interest of hundreds of thousands to uphold these tremendous engines of oppression. The most powerful and potential of those gigantic arms that uphold despotism is the Priesthood; not the Catholic Priesthood, but all orders and theological institutions are more or less calculated to strengthen and uphold despotism. The second arm and gigantic power, is that of the military. Of this, also, there are in Germany several millions, directly or indirectly connected and dependent on the governments. Then follows the large army of ministerial and other civil officers, and those directly and indirectly connected with the above named classes. Then the various swarms of petty officials connected with the police, excise and taxes of various kinds. Then the court mistresses, and all the rest of hangers-on at the courts, and the various agents and secret emissaries of the various branches of the governments. When we contemplate and analyze the numbers and multitudes that are supported by those groaning and oppressed laboring and toiling millions, we cease to wonder, and ask, how could it be otherwise? It is to the best and most vital pecuniary in-

terest of several millions of those classes generally, who by their advantages contain within their ranks the greatest amount of intelligence, and the best educational information of the age and land. Now, it must appear self-evident to all critical observers, that it would require an immense moral revolution to overcome all the selfish motives of these classes combined, in order to enlist them to engage and advocate any popular cause or revolution for the emancipation of the oppressed millions. The time has not arrived yet, but will and must eventually come, to effect this very desirable moral and physical revolution. The physical has been often and in vain attempted to be established, but it was found impracticable; and rivers of blood have been spilled, and millions of lives were, and are still sacrificed, to establish this impossibility. A people will not, nor cannot be free until they have progressed to a certain state of universal educational intelligence, and when they have arrived at that point, there is no power on earth that will or can enslave them, or hold them in bondage. This rule will apply to all nations under the sun—Chinese, Africans, Anglo-Saxons, and American aborigenes; Germans, French, Russians, Austrians, all are destined to come to that goal at last, which millions have desired, dreamed of, proclaimed and suffered, and are still suffering daily martyrdom, for the sake of the great cause of humanity. But it is in vain that conspiracies are formed, and arms and ammunitions brought into requisition, with the sacrifice of millions of treasury. Poor Poland and Bohemia! The late struggles in Hungary, Italy, France, &c., &c., are all only sad examples that the right time has not yet arrived, and that the masses are unprepared for democratic freedom. The philanthropic and patriotic friends of suffering humanity should in fact from sad experience, adopt a different policy. The eloquence of Kossuth, the patriotic struggle and strategic operations of Mazzini, all are not and cannot be of any other ser-

vice than as signs and indexes engrafted on this age and this period, to show and direct the masses their *only saviour*; they must themselves call up the universal spread and acquisition of knowledge, and *wisdom*.

Mankind has now arrived at that eventful period of human progression when this much desired, and most necessary of all human needs, is fully felt; and as it is felt and desired, so by an overwhelming biological influence, even those classes that are most interested in *keeping this saviour back*, are and must be carried away and pressed into service, to become instrumental in spite of themselves, and assist with all their power in the spreading of universal progressive education, and in that way gradually weaken their own power, and the advantages that this power has secured to their enjoyments. Scholastic Germany is drawn into the vortex with impetuous rapidity, and will not be found lagging when the dawn of the true saviour and his millennial reign will have arrived. Thousands are the minds in that country, who see and perceive with a clearness and distinctness almost incomprehensible, the dawn approaching, which will liberate that for many centuries deeply injured and oppressed land. The many-headed hydra of the Confederacy of Smalcalden, that took advantage of the hatreds and the prejudices which the opponents of the Roman hierarchy so universally propagated, are beginning to be fully understood. Those scholastic thinkers have already realized the fact, that it was not freedom of the masses, but *their own freedom*, viz.: that of the ruling hydra, and the aristocracy of the land which they wanted; that the so-called Protestant Reformation was made subservient to effect their own ends. The enslaved millions still toil to support a bevy of monarchies in place of that of the central empire, and alas! for those thousands of declaimers against the spiritual powers of Rome, what have *they* given to the millions, who were and are still deluded, in return for the rivers of blood that flowed

during the many so-called religious wars? Have *they* allowed the masses the full exercise and freedom of conscience, as proclaimed by the early spiritual reformers? God forbid! For one bigoted pope, thousands are substituted in England, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and, in fact, the whole of Germany is more or less under the sway of spiritual, ecclesiastical tyranny. It is nothing more nor less than the old toothless monster of Bunyan's "Pilgrims' Progress;" it is old theology, the grand and lineal sire of all and every human despotism that ever did and ever will exist, until this grand monster with all his progeny will have been totally annihilated by the *wisdom principle*, when properly and universally developed among mankind. This much desired but *sure revolution* is gradually approaching, and is constantly and unceasingly at work. That terrible humbug and theological potentate, the Devil, is gradually losing his hold on the minds of millions, and will soon be, as by a miracle, turned into stone by the powers of Reason, and consigned into a corner, like his colleagues of the monastery of St. Prokopc, and it may not take many generations before the time will have arrived, that all and every allusion to this theological potentate will be only of the deepest and merriest ridicule, and a mark of disgraceful bigotry. It holds in mental bondage at present enslaved millions, who profess to be under the direct influence of this theological humbug. Alas! how many would smile and disclaim their belief in all the sincerely told stories and miracles, enacted in the monastery of St. Prokopc on the banks of the Sasawa, who are still in the habit of listening to the preaching from thousands of pulpits, and reading thousands of religious treatises equally absurd and superstitious, and only more glossed over with technical lore, of the working and the doing of the Devil. Yes, the time will arrive, and is not far distant, that old theology will be ashamed of all such absurd dogmas still taught and entertained with much

logic. An era in human progress will soon arrive, when mankind will be disabused of all the theological errors, and will accept the Protestant rule of faith in *practice*, and by its exercise will arrive at a more rational spirituality, and a more liberal and spiritually democratic, and universal creed. The reigns of the hatreds of Churches will be superseded by the spirit of the true Christ principle of love, assisted and established by the divine attribute of wisdom, which will prove the only and true saviour of all mankind. When this happy period will have arrived, as arrive it will and must, there will be no need or desire for a physical force to effect a political revolution.

Reader: Pardon these digressions; they are prompted by the conviction of myself, that all those attempts at revolutions, to some of which I was a witness and a party, are premature. The most important thing needed by all mankind, is a free and diffusive system of educational progress, that shall be assisted and promoted by all honest lovers and friends of oppressed humanity. That all may lend a helping hand in this grand work of regeneration, is the prayer and desire of your humble servant,—and so I will leave Germany. So I bid a hearty farewell to my native Bohemia and to Germany, with the prospect of a pleasant voyage in the ship Good Hope of New York, and after a voyage of forty-three days, I landed on the 8th of October, 1832, in the city of New York. My long pent-up desires were accomplished, and I hailed, for the first time, the shores of Columbia

A P P E N D I X.

APPENDIX.

Dear Reader! I have stated in my preface, that in this otherwise greatly blessed and favored land, the greatest despot is that dreaded moloch or many-headed monster, public opinion; you must, therefore, not be surprised, or have your vanity wounded, when I assert it as my firm conviction, that it is the legitimate source of *ignorance*. Indeed of all the channels that are pouring in their influence to mould public mind, no one exercises such pernicious and degrading influences as does the theology of this day. The *satanic era* will be viewed by coming generations with astonishment and pity for the mental degradation of the nineteenth century. Yes, by the laws of causes, effects, and ultimates I do assert, that my own children's children, in the year 2000, will read of the infamous treatment I have been subjected to in San Antonio de Bexar, Texas, and will say: "This has happened to our great grandfather, during the dark days of mental degradation, when by the myths of the established churches, the belief in an eternal hell and eternal damnation, and the existence of the devil were entertained by millions, and openly preached from thousands of pulpits in the United States." You may pity and commiserate the mental condition of the believers in the Salem witchcraft, but your mental condition will be equally deplored and commented upon by the coming generations. All your telegraphs, steam power, and other progressive steps of this day, cannot outweigh the superstition of your churches. Turn the subject as you will, and you can make nothing out of it but a modi-

fiction, to suit your circumstances and locality of the superstition and wonders described by me at the *holy* shrine of Saint Prokope on Sasawa in Bohemia. Ignorance, bigotry, prejudice and malice, vegetate as naturally from such congenially mental soil in this nineteenth century, as it vegetated and was manifested at Constance, where my poor countryman, John Huss, was burned at the stake. Your great Statesman, Thomas Jefferson, wrote to Levy Lincoln, No. 289, Vol. III., page 376: "The Palladium is understood to be the *clerical* paper, and from the clergy I expect no mercy. They crucified their Saviour, who preached that His Kingdom was not of this world, and all who practise according to that precept must expect the extreme of their wrath. The laws of the present day withhold their hands from blood, but lies and slander still remain to them." Mr. Jefferson was a great believer in the dignity and integrity of the law; it did not occur to him that the law may be prostituted and debased, as has been done in my case in San Antonio, by a vitiated public opinion; that a man who had spent the prime of his life as an advocate of truth wherever found, in christian or heathen land, would through an infamous conspiracy be victimised by a very singular measure, applied in his case, called *lawful proceeding*. Yes, I cannot blame the vicious or ignorant tool that lent herself to make unfounded charges, and to assert them by perjury; this belongs to private injury, and is everywhere the result of vice or depravity. As I said to my friends after my liberation by the executive of Texas, so do I say now: that I do not intend to prosecute the woman for perjury, although I was and am now in possession of evidence that would convict her of perjury before any liberal court, *but not in San Antonio*. The woman was there tried, twelve months subsequent to my sentence, for theft, the evidence being clear and unimpeachable; but the jury, no doubt considering this poor fool's merit twelve months

previous, in having lent herself to procure the condemnation and sentence to the State Penitentiary of Doctor A. M. Dignowity, acquitted her. I could not see or give any other reason for her acquittal; but as I said before, I wage no war against individuals. There are, no doubt, several hundred depraved persons living in San Antonio at this very hour, who would do as the woman Frances did for a less sum than five dollars; but take the case as it stands recorded in Vol. 17 of Texas Reports, page 522, although even there corrupted and amended to suit the print of the reports of the Superior Court, and what does it exhibit but the grandest legal bigotry on record in Texas. I am convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve months, for having committed the crime of Grand Larceny, a crime defined by the statute to be the act of taking the property of another person to the amount of at least twenty dollars. If it were but nineteen dollars and ninety-nine cents, it would be petit larceny, punishable with a comparatively light penalty; but here the case was stretched to Grand Larceny. Now, you, astute Judges of Texas, can you show me, or the world, that in the whole subject matter, as reported before you, there was one single cent of property involved except what was my own, even to the paper on which the pretended bond for title was written upon, was my property. But I will not degrade the good sense of the reflecting portion of even your legal profession. I consulted thirty members of the Bar, the most eminent in the State of Texas, and was told that I was correct; that the pretended crime you have made out against me by a single depraved witness (of course excluding the unimpeachable testimony of my wife,) *was not a crime at all*, except in the brain of your diseased imaginations. I need cite no other evidence against you than your own decisions in the same Vol., No. 17, Texas Reports, where my case is reported, as has been stated on a previous page, 397. It was held by the same astute Judges.

that a bond for title, *where no consideration was paid*, was not property, has, of course, no value as such and cannot be forced through law. This is all that could be got at out of the case in question, but in my case there was a great difference; bigotry was at work and must be satisfied. An eminent member of the Bar wrote to me while in prison as follows: "Doctor, do not expect anything from the Supreme Court. We are cursed with one of the greatest old granies or bigots, who wields a great influence over the other two judges, and he is prejudiced against you," and so it proved. But I will not say more about this disgraceful proceeding, as in subsequent volumes I will give the most minute history of the case, from beginning to end. I have here only given thus much as a necessary prelude to the infamous treatment I was subjected to endure, and first, I will insert some of the editorial comments on the Governor's action, relative to his pardon and my liberation. The *Austin Intelligencer*, of December 24th, 1856, edited by one of the best jurists in Texas, who had himself held the high office of Supreme Judge in a neighboring State, gives the following article:

"DR. A. M. DIGNOWITY.—We are happy to be able to state that, upon the petition of a large number of citizens of Bexar and Travis counties, the Governor has pardoned Dr. Dignowity, whose case was reported and commented upon in the *Intelligencer* some weeks ago. It will be recollected, that D. was convicted upon the evidence of a widow (of a soldier) by the name of Francis, to the effect that she held the title of the accused to her husband for a city lot, upon which there was still due the purchase money; that the accused called to look at the bond and in her presence burnt it up, for which he was indicted and convicted of larceny, and the Supreme Court refused to disturb the verdict.

"Dr. D. asserts that the destruction of the evidence of title was with her consent. His wife, an excellent lady,

whose veracity and respectability has never been questioned, files an affidavit with the Governor to the effect, that the prosecutrix had repeatedly solicited her to intercede with her husband to release the estate from the obligations of the bond.

It was asserted by respectable citizens that the prosecutrix has long been a camp woman, and is at least of questionable character. Several disinterested and able members of the bar certified to the belief, that the facts sworn to by the witnesses did not constitute larceny. The worst enemies of the accused do not believe that he intended it.

"At any rate there can be no doubt that the Executive clemency was properly exercised."

The *San Antonio Ledger*, after inserting the *Intelligencer's* article, makes the following comment in its issue of December 27, 1856:

"In another column will be found a notice, taken from the *Austin Intelligencer*, of the pardon of Dr. DIGNOWITY by the Governor. Great interest was manifested by the citizens of San Antonio as to the fate of the petition forwarded on behalf of Dr. DIGNOWITY, and the announcement of the successful result has been received with great satisfaction."

The *San Antonio Texan*, of December 26, 1856, inserted the following editorial article:

"**PARDONED BY THE GOVERNOR.**—The last night's mail brought the intelligence to our city of the pardon of Dr. A. M. Dignowity.

"We are glad to receive this item of news, and we have no doubt it will be hailed with joy by our citizens generally, particularly on account of the family.

"Dr. Dignowity has been suffering for some two months in a most filthy dungeon."

"There where a number of other papers that in-

serted comments on my case, but I did not preserve any but those in my immediate vicinity. Now, with the cordial greetings of my friends, and their unabated kindness to myself and my family, particularly of the ladies, some of whom were my former patients, and know me intimately, I was deceived in the belief, that a change would be the consequence in future towards me and mine. I could not realize the fact, that any community on earth could be so buried in moral depravity as to uphold such glaring injustice as has been done to me. Many friends advised me to sell my property, even at a sacrifice, and remove from San Antonio. But I had formed the opinion that this locality was the one destined for my labors; in fact, after laboring, as I did for twelve years, for the welfare of the city, making scores of enemies, by my successful efforts to recover the resources for education from the iron grasp of the wealthy and influential swindlers, I expected different treatment from that I have received, and therefore, after having seen those editorials and the cheering manifestations of my friends, I concluded to end my days in this locality; but I was soon awakened from my vision. The cart war broke out. Some sixteen or eighteen Mexican cartmen were shot down like dogs; provisions of all kinds became scarce in San Antonio; my rock quarries, the rent of which afforded me a scanty income, were abandoned in alarm by the poor Mexican workmen, who fled by hundreds over the Rio Grande; a secret vigilance committee was formed, that was tenfold more terrible in its acts than the one of San Francisco, in California. The latter was an open manifestation of the people, the members of which by thousands publicly wrote their names in the books prepared for that purpose, and became responsible for their acts; they also gave a trial, as far as circumstances would admit, to the parties accused. The judge of the supreme court was an instance of it; even his neck came very near in contact with the hempen cord. These,

however, are facts well known to the general American reader, but those facts in San Antonio de Bexar are but very little known. The local papers dared not report all that transpired, and commented thereon approvingly, with but one exception, the *Ledger*. Some of the other editors were supposed to be members of the Committee. Thirty-two persons were executed in San Antonio and vicinity, in a circuit of fifty miles. Such is the state of things in this locality at the very day I am writing this appendix. I can see from my house on the hill several places where human bodies have been buried by those so-called vigilants. Now, in such a state of things, who is safe? No one. Doctor J. M. Devine, who had filled the office of mayor for five or six terms, with credit to himself and benefit to the city, had to flee for his life, like a malefactor, during the night. Then, who could rely on the protection of the law, that was liable to be prostituted and debased, as has been done in my case, to suit the occasion, and as could be done to others? Who is safe? Many were willing and ready to argue this point, and account for it by unusual circumstances, which were brought to bear on the point in question. I myself may have been led astray, as I undoubtedly was, by the editorials, and the various friendly manifestations of my acquaintances; but, as I said before, I was sadly awakened from my security. The hydra-headed monster was not dead, but had only overgorged his stomach with the many victims. He soon awoke from his lethargy, and commenced spitting his deathly venom on the Hill, "Mount Harmony," my humble residence. Ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, and malice, were not satiated, I was still alive and kicking, and having been placed, by the injustice of the Texas judges, in a wrong position, I must, of course, be kept in that position. The moral execution, like the physical burning of John Huss, was not so complete as the latter, but it could be tried anew, and the result was, that the grand jury, in the month of

September, 1858, indicted me again. Before separating, however, they issued to the world the following report, calculated to prevent any possible back-way of escape by the Executive.

REPORT OF THE GRAND JURY OF BEXAR COUNTY.

GRAND JURY ROOM,
San Antonio, Sept. 16, 1858. }

To the Hon. Thos. J. Devine,

Judge of the 4th Judicial District :

We, the undersigned, Grand Jurors for the county of Bexar, having performed our duties faithfully and to the best of our ability, deem it proper to give expression to our opinion relative to the unenviable reputation our county has borne for years, hoping and believing that a better day is dawning, and that a more rigid enforcement of the criminal laws will be practised, and that a sense of the necessity of such enforcement has been awakened in the minds of all good citizens. We believe that Executive clemency has at times been bestowed upon the most undeserving, and upon criminals of the worst character, and that it has a tendency to dishearten jurors in the performance of their duties. Often, they find those, whom they have consigned to a just punishment in the penitentiary for years, a few weeks or months afterwards, stalking in their midst, upbraiding them with their presence. *Such clemency* is an evil to our community, and no doubt has tended in a measure to bring about the unfortunate state of affairs with which this community has been visited and afflicted for the last eighteen months. We mean the violent and unlawful action of a body of men who have visited summary vengeance, without lawful authority, upon persons whom they believe criminals, the perpetrators of which have thus far eluded the utmost vigilance of the consti-

tuted authorities, notwithstanding every effort has been made to discover who they are. As we have said before, we hope the day is at hand when they will have no pretext for such proceedings.

The Grand Jury also beg leave to state, that they have visited the county jail and take pleasure in approving the cleanliness thereof, and believe that it is made as secure and comfortable as the building will admit of, considering the size and frailty.

We respectfully ask that this communication may be spread upon the minutes, and published in the city papers.

M. L. Merick,
S. W. McAlister,
A. Staacke,
J. N. Scott,
W. A. Dorsett,
Jose Ma. Roxo,
Antonio Sierra,

H. D. Stumberg,
G. W. Caldwell,
R. Rodriguez,
John Bowen,
T. W. Grayson,
Anabato Martinez,
Henry Burns,

F. L. Paschal.

This new infamy was concocted by the disgraceful and debasing relic of the worse than Spanish inquisition that disgraces this land, without my knowledge, and even without giving me the least opportunity to disprove the charge, brought by a half-crazed knave, who, it will be seen from the affidavits, was anxious to make use of the position I was placed in by the judges on a former occasion, to make a speculation out of me. But I have no war to wage, as on the former occasion, against individual knavery, but war, unto the hilt of the knife, against the infamous institutions that permit such deeds to be accomplished. Americans are fond to boast of the rights and liberties the citizen enjoys under American institutions, the writs of habeas corpus, &c., but it is all fudge; the greatest injustice is daily committed, where no writ of habeas corpus or anything else could relieve

the victim under this infamous grand jury system. On the 17th of September I was arrested on a fictitious charge of having swindled a certain Rufus Jamison, in selling him land that did not belong to me. This charge was as groundless as it was infamously brought to bear against me, as the affidavits will fully show. Now, I had either to go to jail, and there await my trial, or give one thousand dollars bail to the sheriff. Had I not been able to give the required bail, I might even now be confined in jail, until it would suit the state-attorney to bring on the trial. One poor Mexican, named Bensalado, has now been in Bexar county jail nearly three years, awaiting his trial, and I therefore ask, "Where are your writs of habeas corpus to meet such cases as mine? And mine may only be a single instance of many thousand similar enormities that are committed in other localities.

At the time of my last arrest, I had written and ready for publication, a pamphlet of eighty-five pages, entitled: *Crimes and Cruelties, committed by the so-called Courts of Justice on the Sacred Rights of Individuals*. In it I gave a faithful history of that infamous conspiracy, and the singular method adopted by my many enemies, to excite the bigotry, prejudice, and malice of every individual, which was carried and influenced the judge and jury, and all the proceedings in court. I wrote this pamphlet in the expectation that justice would at last be awarded to me by the public, particularly in my immediate vicinity, as it would protect from the many insults, that were heaped upon my wife and children; but I was deceived in my expectations. I soon received this last and final blow, when I determined to suppress the pamphlet for the present, and give all the facts in the appropriate place in my biography. *I saw clearly that it would be throwing pearls before swine*, to attempt anything in such a bigoted and prejudiced locality as that of San Antonio. I now made up my

mind to leave it forever, and, in fact, if I could not find a better place, or a more liberal-minded community in the United States, I would rather risk the liberty of my six boys, and return to live under the rule of despotic Austria. I am fully convinced that there is no worse despotism than that debased and moral degradation, which sways the minds of millions in the United States, called public opinion. That infamous lying bastard and many-headed monster is mostly brought about by the theology of this day. It is that dark valley of moral death, emblematic of the belief in the Devil, hell, fire, and eternal damnation; its venomous saliva bespatters and poisons everything it touches. I here insert the following affidavits:

No. 1.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, }
COUNTY OF BEXAR. }

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned notary public, Samuel Hall, a citizen of San Antonio, to me well known, who being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That sometimes during the year 1855 (date not recollected), I made a contract with Anthony M. Dignowity for the purchase of a tract of land, known on the city map as lot No. 1, range No. 2, dist. No. 3, containing some forty-five acres, and which land was the property of said A. M. Dignowity, who agreed, for a consideration of \$400, to transfer said land to me, according to the common usages. I called on the city surveyor to have said land surveyed; that gentleman could not do the work at the time, and recommended me Mr. W. C. A. Thielepape, a deputy surveyor, well known in this city, whom I engaged accordingly. A. M. Dignowity went out with us to see the land surveyed. It was not completed the first day, but the following day the survey was completed. Doctor Dignowity could not go out the

second day, but I pointed out to him the corners, as they were established by the surveyor. I found an unexpected difficulty to pay the \$400 consideration, and we cancelled the trade, Doctor Dignowity retaining the land. In March, 1858, I again applied to Doctor Dignowity for the purchase of said land. He informed me that he had sold a little over one-half to a certain Rufus Jamison, a waiter or letter-carrier for the United States Quartermaster. I purchased one-quarter of the land from the doctor, and called on the city surveyor to make me a subdivision. Mr. Freysleben, the city surveyor, went out with me to make the survey, and after running certain lines, he discovered that the former survey by Mr. W. C. A. Thielepape was made wrong, and was too far to the West several hundred varas. I informed Doctor Dignowity of the mistake, and the doctor observed that it was an open question between two surveyors, both of them having the name of being correct. The doctor added that he would inform Rufus Jamison of the mistake, as I was anxious to get the whole tract. Some time subsequently I went to Rufus Jamison, and stated my desire to make the purchase of him, for his part of the land; I also stated, if he did not like the land as it was by the last survey, he had better sell it to me, and I offered him fifty dollars, above the price he paid for the land. He stated that he had formed other plans, he was advised to go to law with Doctor Dignowity; that the doctor had many enemies, and that his reputation was blasted by his former sentence to the State penitentiary. But the said Rufus Jamison authorized me to say to Doctor Dignowity, if the latter would pay him a few hundred dollars, above the price of the consideration, he would promise not to trouble him,—if not, the doctor must take the consequences. He added, he had the doctor tight, as the latter showed him the land, on one occasion, and gave him a sketch of the tract; that he would go before the Grand Jury, and get the doctor

indicted for swindling. I could not myself understand, nor do I comprehend it now, after the indictment was found, how it is possible that a simple mistake between two surveyors should make in any way Doctor Dignowity criminal or culpable. I told Doctor Dignowity of Rufus Jamison's demands. The doctor became indignant and said, that if a red copper only was demanded, he would not pay it, as it would only be taken hold of by his enemies, and construed to his prejudice as being compelled to purchase silence; it would also give an example to every designing knave to act like Rufus Jamison, and that in a very short time himself and his family would be left beggars. I feel much true sympathy with the doctor, and consider him a persecuted and much injured man. I had dealings with him for many years, and always found him honest, humane, and willing and ready in all his actions to do justice to his fellow men.

Signed and sworn to, this 1st day
of October, A. D. 1858, before me.

W. H. CLEVELAND,
Not. Pub., B. C.

SAM. HALL.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, {
COUNTY OF BEXAR. }

I, Sam. S. Smith, Clerk of the County Court of Bexar County, do hereby certify, that Wm. H. Cleveland, Esq., before whom the above affidavit was made, and whose genuine official signature is thereunto subscribed, was at the time of signing, and is a notary public in and for the County and State aforesaid, duly commissioned and sworn. In testimony whereof I have hereunto signed my name, and affixed the seal of the County Court of said County, at office, in San Antonio, this 7th day of October, 1858.

SAM. S. SMITH, *Clerk C. B. C.*

No. 2.

I recollect that some time in the year 1855, Samuel Hall called upon me to make the survey of the lot No. 1, in range 2, district 3, containing 44-28 acres, and belonging to Dr. A. M. Dignowity. I had no time to make the survey, and Mr. Hall employed the surveyor W. C. A. Thielepape. Twice in the year 1856, and lastly in January, 1858, Rufus Jamison called upon me, to make out the plat and field notes of three tracts, being subdivisions, and the larger western half of the above mentioned lot, which tracts he had bought from Dr. A. M. Dignowity. In March past, Mr. Hall requested me again to make the survey of the north-east quarter of the afore-mentioned lot, stating that he had purchased the same from Dr. A. M. Dignowity. When making this survey, I found that the first survey, made by Mr. Thielepape, was not correct, being about 450 varas too far West. Mr. Hall was surprised, and so was Dr. Dignowity, when I informed him of the mistake. I had many conversations with Dr. A. M. Dignowity during the time of the first survey, made by W. C. A. Thielepape, and the last made by myself, and the doctor was always certain and believed in the correctness of the first survey, including an old road that passes over the land, and a peculiar deep hole or cave in the rock, which I found are now West and outside of the tract.

G. FREISLEBEN, *City Surveyor.*

Subscribed and sworn to, this 8th
day of October, A. D. 1858, before me.

W. H. CLEVELAND, *Not. Pub. B. C.*

THE STATE OF TEXAS, }
COUNTY OF BEXAR. }

I, Sam. S. Smith, Clerk of the County Court
of said county, do hereby certify, that Wm.

(L. S.) H. Cleveland, Esq., before whom the above affidavit was made, and whose genuine signature is thereunto subscribed, was at the time of so doing, a notary public in and for said county and State, duly commissioned and qualified. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name, and affixed the seal of said county court, at office, in San Antonio, this 7th day of October, A. D. 1858.

SAM. S. SMITH, *Clerk* C. B. C.

The reader will wonder, and will, perhaps, fall into similar reflections with that honest-minded soul, Mr. Samuel Hall, how it was possible that a simple mistake, made by a *legally authorized* surveyor, could make Doctor Dignowity a criminal? And this is not all. The law has provided the method for every purchaser to find his land by means of the office of surveyor, and if I even had a doubt of the correctness of Mr. Thielepape's survey, I was not authorized to make it, as he was acting under oath. But I had no such doubt, neither am I convinced now which of the two surveyors is correct; it is yet an open question between two legal officers, and only a court of justice is competent to decide or settle it. That such a number of men as composed this infamous inquisitorial tribunal, could be so blinded by prejudice, *if nothing worse*, would be incomprehensible to many, when a few simple questions of cross-examination of the half-crazed knave, who made those charges, would have set them right. But no. A new outrage was to be committed on Doctor Dignowity, and that infamous relic of the secret Star Chamber indict him anew, although he had as much to do with the mistake, if mistake it be, as the worthy grand jurors themselves. What makes the matter still worse, some half dozen of the grand jurors were beholden to me in times past, for many acts that they never will be able to repay, unless by such coin as

their infamous indictment. One worthy member was the foreman of the former grand jury that indicted me on a previous occasion.

I could write a biographical sketch of several of them if I felt so disposed, that would show these worthies to the world in a by no means enviable light. One of them in years past I picked up from the street, sick and destitute, and gave him all possible assistance; but now, he is affluent and has no more need of me. Another one of these gentlemen was only lately dragged before a justice's court, where the body of a poor helpless negro woman was examined, a few days after her confinement, brutally lacerated, and cut up from head to foot. Such are the worthies selected by this infamous system of inquisition to consult and condemn men a thousand times their superiors, and are permitted to brand them with infamy. This in *free* America is one of the foulest blots on the institutions; it is impossible to calculate the corrupting influences such system will exercise in a bigoted or prejudiced community. Here is an example of how it will act. But it may be said: "Well, Doctor Dignowity, as you have such strong evidence to disprove the falsity of the indictment, you have nothing to fear; on the trial before the petit jury you will be acquitted." This is a common conclusion, but even if this result should be attained, who will repay a man for the injustice he suffered, imprisonment, lawyers, fees, and other contingent troubles. Then, again, the accused never has the same facility or power as the State to control witnesses. I had equally good testimony when the first infamous charge was made against me, but before the time arrived for my trial, it was out of my control, and the testimony of my unimpeachable wife was not admitted. The worse than savage operation of the criminal laws are not only calculated to make the accused infamous, as he is not presumed morally capable to tell the truth in his own case, no matter what his character may have been for

veracity. Give me the despotism of Prussia in preference to your boasted free institutions of America where not only the veracity of the accused is destroyed, but his wife, no matter whosoever she may be, is, by this infamous operation of the law, morally defamed. Could a greater insult be inflicted on the female character. These are your free and noble institutions. By their operation, as has been done in my case, a citizen may be degraded, disfranchised, incarcerated, and condemned like a common felon, to mingle and be polluted with the outcast in the State Prison or Penitentiary. The Hon. Samuel A. Maverick, who is himself an able jurist, on learning of my sentence, while in the city of New York, wrote to his high-minded wife: "It is wrong, very wrong, to condemn Doctor Dignowity on the evidence of a single witness, even if she was the most spotless character in the city." But he did not calculate that bigotry and prejudice do not reason, but act, and the chance was too rare, and must be taken advantage off. This, however, is not always the plan adopted. The sequel to this last infamous charge will show that still greater and irremediable injustice is committed on individuals. See the following: "During the October term following my last indictment, my case was called up for trial. The prejudices against me were so high, that the Irish tool or moral assassin, who acted as State Attorney, would have been glad to earn another fee of infamy by a second conviction and sentence, consequently no delay was politic. I had no alternative but to change the venue to some other county. This can only be effected by three disinterested persons swearing that they believe, that in the locality in question common justice would not be awarded to the accused. This alone is a difficult matter for any one to undertake and to declare in the face of the whole community, even in a case so palpable as mine. I could barely obtain the necessary witnesses, but I obtained them and filed the affidavits. Judge A.

M. Dooley, my counsel, declared explicitly, that if the venue was not changed, he would not defend me in such a community as that of San Antonio. The presiding Judge, Thos. Devine, who had showed the bitterest malice from the first, and had perverted the law on my trial and convicted me to satiate pent-up revenge, was indeed the last person before whom a case like mine could be tried, therefore, a change of venue was the only alternative left me. But when my case was called, behold, it was discovered, that I had been indicted under an old and *repealed law*, and the Judge could not do otherwise than dismiss the case; but it was remarked by every one that he did so with great reluctance. I also noticed, that this astute ex-journeyman tailor dwelt with emphasis on the word swindling. The District Attorney moved an appeal to the Supreme Court, and thereby afforded this astute Judge the chance to put me again under bonds, which he assessed at twelve hundred dollars. Now this was a master-stroke, and the design was not understood, I believe, even by the members of the Bar. Several expressed their surprise, as they stated that the dog was dead as far as the indictment was concerned. But I clearly saw through the *infernal malice*, such as could only be devised by the believers and advocates of the dogmas of hell, fire and devil. This Irish tyro well knew from the testimony he had gathered, the true state, of losing his fee or blood-money on this occasion, to be collected like the first from my property, as the law compels the victim to pay the vile tools which it employs. Now by throwing this case out of the courts, I, of course, was deprived from bringing forward the testimony of the falsity of the charge, and as it then stood, would add a new argument to the first infamy, to be pointed at and asserted, as it was, that he got clear by a quibble in the law. This would stigmatize my name still more than it had already been done by my first conviction. I opine that the position I was placed in, was of itself sufficient to

satiate the malice of any number of imaginary devils or real ones, that are the true personification in, human shape. But not so. *This grand master-stroke of the appeal will bring the case into the Texas Reports, where it will remain for centuries; where Doctor Dignowity will stand charged of swindling, and of which it will never be in his power to clear himself, and so add strength to his former conviction, and blast with double force his name for ever.* This infernal malice, which by-the-by is strictly *legal*, cannot be fully described in its satanic magnitude; it is only possible in an age like the present, where the doctrines of original sin, infant damnation, and eternal punishment are believed and advocated. For what could be more satanic than to punish even his progeny of generations still unborn with the infamous stigma thrown on his name. This, dear reader, is the case of the present operation of your satanic laws, and in a country that boasts of being the most advanced on earth. Such infamy as has been done to me, could never have happened under the despotism of Austria. What would the believers of the present diabolical dogmas have given, if that position they succeeded to place me in, could have been adopted towards Thomas Paine; what an argument they would have had, as they believe they have in my case. “Behold, they would say, pointing to the Texas Reports, “here is one of your theological and medical reformers, a common Penitentiary convict or felon, yes, a swindler.” This they did to secure my position and brand the very name of my children. What is left for me now to do, but the resort to write and publish my memoirs, and I hope and trust, that when this wholesale iniquity is brought before the American public, it will awaken a true sense of justice in the majority, and that the infamy will fall on the heads of the infamous actors, who would destroy and brand the character of a man they cannot convince, and compel to recant, as the

bigots of Constance attempted to compel my countryman, John Huss. But those bigots were more merciful, they only destroyed his physical body ; while the bigots of this day aim at nothing less than the moral assassination, to be effectual both on the victim and his progeny. I will further add, that the character of Mr. Samuel Hall and Mr. Freisleben are such that even in that unprogressed community like San Antonio, there could not be found better men, and of more honest purpose or integrity. This I add for the benefit of other localities. I would not have anticipated by writing in this appendix any part of my coming memoirs, but for the reason that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. I may not live to complete them, or many of my readers may not live to see the other forthcoming volumes, or they may not have an opportunity to see them, and the facts embodied in this appendix will show them what is done in America. For the present I will take the reader back twenty-seven years, and will resume my narrative from the landing at New York, October, the 8th, 1832. He shall have my experience of twenty-seven years in the United States of America, and my views on the several subjects, as they presented themselves to my mind.

Also in press, and will be soon issued—

AMERICAN DESPOTISM.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

Anthony M. Dignowity, M. D.,

OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

This work gives a faithful narrative of the crimes and the cruelties committed by the so called Courts of Justice on the sacred rights of individuals when said Courts are swayed and influenced by a viciated public opinion, directed by ignorance, bigotry, prejudice, and malice, in this United States of North America.

“The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time
For him the hemlock shall distil,
For him the axe be bared,
For him the gibbed shall be built,
For him the stake prepared ;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men,
Pursue with deadly aim ;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But *truth* shall conquer at the last—
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.”

PENETRALIA.